SWITZERLAND
CARINTHIÁ
TYROL
TRENTINO
L. Maggiore
L. di Como
Sondrio
Belluno
Udine
Mt. Blanc
L. Orta
Como
L. di Garda
VENETIA
CROATIA
COASTLAND
TRIESTE
LOMBARDY
MILAN
Novara
Brescia
Vicenza
Treviso
Verona
Padua
VENICE
Pavia
Gulf of Venice
TURIN
PIEDMONT
Cremorna
Mantua
Alessandria
Piacenza
Rovigo
Po
Parma
Ferrara
Reggio
Modena
LIGURIA
EMILIA
Cunes
Genoa
BOLOGNA
Ravenna
Gulf of Genoa
Forli
Spezia
Carrara
Massa
S. Marino
Porto Maurizio
Pesaro
LIGURIAN SEA
Arno
Pisa
FLORENCE
Urbino
Ancona
ADRIATIC

A Map to accompany
"SO YOU'RE GOING
TO
ITALY"
C. Corso
G. of S. Fiorenzo
Elba I.
Siena
TUSCANY
Grosseto
Macerata
MARCHES
PERUGIA
Assisi
UMBRIA
Ascoli
Orvieto
Teramo
ABRUZZI
Aquila
Viterbo
Giglio I.
M. Argentaro
ROME
Chieti
AND
Civita Vecchia
L. di Bracciano
Celano
Tivoli
ROME
MOLISE
R. Tiber
Ostia
Frascati
Marino
Velletri
Campobasso
Porto d'Anzo
Terracina
CAMPANIA
M. Circello
Capua
Caserta
Gulf of Gaeta
Avellino
R. Volturno
NAPLES
Mt. Vesuvius
C. Argentiera
Sassari
TYRRHENIAN
SEA
Ischia I.
Salerno
Bay of Naples
SARDINIA
C. Carino
Orosei
Capri I.
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C. S. Marco
Oristano
A. E. TAYLOR. 26

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ITALY!

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD WOUNDED AT BRESCIA
By Larivière

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ITALY!

AND TO SWITZERLAND AND THE TYROL!

AND IF I WERE GOING WITH YOU THESE ARE THE THINGS I'D INVITE YOU TO DO

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

Author of 'So You're Going to Paris!' 'So You're Going to England!' 'So You're Going to France!' 'So You're Going to Rome!' etc., and Director of the Clara Laughlin Travel Services

SECOND EDITION
EXTENSIVELY REVISED

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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1928

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The Riverside Press

CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

TO

FANNY RIEGEL EVANS, JR.

MY DEAR COMRADE

IN ITALY

AND

ELSEWHERE

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

When I was more than half finished with the writing of that second volume on Italy to which I had looked forward from the time I did the first, my publishers asked, 'What are you going to *call* it?'

That was 'a poser'! It would be too confusing to call it just 'Volume II.' It wouldn't do to have a name not associated with 'So You're Going.' 'So You're Going to More of Italy' wasn't a possible title. Then, *what?*

'So You're Going to France!' had just come off the press whilst we were pondering.

'You have "Paris" and "France,"' said my publishers; 'you have said you hope to make two volumes instead of the present one on England, and have "London" and "Great Britain." So, why not "Rome" and "Italy"?'

'But Rome,' I objected, 'is in the existing volume.'

'So is "London" in an existing volume.'

'When I make a separate volume on London I'll amplify it greatly. If I amplify what we now have on Rome and make it a book by itself, there won't be room in the other volume for all it has to contain.'

'Then, why not Naples and Rome as before, with Sicily and the Hill-Towns, and all the new matter in the way of addresses, itineraries, etc., for the original book, supplemented by all these new sections on the Lakes, the Dolomites and Tyrol, the Italian Riviera, and so on, for a volume to be called "Italy"?'

'Because the people who have the original volume won't want to buy two more to have the whole of Italy.'

'But they have used their books; it is the travellers who

are "*going* to Italy" that we must think about — the ones to whom it is all a beckoning adventure.'

And so on.

The more we discussed it, the less I had to offer in objection that was worth considering against the many excellent arguments backed by their great experience in meeting bookbuyers' requirements.

So — here we are!

Florence stands as it was, but supplemented by addresses, and directions for making trips out of there in every direction.

Then we have a new section dealing with the towns between Florence and Venice — with Bologna, Ferrara, Este, Padua.

Venice remains as before, save for addresses and similar directions to those added for Florence; also Milan.

The new section on the Italian Lakes is, I think, ample for the needs of most tourists.

The new section on the Italian Riviera, from Pisa to Ventimiglia, covers ground that many travellers traverse (and some few explore) going from Nice to Genoa and thence to Rome and Naples, or *vice versa*. Used in conjunction with 'So You're Going to France!' it provides suggestions for planning tours to Paris by half a dozen different routes, or across southern France to Carcassonne and Biarritz and into Spain.

When considering for what else of interest to the traveller in Italy I might best use the space remaining (for, after all, volumes have limits, though enthusiasm has not; and volumes of pocket size may not grow too portly), I thought longingly of many lovely possibilities: of Mantua and Cremona and Piacenza; of Ravenna; of the Val d'Aosta and Turin; of Lucca and Pistoia and Prato.

Then I made myself reflect that for every one who in-

cludes, or could include, those places in his plans for Italy, there are literally thousands who are concerned with their exits from Italy by way of Switzerland or the Tyrol, to France or to Germany. So I took the remaining space for a chapter on 'Exits from Italy,' covering most of the main-travelled routes.

How far from perfect or complete the book is, no one can be quite so keenly aware as I am who wrote it. I would have made it better if I could; its shortcomings are not from lack of labor — they are due rather to the limitations of my ability. They may, they must decrease — those limitations; as I live, and learn — and I shall be, as always, grateful to those readers who courteously take the time to tell me wherein the book might have been more helpful to them.

For the books have no other aim than to be helpful. Everything that's in them has been put there with that intent, or hope.

The addresses and estimated prices have been insistently asked for. If I had tried to make them inclusive, they would probably not have been of service to you because they would have been too numerous. I have made such selection as I could. I must have omitted many which you would have been glad to have. I can only trust that I have not, conversely, included many that ought not to be offered you.

For those who may begin, with this volume, their acquaintance with my series, I ought perhaps to say what I have said before, elsewhere: that there is absolutely no commerce or arrangement associated with addresses I give. I give them if I have reason to think they will be serviceable to you, and not for any other consideration. You may use them as you would use the addresses given you by any friend whose judgment enjoys your confidence.

Only ——! I think I may say that, while you can regard them with the lack of suspicion you would have for the addresses a friend might give you, you can value them even more highly than most addresses which are privately given; for these are not merely the harvest of an unusually wide and rich personal experience, but are continually being 'checked up' by reports made to me by a very great many recently returned travellers.

These are times of frequent changes. Scarcely anything 'stays put' very long. What is ideal to-day may be reprehensible day after to-morrow because of change in the spirit or the skill directing it, or for other reasons. If you will use these addresses and directions as they are intended, taking them for the best I know how to offer at the close of 1927, and not mistrusting all the others if you happen to differ with me about one or two or if you find them less satisfactory than I thought they might be, I believe you will find this feature of the book a serviceable one.

Prices are perilous to quote; they fluctuate almost from day to day. But with no approximation of prices, people find it hard to plan. Please regard those given as merely approximate — to help you gauge your expenses.

Trying to be as intimately helpful, as selective and adaptive, for thousands of unseen travellers who have never stated their preferences to me, is quite a different matter from choosing hotels, naming shops, suggesting their excursions, recommending restaurants and even menus, for persons whose inclinations I have studied, whose budget of time and funds I know. Printing addresses which must 'stay printed' for three years or more is quite a different matter from using a card-indexed list which is being 'edited' day by day, adding 'the very last word' and subtracting what is *passé*.

But for those I cannot serve otherwise, print must do what it may.

I think that most readers of these little books realize how great is my ardor to help travellers abroad become the best possible interpreters of their own country's finest spirit, and keen to see and feel those things in the countries they visit which shall make for broader understanding, greater friendliness, more and more good will among men.

I believe that the happy traveller is the best ambassador. I would that every traveller might feel that his opportunities entail diplomatic responsibilities, and pleasantly obligate him to make (if possible) a friend, for himself and for his country, of every one he meets. Is this 'a large order'? It is also a handsome adventure, as you may know even better than I do.

Again I thank you if you are one of the many I hear of who are travelling abroad in this spirit. I feel your influence growing, your number beginning to preponderate. I look forward to the day when we who travel in this spirit shall all be designate, one to another, and all of us to our 'hosts.'

I delight in everything that any of us does to make his pilgrimage abroad bear fruit in increased mutual esteem between the people he is visiting and the people he represents. Many of the failures to bear such fruit are the fault of thoughtlessness, or of ignorance of the customs and standards in the countries visited. Such thoughtlessness and ignorance we can, I believe, all help to decrease — not by ridicule and lamentation so much as by contributing each our mite toward a volume of pleasant behavior which shall either 'drown out' the unpleasant or change its flavor.

One thing we can all do is be mindful that living is dear in Italy, for the Italians, and taxes are very high; every one is contributing heavily to the wonderful reconstruction programme. We who travel there are paying, too. But who wants to be a parasite? I like to think that I, even though indirectly and in a small way, have had a hand in

the making of this New Italy — I, who owe so much to Old Italy and cannot help benefiting greatly through New Italy, too.

Before the War there was a kind of world-wide attitude toward Italy as a 'bargain counter' in travel values. It *was* cheap, then! Some travellers were æsthetically annoyed by the misery all around them, but not otherwise concerned. So long as comfort was cheap for them, they could regard the wretchedness of Italians as 'part of the picture.' Others there were, such as Maurice Hewlett at San Gimignano (see 'So You're Going to Rome!' pages 310–12); but I doubt if they were in the majority.

I believe we can easily and almost instantly test the quality of a traveller by any 'prick' which discovers his attitude toward the well-being of the people whose self-invited guest he is. If he regards them as existing principally for his inexpensive comfort and diversion, we know him for what he is. He may have his 'qualities' — he probably *has!* — but he is not a 'born neighbor'; though that doesn't preclude his becoming a kind of neighbor just as good. (Perhaps what we *learn* to be counts in us for more grace than what we were born with.)

We cannot be reckless with our own funds. Part of my Travel Creed is that no journey should cost us more than we feel it ought to; the 'hit-or-miss' fashion of travelling seldom produces a contented traveller. But when we make our budget for Italy (or for any other country) and go about our planning so as to insure getting the utmost value for our time and money, let us stretch our *sense of value* beyond a bargain-hunting way of reckoning. This doesn't mean that I commend paying more for a thing than it should cost or than we should pay; but that we should be as unwilling to pay *less* for a thing than it should cost or than we should pay.

You will blush rosy red, ofttimes, not for your country alone, but for your species, in Italian shops when you hear the more or less insulting tones and terms in which shopkeepers are addressed, by travellers, because their prices are not bargain prices.

If things are priced higher than we think we ought to pay, the only thing to do is to refrain from buying. But the traveller who shouts or sneers 'Too much!' and leaves without an expression of regret, or of thanks, or a civil 'Good day,' is losing more than he can guess. You who linger long enough to exchange a few words about why prices are high and what the shopkeeper thinks of the trend of the times, and so on, are not only getting (for nothing!) an important part of what we should all be travelling for, but are quite likely to get if not the article you want, then a good equivalent for it, at a price you want to pay. And this doesn't mean that the first price asked was necessarily an attempt to 'hold you up.' Every one who knows the first thing about business knows that a shopkeeper 'marks up,' above the cost price of an article, a certain percentage (which may not be the same on all articles) representing his costs of doing business and his notion of the profit he should have. Of the latter, he may sacrifice a part if he wants to — if he thinks it agreeable or advisable. That is true the world around. When we ask for a lower price, we must know that the seller cannot change the price he paid nor what it costs him to sell; we are asking him to 'split his profit' with us; which may be an entirely fair thing to ask, and may not. If his notion of the profit he should have is too high, he will suffer for it, sooner or later, or he will alter it because he sees that it is excessive and is injuring his business. The incensed bargain-hunter is not so likely to convince him that he is unreasonably grasping as is the obviously fair, considerate, courteous traveller who, though he may not

buy, lingers to express his regret, to discourse a bit on the mounting costs of production, of selling, of living (problems which concern all the world, now), and to explain why fewer purchases are made. They think we Americans have 'all the money in the world' and cannot understand why we do not spend it more lavishly. A 'good ambassador' should make it part of his business to explain, when and where he can, that, though Uncle Sam may have most of the money in the world, he has a great many nephews and nieces who have all they can do to make ends meet, and who cannot see Italy and buy Italy's lovely things too. If, then, the shopkeeper, recognizing another 'feller' who is struggling with mounting costs, wishes to split his profits with that 'brother' (or 'sister') and we wish to accept the split, *all* will be well. But even though he may not so wish, much more will be 'well' than if we had left without trying to learn his side of the story or to disclose ours.

Does this seem far afield from travel? It isn't! The average traveller's impressions of a country are very largely colored by his encounters with hotel-keepers, railway porters, shopkeepers, and cab-drivers. They are his inevitable points of contact in the country he is visiting. They may not show a perfect understanding of his means and his perplexities; but, if he is a person who is 'square with himself,' can he blame them unless he has done his utmost to make himself and his attitude comprehended? He betook himself thither *not* to benefit the country but to benefit by it; but his spirit of fair play and his instinct of courtesy will dictate that while he is benefiting he render some service of the *noblesse* sort, and leave a wake of better feeling behind him for his countrymen to enjoy, instead of a wake of ill-feeling for them to live down.

In the matter of hotels there are a good many things I might say, but perhaps one or two will suffice.

One is in regard to 'tipping.' 'Service' is now charged on the bill and tips are declared abolished. Some travellers tell me that, notwithstanding this, they find 'hands out' all along the line in the hotels they visit. I haven't had this experience. (It isn't that I can't see outstretched hands; I'm a lavish rather than a niggardly 'tipper.') And when asked, 'What would you do if you *did* have it?' I can only say that I'd seek out, or call for, the manager and ask him to explain. Not *demand* an explanation, but beg to be enlightened as to just what service I had paid for and how much more I ought to pay to discharge my full obligation. I probably wouldn't pay *any* more. I probably wouldn't be asked to. But instead of coming away and telling everybody I met that the 'service charge is just another form of "hold-up,"' I'd have given the manager a chance to explain to me why, or if, he permitted the outstretched hands, and what I ought to tell people about them.

In general, I believe it is safe to say that tips *are* abolished, though there may now and then be an exceptional instance where some one has given you such special attention that you want specially to reward it.

Another cause of dissatisfaction with some travellers concerns hotel reservations: they complain that they cannot depend upon these. The reason is, that a great many persons do not seriously regard such a contract when they have made it.

'I'm arriving on the 19th,' they write; 'there are four in the party and we want two double rooms.' Nothing said about the probable length of stay (whether it will be for one night or for many), nor about price (whether the best double rooms or the cheapest, or those at medium rate), nor about whether the rooms must adjoin or can be at some distance from each other; and so on. However, guessing as best he may, the hotel man makes the reservation. The

19th comes — and goes! — but not the people for whom he holds the rooms. Yet he had to refuse a number of applicants, because he supposed those rooms were taken. Perhaps the parties who engaged them come along on the 20th or the 25th, or later, and are incensed to find no reservation. Perhaps they met somebody who advised them to go somewhere else, and the hotel man who held their rooms for the 19th will never hear of them again.

Such a large amount of this is done that hotel-keepers can scarcely be blamed if they pay scant attention to requests (especially in their busy season) coming from persons of whom they know nothing.

The uncertainties of travel (both as to cost and as to assurance of accommodations everywhere) are so largely eliminated by the method of arranged, prepaid travel now so popular, that the matter of self-made reservations does not bother all travellers. But there are those who abhor a schedule as the Devil is reputed to hate Holy Water; no one can make reservations for them, because they cannot or will not make any plans.

To aid them in making their own reservations, I have prepared a blank which may be filled out in a tenth the time which it would take to write a letter. All the essentials as to what they require are there printed (our handwriting is not always easy for foreign folk to read, nor theirs for us!) and need only be marked with an 'X.' The blanks are good for any hotels, anywhere; you simply write in the name of the one you have chosen. They have no 'string to them.' They are offered you (a supply of them, to meet your needs, free of cost) as a good-will service to you and to the hotel-keepers. The only stipulation I make is that those who use them for their convenience shall regard a reservation as a contract and send due notification if it must be cancelled. A supply of these blanks may be had

for the asking, either of my Chicago or New York offices: Chicago, 410 South Michigan Avenue; New York, 18 East 53d Street. They are printed on thin paper and will take up no appreciable room in your portfolio. I cannot give any promises as to how they will be honored, because I haven't the least idea where you may use them. But I think I can say that, if you use them in reserving rooms at any of the hotels mentioned in this book, there is at least a fair chance of your getting a shade more attention than you might receive for a personal letter to a manager who doesn't know you. A good many of them know me — if not personally, they know what I am trying to accomplish in the interests of that kind of travel which gives satisfaction and breeds better relations. They know that, if being mentioned in this book is of any benefit to them (as it is bound to be), the only way they can hope to continue it is by giving you the sort of service which sends you on your way a friend to their establishment and to their people. *Trade on this*, if you find it an advantage; but mind that you *trade fair* — as fair as the treatment you demand.

I would enlist every one of you, if I could, in this cause of bettering travel conditions as only travellers can better them. The physical conditions of travel are now so improved that they do not leave a great deal to be desired. But the mental and spiritual conditions are, for most travellers, susceptible of no little betterment; and I would that each of us might feel responsible for making what contribution we can thereto. I think that many, if not most, of you who read these little books of mine are of like mind with me on this as on many other matters. If I venture to make suggestions to you, it is chiefly by way of encouraging you with the reminder of how much may be accomplished if all of us, besides doing our bit, will make ourselves missioners to even *one* fellow-traveller who still needs some persuasion.

There are those who travel in what I suppose a psychoanalyst would call a 'complex' of fear — fear of being overcharged and under-cared-for; of being friendly with the wrong people; of having advantage taken of them somehow. I suppose those same persons must live at home in similar fearfulness; but going abroad doubtless intensifies it. Just what the rest of us can do to minimize their suspicions, I am not sure. But I am persuaded that it is largely to these travellers — who find what they are looking for, as most of us do — that we owe a big percentage of the disquieting stories that float around and discourage other fearful folk from travelling.

I had not been long out of Italy, just before beginning my second book about it, and my heart was so overflowing with appreciation of all the kindness I had encountered that I had no utterance which seemed adequate for the expression of it, when I met a woman, whom I know quite well, who assured me that she and her husband had been warned to stay out of Italy because it was so *hostile to Americans*. That woman was in France in May, when Lindbergh landed. And yet the impression she got there was that the French do not like Americans! Well! they certainly like *some* Americans! And so do the Italians. I don't love them *all, myself!* Do *you?*

I mention this as a sample of the sort of thing which goes floating around frightening the faint-of-heart until it meets a sturdy challenge. Sometimes I wonder if we do well to challenge it — if we might not do better for those who are equipped for travel, by letting the fearful stay fearfully at home; they clutter up the place, and disturb the atmosphere, and are pretty thorough nuisances where'er they roam.

Ah, well! — There must, I dare say, always be these whose ignoble service in life is to give other people cause to

thank God that *they* are different. This isn't always a Pharisee's thanksgiving.

I invite coöperation from you all, in those things which may help to make you and me and our high-hearted fellow travellers happier in Italy, and Italy happier to have us for guests.

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

CHICAGO, *January* 2, 1928

PREFACE

THERE is, certainly, no lack of books about Italy; and most of them are good, many of them are superlatively so. Italy has, I think, no corner that has not been 'covered'; no object of interest that has not been many times described. The greatest masters of writing have put their best, maturest efforts into books about Italy; and the masters of each succeeding day will continue to do so. Italy has everything about her which makes her guests sing her praises. And as each new one breaks into song, he seems (lover-like!) jealously conscious of all the other singers; so he strives to make his praise different from theirs — to strike a new note; to chant in an unwonted key; to celebrate some glory of his Lady that her other lovers have overlooked or slighted.

All this is very interesting. But when an average sort of person is about to make his first invasion of Italy, hoping to gather there at least an average share of her bounty, and asks, 'What book shall I take?' it seems impossible to name any single volume which meets the general want.

Guide-books we must have (I have always carried three Baedekers for Italy), and most of us want a good handbook on Art. And as the majority of travellers in Italy restrict themselves to hand-luggage, they cannot carry a great number of books. Usually, too, they are *en route* to or from Switzerland and France; which means that all through Italy they must carry their guide-books to those countries, too.

And yet — however many of those books on Italy one may have read, at home, in preparation for the journey —

how many, many, many times a day, in Italy, one does wish there were a friendly little book with just the things in it that an average newcomer would most like to feel a bit more sure about when he's 'there, where it happened.'

Our guide-books have to be very comprehensive; so they tell about hundreds of places and things which can never concern us in our little month or so in Italy; and about the places and things we do see, the guide-books are, necessarily, so concise that we often wish for 'the little more, and how much it is!'

In the Loggia dei Lanzi, at Florence, for instance, it seems that very few of us are avid to know the names of the probable architects of the Loggia, but almost every one of us, looking at Giovanni da Bologna's 'Rape of the Sabines,' wishes that he could remember a little more of what he once learned in school about the Sabines and who raped them, and why. And Cellini's masterpiece, 'Perseus with the head of the Medusa,' would be a good deal more interesting if we had a few details about its making and about its vivacious sculptor.

And if, in Venice, we were helped to recall the thrilling story of Marco Polo, how much more it would mean to most of us than knowing where there's another altarpiece by Pordenone or which of the palaces on the Grand Canal belonged to the Contarini.

And so on.

A large proportion of the books on Italy were written by specialists — archæologists, or authorities on art, or antiquarians — and are for the special student rather than for the general traveller. Of the other books on Italy, a great many deal with unfrequented places which only the sojourner in Italy can hope to visit. Almost everybody who writes on Italy seems fearful of comment on the obvious things; and it is the obvious, the outstanding things that

we must know first, before we can pass on to the unusual.

So, as I'm not at all afraid to be ordinary, to repeat what has often been told before, I'm offering you my little book on Italy. It is made up of the things *I* like to think about when I'm in Italy — and when I'm away from Italy. It has little, 'remindful' bits culled from scores on scores of the books about Italy that I love best, and that mean most to me as I try to comprehend Italy. It has all of my personal experience there that I think would be interesting and helpful to you — and none of it that cannot serve you.

Many thousands of you have liked my 'So You're Going to Paris,' and that has encouraged me to believe that you may like as well my suggestions when you're going to Italy.

I have tried to keep in mind, in this book, the requirements of the average traveller making a first or second visit to Italy, and trying to see some of her greatest attractions in a period of three to six weeks.

All the practical details of travel in Italy — apportioning time, daily programmes, transportation, hotels, pensions, shops, restaurants, and so forth — are in my Travel Course on Italy, in the small booklets wherein frequent changes can be more easily made as they are necessitated; and subscribers to which (being listed) can be reached from time to time with fresh information as I gather it on my successive trips.

The matter I have put into the book is more standard and such as will, I hope, continue to be helpful to pilgrims in Italy for many years to come. It is, practically all of it, matter that I have used in innumerable lectures on Italy, as a result of which I have learned what it is about Italy that a great many people want to know.

The delightful truth about my discoveries as to what interests many people is that I find their tastes identical with my own. So that, in writing my little book, I have

had the happiest sort of feeling that I was writing, not for an indefinite, problematical 'public,' but for us who really know one another pretty well and find that we travel together most companionably.

I hope that you, as you read it and carry it with you, will feel the same way about it!

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From an old Genevan lithograph

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON 332
From a painting by Eugène Delacroix reproduced in Moreau-Nélaton's *Delacroix Raconté par Lui-Même*

SALZBURG 350
From an old print

TWENTY RULES FOR TRAVELLERS

1. Do unto the other fellow in his country as you would like to have him do unto you in yours.
2. Go abroad to learn how things are done outside America, not to declaim to others how much better everything is done at home.
3. Don't think that the louder you talk the more apt you are to be understood — and appreciated!
4. If you love children, show that you do, even if you can't say it. It is the way to the hearts of most foreigners.
5. A small tip with a smile often goes further than a large tip with a scowl.
6. Remember, when travelling abroad, that you are unofficially representing your country, and that by your actions it is being judged.
7. Be careful whose advice you take, when planning your tour. There are few subjects on which so many people give misinformation as on foreign travel.
8. Plan your trip as if you were building a house: so much ground to cover, so much money to spend, such-and-such needs to consider. Don't think it's 'smart' to be vague, indefinite, undecided. It's 'green'!
9. Proper preparation trebles the value of travel, and certainly doesn't spoil any of the pleasure.
10. Don't try to fit yourself to a ready-made itinerary. Get one made to your special order. And pick an 'architect' who not only knows Europe, but makes an effort to know YOU.
11. Motor when you can. You get a much more intimate sense of a country and its people than in train travel.
12. Travel light if you can.

13. A thoroughly enjoyable low-brow trip is worth more than a thoroughly miserable high-brow tour; but your travel need not be of either extreme.

14. Don't suppose that an ardor for culture will seize you on European soil. It will develop, if you give it a chance — but it's no mushroom.

15. Don't worry. It is astounding how few unpleasant things happen to travellers abroad. It is one of the safest of adventures — unless you're looking for mischief.

16. Don't hurry. If you have too little time for a place cut down the number of things you try to see there. One unforgettable impression is far better than a jumble.

17. Don't try to see everything on the map. It is no more pardonable than trying to eat everything on the bill-of-fare. And the results are similar.

18. Don't act as if you had mental arthritis, and couldn't bend. One of the reasons for going abroad is to see how flexible you are.

19. Keep promising yourself as you travel that you're going to read about the trip when you get home. And when you get home, KEEP THE PROMISE.

20. The best League of Nations is that of travellers seeking to find much in common with their hosts.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ITALY!

* * *

PART I
FLORENCE

PART I
FLORENCE

I
YOUR FIRST STROLL IN FLORENCE

In approaching Florence, of whose loveliness we have heard so much, it seems important to me to bear in mind that Florence hasn't the opulent physical beauty of Naples Bay, which appeals to every eye; she hasn't the majesty and grandeur of Rome, the history of twenty-six hundred years, which awes every one and condescends to no one; she hasn't the extraordinary 'made' beauty of Venice, which isn't *real*, isn't like anything else in the world.

Naples is for the eye, and Rome for the intellect, and Venice for the senses. But Florence is for the spirit — for that part of us which isn't just mentality, nor just delight in beauty, but which is the eternal *striving* in us, reaching up through all the stress and bewilderment of life to find a meaning for it all and to satisfy ourselves that in the large plan, the long view, life is right and strife is worth while, and even mistakes and tyrannies play their excellent part like actors in the drama that is working toward the triumph of good.

Florence is full of charm to those who can appreciate her; but she is not the kind of 'pretty, pretty lady' that every one admires. She is intensely feminine, but not with a soft, languorous femininity. She is the type of woman who makes virile history because she knows how to make herself beloved and how to make her lovers see life with vision, to make them undertake great things, and carry forward with

courage. There is nothing of the courtesan about her; she flaunts her loveliness for no one; if you want to feel her ineffable charm, you must know her well, woo her in the right spirit, appreciate her.

This takes time. You can capture Venice or Naples almost by a glance, as it were. Rome you must study, and Florence you must woo. Some persons will tell you that she'll do the courting. She doesn't! She'll show you (Lovely Lady-like) that she has charms and likes to be admired; but she's too wise to make it easy for her suitors. She'll treat every one with graciousness and send him on his way pleasantly impressed; but if you're wise, you won't think you know Florence because you've seen her jewels.

My lectures on Florence are, I believe, the most popular talks I give. Almost everybody is interested in Florence, it seems, and eager to know her; and talking about her to many audiences has taught me a great deal as to what phases of her story make the widest appeal and create the strongest sense of intimate understanding. On this experience I'm relying in these chapters, shaped for the traveller through Florence and not for the sojourner there.

If you were sitting before me, in an audience, I could take you from place to place in Florence as the unfolding of her story makes it the scene or setting of the episode we are recalling. But here, where I'm trying to help you conserve steps and plan your time, I must consider what you can see and do in any reasonable half-day, and what you must 'fill in' by reading, before you start out and after you come back to your room to rest.

If you will turn to your map of Florence, in whatever guide-book you are using, and locate the Ponte Vecchio, we'll take a glance at one or two places associated with the very early history of Florence, and try to get in mind just

enough of that early history to serve us comfortably as we start on our first actual walk.

There isn't a great deal in the far past of Florence that we need to concern ourselves about.

On a hill northeast of Florence is the town of Fiesole (Fee-ay-zo-lay), which was an important Etruscan city and a place of consequence in the days of early Rome — perhaps when Lars Porsena of Clusium was facing Horatius on the bridge; and whether the people of Fiesole came down from their hill for trade in the valley, or were driven down when Julius Cæsar razed their town, some of them stayed on the river-banks (rivers were the highways of commerce) and mingled, none too amicably, with the Roman Knights whom Cæsar left there to found a Roman colony.

In time, the settlement on the Arno became a city, 'another little Rome,' as one of her old chroniclers said, with a capitol and forum where the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele now is. Locate it on your map, please — straight up (north) from the Ponte Vecchio, rather more than halfway to the Batistero, or Baptistery, where stood the temple to Mars, the patron deity of the city.

Note the Ponte alle Grazie now (on the right, or east, of Ponte Vecchio), and how the Via de' Benci leads north from it toward Piazza Santa Croce. Somewhere near where Borgo de' Greci makes a right angle with Via de' Benci, the amphitheatre of the Roman city stood, well outside the walls.

Those walls seem to have served the city (with many repairs, of course) for more than a thousand years; so I think you will like to trace their extent, on your map.

Their southern course was well back from the river-bank. If you will locate Ponte Santa Trinità (west of Ponte Vecchio) and follow Via Tornabuoni north from it to Piazza Santa Trinità, you will see Via della Terme running

off to your right. Along here, the south wall seems to have extended. The north wall was where Via Cerretani now is; the temple to Mars was just inside it. The west wall was about where Via Tornabuoni, north of Piazza Santa Trinità, is to-day. And the east wall seems to have been about where Via del Proconsolo is now; to locate it, run your eye down the map from the east end of the Duomo, or Cathedral. This was the defended citadel of Florence until less than a century before Dante's birth. As in the case of all old cities, after Christianity began to flourish, the outskirts were occupied by religious establishments and by the colonies of people who lived in some sort of relation with them, and who fled within the walls for protection when need arose.

The Christian religion was first preached (tradition says) on the hill above Florence, on the south side of the Arno, where the ancient Church of San Miniato now stands, commemorating the martyrdom of Miniatus who lived there.

When the Roman Empire became officially Christian, under Constantine, the temple to Mars became a Church of Saint John the Baptist, and the statue of Mars was moved from the temple and set up on a tower near the Arno, the Florentines believing that if the statue were broken or dishonored, great harm would come to their city.

In the year 405, when the terrible Goths, two hundred thousand strong, were swarming through Italy, the Florentines ('so little perfect were they as yet in the Holy Faith') thought that their peril was in punishment for moving Mars from his temple. But their Bishop, Zenobius, saved them by his prayers. This greatly strengthened the faith of his flock — but did not diminish their superstition about the statue of Mars.

Five years after Zenobius died, his body was being re-

moved to a new and more honorable place of burial; and as the four bishops who were carrying his remains were passing on the north of the Church of Saint John the Baptist, they were so pressed upon by the people that they fell, and the coffin broke open, scattering the relics. It was January 26, and Florence was in the grip of winter; but as the body touched an elm standing stark beside the temple-church, the tree instantly brought forth flowers and leaves. Witnesses of this miracle carried away root and branch of the elm, but replaced it with a cross-crowned marble column to which, on January 26th for many years thereafter, the clergy used to fasten a green bough, in commemoration. The column you will see when you visit the Baptistery is a comparatively modern one, replacing the original which was destroyed by the flood of 1333.

The Bishop of Florence in 524 seems to have had less faith than Zenobius, or to have used it less effectively; for in the Gothic invasion of that year, all Florence except the temple-church was destroyed — tradition says — and as Mars was thrown into the river by these reckless barbarians, the poor, devastated city lay in ruins until Charlemagne came along, some two hundred and sixty years later, and had Mars fished up and restored to a place of honor near the north bridgehead of the Ponte Vecchio. Then Florence began to flourish.

You may treat this story with what respect you deem it worth; but not to remind yourself of the hold it had upon early Florentines, will be to miss many a fine point in your Dante and in your readings of that great picture-book, Florentine art.

If you will look at the north bank of the Arno between the Ponte Santa Trinità and the Ponte Vecchio, you will locate the Church of Santissimi Apostoli, the oldest building in Florence after the Baptistery, which claims to have been

built under Charlemagne and consecrated by his celebrated archbishop, Turpin, in the presence of Roland and Oliver.

Charlemagne's principal gift to Florence was more in keeping with the statue of Mars than with the Holy Apostles, for he left her a feudal system of Germanic lords, vassals of the Emperors, who kept Tuscany and other parts of Italy in practically constant warfare for more than a thousand years.

Conquests so vast as Charlemagne's could be held on only one plan: what he took by the sword could be kept in subjection to him only by parcelling it among his followers on the system of vassalage, which gave to each chieftain all that he could wring from the lands and cultivators that were his allotment, but obligated him to maintain a certain armed force subject to his Emperor's call. (There was more to the feudal contract than this; but I won't go into it, here, in detail; the essential feature was that lands and properties were granted to those who would hold them 'in fief' for the sovereign and would compensate him with tithes and with military support for offensive or defensive warfare.)

Many excellent institutions of our present social structure were fostered by feudalism; but its injurious effects were also many, and one of the latter was an inevitable result of innumerable small 'standing armies' which had to be kept in condition and practice even when the sovereign had no need of their services. This made it almost an economic necessity to keep one's armed retainers busy in private wars — predatory, retaliatory, and of other sorts. Another disturbing phase of feudalism was that through inheritance, marriage, conquest, and other ways of acquisition, many great lords became vassals of more than one sovereign; and this divided allegiance made men opportunists instead of patriots, and led to many complications.

Charlemagne made Tuscany (which then extended from the Po to the borders of the Roman state) a march or margraviate, whose marquises became so powerful that in course of time they could more or less deliver their allegiance where they would. The lesser nobles to whom they were overlords on much the same terms as the German emperors were theirs, were all Teutonic; and the country round about Florence bristled with their strongholds, which they used much more frequently in their own quarrels than in the upbuilding of a strong state for the Empire.

Among the townsfolk, the Latin blood was still dominant; and the clashes between the Latin producers of wealth, in the city, and the Teutonic nobles who levied on them, were incessant. Mars, sitting in state by the bridgehead of the Ponte Vecchio, had almost perpetual tribute paid to him.

In the tenth century, the lord of a formidable castle, Canossa, a number of miles south of Parma, was made (for some service or other to the Emperor) Count of Reggio and of Modena, two important towns. His son acquired Mantua, Ferrara, and Brescia; and to these, his grandson added the duchy of Spoleto, the county of Parma, and probably that of Cremona, presently being created marquis or margrave of Tuscany. This latter was Boniface, father of Countess Matilda to whose memory you paid your respects in Saint Peter's, Rome, beside her tomb.

Boniface was murdered when Matilda was six years old, and her older brother and sister died within the next three years; so that, at nine, Matilda was left sole heiress of the richest estate in Italy, of which Florence was the capital.

Her mother, who was a Lorrainer, married again, after a short widowhood, Godfrey IV of Lorraine, whose brother was Pope Stephen IX. This caused her, during her regency for Matilda, to cast her lot with the Papacy in its struggles with the Emperor; and when Matilda assumed the reins of

government she was, as you know, an ardent advocate of the Popes, and when she died left all her vast estates to the Holy See. This friendliness for Rome set her at variance with most of the lesser nobles of her domain, but strengthened her relations with the townsfolk.

It was in Matilda's Castle of Canossa, you'll remember, that the German Emperor, Henry IV, was obliged to humble himself before Matilda's guest, Pope Gregory VII (the monk Hildebrand). And Henry's furious resentment of this humiliation extended to Matilda, against whose cities Henry marched in reprisal. Florence was almost the only town of importance in Matilda's domain which not only resisted the Emperor's siege, but repulsed him with considerable loss to his forces. Matilda was a learned lady, an able military commander, and had excellent ideas of statecraft and government.

Her Florentines, who were Latin and loyal to Rome, she encouraged to stand firm against the tyrannical demands of the neighboring nobles who were the Emperor's vassals and adherents.

Some day when you are crossing Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, I think you will want to make for yourself a picture of Matilda holding a court of justice in what had been the Roman Forum, and counselling her Florentines how to maintain their rights, and to extend them. Her active career compelled her to be quite continually on the march, so to speak; and it was essential for her purposes that among the Latin burghers there should be some so skilled in administering justice and resisting tyranny, that they could 'carry on' in her absence those policies of hers to which practically all the nobles thereabouts (the heretofore governing classes) were sworn enemies. And so well did these *boni homines*, or good men, rule Florence, that when Matilda died, and all Italy became divided on the question

THE COUNTESS MATILDA

From the manuscript of Domnizo in the Vatican Library

of whether her estates should go to the Holy See, as she bequeathed them, or to the German Emperor who claimed sovereignty over them, Florence continued, in the name of her people, the government that her 'good men' had exercised in the name of Matilda — when the commune which became the Republic was born. Soon it became so powerful that it was able to destroy many of the feudal castles in the vicinity and to compel numbers of the nobles to come into the city if they would live in protection.

About eighteen years after Matilda's death, the 'good men' began to be called consuls; there were twelve of them, two for each ward of the city, and they were chosen by and of the men of those families who had houses with towers — castles within the city, as it were. You will be hearing a great deal about those towers, while you are in Florence, and there is much of her story that you will not comprehend if you do not get it clear in your mind just what those towers stood for.

Next in strength to 'the men of the towers,' were the men of the guilds or *arti*, who were predominant in the council of one hundred which was somewhat like a house of representatives as related to the senatorial consuls.

The Emperors continued to appoint margraves of Tuscany, but Florence paid only as much heed to any of these as he was able to exact. When one of them had, for instance, Frederick Barbarossa for his sovereign, he could force Florentines to supply troops for the Emperor, and to submit to many rulings of an imperial official called a *potestas*, who resided at San Miniato and was charged with seeing to it that the townsfolk did not make too great inroads upon the rights of the country nobles. A few years later the Florentines elected a Podestà of their own choice and erected in the heart of their city a palace for his residence.

'This struggle,' says Edmund G. Gardner in 'The Story of Florence,' a tenth and revised edition of which (in the Mediæval Towns series) was published in 1924, 'between a landed military and feudal nobility, waning in power and authority, and a commercial democracy of purely Latin descent, ever increasing in wealth and importance, is what lies at the bottom of the contest between Florentine Guelfs and Ghibellines; and the rival claims of Pope and Emperor are of secondary importance, as far as Tuscany is concerned.'

Not to have a clean-cut (even if scantily detailed) comprehension of this struggle, is to grope hopelessly among the streets and palaces of Florence for a key to the meaning of her story.

Now, then, with this brief bit about earliest Florence in mind, suppose you start out for your first saunter along the Lungarno. Don't apologize to me, mentally, if the shops excite you to the exclusion of the Ghibellines. Used as I am to Florence, so that I could almost find my way about her with my eyes shut, my first ecstasies on each new visit to her are always divided between the loveliness of the Arno and the delicious temptations of the shops. I have never had time nor money to do half the shopping in Florence that I should have liked to do; but out of my limited experience I've given you a few suggestions in the Appendix.

But after a while, one *does* manage to make himself recall that he is standing on soil so storied that earth has few equals of it; that, all his life, he has dreamed about getting to Florence, and now, here he is! Then the multitude of things that he has read and heard, begin to surge upon him; and he becomes intensely wistful to see, to understand, to feel all that encompasses him. He must be dead indeed to the stories of yesteryears who can look at the Ponte Vecchio and the backs of those old houses along Via de' Bardi, and

not yearn to make them tell the story of all that they have seen.

Suppose we 'pretend,' as we stand gazing at the Ponte Vecchio, whose features are so very familiar to us through countless picturings, that this day isn't in the year 1925 (or later), but a brilliant Easter Sunday in 1215. We have on our very best new Spring clothes, and are in a gay, holiday mood.

Florence has new walls now — only some forty-odd years old — and they inclose a much larger area, although it seems small enough for the ninety thousand people who live in it. The site on which the Franciscans will soon build their Church and Monastery of Santa Croce (the Holy Cross) is well outside the new walls on the east; the little old Church of Santa Maria della Vigna which is to be the nucleus of the great Dominican monastery and Church of Santa Maria Novella, is outside the new walls on the west; and the modest oratory of the monks of Vallombrosa which is to evolve into the celebrated San Marco, home of Fra Angelico and of Savonarola, is away out in the country to the north — the north wall running just outside of the Church of San Lorenzo.

You will be well repaid for 'looking up' these points and noting what the extent of the city is, in 1215; for this is the city that Dante is soon to know, and Giotto, and Boccaccio, and Petrarch.

To serve this population of ninety thousand, there are one hundred and ten churches and convents. And about one hundred and fifty of the families living in Florence are 'tower families,' with private fortresses which rear their crenellations in the air sometimes to the height of two hundred feet.

The skyline bristles with the far forerunners of the twentieth-century skyscrapers. And in the narrow, canyon-

like streets, our fellow-citizens live packed pretty close — as many members of one family as can get together in a street or neighborhood, doing so, for mutual protection. On the south bank of the river, with only a few fortifications of its own, is the part of Florence called Oltr' Arno (or Across the Arno) where some of the noble families live, side by side with many poor neighbors. The Bardi, for instance, are residents of Oltr' Arno; and twenty-three families of them have twenty-three palaces in the one little street close to the river, which bears their name.

Another family living over there is that of the Buondelmonti; and 'a right winsome and comely knight' of that family is to be married this morning. The circumstances are extraordinary. For this Buondelmonte dei Buondelmonti was betrothed to a maiden of the Amidei, related to some of the most powerful nobles of Tuscany. (On your left, as you walk, presently, up Via Por Santa Maria, you will pass, soon after you leave the Ponte Vecchio, what remains of one of the towers of the Amidei, whose palace was close to the bridgehead and the statue of Mars; while some of the kinsmen of our young bridegroom had towers here, too — close to that Church of Santissimi Apostoli, which claims Charlemagne as its founder.) But he jilted her, and plighted his troth to a girl of the Donati family (of whose daughters we shall hear considerable, as we turn the pages of Florence's story), and this morning, set for the wedding, there is a flutter of excitement in the city, of speculation as to whether the jilted girl's kinsmen will allow the wedding to take place.

If we are in their confidence, we may know that they and their sympathizers, after hearing mass in the old Church of San Stefano, across the way, have gathered in the Amidei Palace to wait for the bridegroom, who is riding across the Ponte Vecchio, 'dressed nobly in a new robe all white and

on a white palfrey,' his head garlanded and his heart beating high.

Perhaps we know what is coming. Perhaps we are surprised when we see the Amidei and their friends rush from the palace by the bridgehead and fall upon the bridegroom, stabbing him to death with their daggers, at the foot of the statue of Mars.

Straightway, the whole city is in tumult. The body of the 'winsome and comely knight,' his white wedding-garments blood-stained from many a wound, is placed on a bier and carried through the streets, the tearful bride supporting the head whose garland lies trampled in the roadway. Everybody takes sides — for the jilted girl and her avengers, or for the murdered knight. The girl's partisans number many of those nobles whom a much later chronicler of our old Florence (Hewlett) will designate as 'German robbers by origin, now feudatories of the Empire, but no less German and no less thieves'; whereas those of us who are indignant at their high-handedness, are, for the most part, descendants of the Florentines who defended our city and our Countess Matilda against the irate and vengeful German Emperor.

Guelf and Ghibelline, in effect, has our city been these hundred years and more, but the lines of cleavage have never been so sharp as they are now. Everybody, it seems, must be on one side or on the other; and a bitter, bloody strife is inaugurated, this sunshiny Easter Day, that will cause Dante, writing of it in 1300, to cry:

'O Buondelmonti! What ill counselling
Prevailed on thee to break the plighted bond?
Many, who now are weeping, would rejoice,
Had God to Ema given thee, the first time
Thou near our city camest. But so was doomed.
Florence! on that maimed stone which guards the bridge,
The victim, when thy peace departed, fell.'

(The Ema is the river which the first of the Buondelmonti crossed when he left his native town to come up to Florence. And the 'maimed stone' is the statue of Mars rescued by Charlemagne from the river-bed.)

For some four and thirty years of a feud which grew increasingly bitter as the participants knew less and less of the love-affair which served as a pretext for its beginning, Florence stayed in the control of the Guelfs, the adherents of Matilda and of Buondelmonti. Then the Ghibelline nobles got the upper hand, aided by troops of the Emperor, and held it until the Emperor died. He was Frederick II, at whose death came the era of confusion and great change which brought the tragic episodes of Manfred and of Conradin; and also the advent of Charles of Anjou who came at the Pope's instance to strengthen the Guelf cause in Italy.

The imperial power was at low ebb, then, and Florence took advantage of it to establish a democratic constitution and set up a government 'of the People, for the People, and by the People.' This lasted ten years. Then the Ghibellines triumphed again, 'the ancient people of Florence was broken and annihilated,' the Guelf leaders and their supporters, with their families, fled the city, and the Ghibellines came in. The Guelf houses were razed and the enraged Imperialists were stopped only by the eloquence of one of their own number from wiping out of existence the city which had made so much trouble for Germany. And in the years of sullen despotism which followed, Dante was born.

His father was probably a notary, of good family claiming descent from the Romans; he was a Guelf, and that one of the seven Greater Guilds to which he belonged (the Judges and Notaries) was very influential in all the affairs of Florence. His house was in the Sesto (or Ward) of San

Piero Maggiore, which I hope you will now locate, on your map, by drawing an imaginary line due east from the old market-place and forum, now called Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, to where you see Casa dei Alighieri, or House of the Alighieri. In this section of Florence lived most of the families with whom Dante Alighieri was closely associated: the Cerchi and Donati, the Portinari (Beatrice's family) and the Cavalcanti. When Dante was a young man, his ward was known in Florence as 'the Scandal Section.' The Portinari had their house where the Palazzo Salviati now stands; and the Donati (of whom was Dante's wife, Gemma) were even nearer neighbors of his.

Dante was born in May, 1265. It is one of the dates I think every one should make an effort to remember. In that year, Charles of Anjou entered Italy; and when, the following February, he annihilated Manfred's army at Benevento, many of the gallant fighters with whose aid Charles won his victory, were Guelfs exiled from Florence.

'These men cannot lose to-day,' Manfred is said to have exclaimed as he saw them advancing into battle. And the victory they won was far-reaching and long-enduring; that year, the Ghibelline power at Florence was broken, their leaders were expelled or put to death, and under the suzerainty of Charles of Anjou, King of Naples and Sicily, the Republic of Florence entered upon an era richer in the development of genius than almost any other the world has ever known.

If it chance that, on your first Florence stroll, you have wandered up Por Santa Maria, from the scene of the Buondelmonti murder, to the Mercato Nuovo (occupying what used to be the square of the silk-merchants and money-changers) you may like to turn east in Via Porta Rossa and Via Condotta till you come to Via dei Cerchi and take the latter up to Via Dante Alighieri and Dante's house;

then make your way back (west) to Via dei Calzaioli, or the Street of the Stocking-Makers, one of the minor guilds of Florence. This street will lead you to the Baptistery, the Duomo (Cathedral), the Campanile or Bell-Tower of Giotto, and the Bigallo.

Suppose that, instead of trying to 'take in' all this group of buildings, with their history and their beauties which alike are matter for volumes, you don't try to do more, at first, than imagine yourself coming here — perhaps with a group of children from the Sesto of San Piero — on the afternoon of Pentecost, 1266.

There is no Campanile and no Bigallo and no big Duomo. The Cathedral of Florence is the octagonal Church of Saint John the Baptist, which was once (they say) the Temple of Mars, erected to commemorate Rome's victory over the Etruscans from Fiesole. Steps lead up to it from the low-lying churchyard. And at the font of this ancient church all the children of Florence are baptized.

Many babies are to be brought to-day, and you are especially interested in the baptism of one of your new neighbors, the girl-baby of the Portinari, a young couple who have suffered many vicissitudes in these recent years so troublous, but are now supremely happy in their love and its first flower.

Here they come, attended by a group of friends and relatives, and preceded by Tessa, the nurse, carrying the baby on a white silk cushion. The parents — each of them twenty-one years old — kneel on the steps of the octagonal font, holding lighted tapers which flicker in the soft, warm breeze stealing in through the open doors. The priest, standing inside the font, holding the baby, bends toward her father and asks her name. There is a moment's pause; then young Portinari says, softly, 'Beatrice'; the tiny body is dipped, then anointed, and children all in white (you, too,

perhaps!) come forward and crown the baby head with Spring flowers. Beatrice! 'She who confers blessing!'

Suppose, now, that you let seven years slip by. Folco Portinari has prospered in business (that wool-weaving and cloth-making which was one of the richest crafts of Florence) and has become a man of some consequence in the city. This is May Day, and he is having a party to which many of his neighbors are bidden, including the Notary, Alighieri, and his motherless lad, Dante, a shy, studious boy who joins little in the children's sports of the neighborhood.

On this day there is written in Dante's book of memory, he tells us, a rubric saying 'Here beginneth the new life,' 'when first the glorious Lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes; even she who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore.'

Whether he means that he actually has not seen his little neighbor before (which seems improbable) or that he has not recognized her as 'the glorious Lady' of his mind, we do not know. But to-day, as he watches her, in her 'dress of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age,' he is filled with worship; and his inner voice tells him: 'Now is your beatitude made manifest unto you.'

'From that time forward,' he tells us in his story of this 'New Life,' 'Love quite governed my soul. . . . He oftentimes commanded me to seek if I might see this youngest of the Angels: wherefore I in my boyhood often went in search of her, and found her so noble and praiseworthy that certainly of her might have been said those words of the poet Homer, "She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God."'

Not long after this dawn of his 'New Life,' Dante lost his

father and was left in straitened circumstances. His education was secured through the benevolence of the Secretary of the Florentine Republic, who sent the young Alighieri to a monastic school where he thoroughly improved his opportunities.

When Dante was fifteen, Florence became so much further democratized that her government was placed entirely in the hands of the seven Greater Guilds, or leading Trade Unions. The Signoria, or Council, was composed of the priors of those guilds. 'Henceforth,' says one Florentine historian, 'the Republic is properly a republic of merchants, and only he who belongs to the Guilds can govern it: every grade of nobility, ancient or new, is more a privation than a privilege.'

And life, as in most new republics, was simple. 'The men wore leathern garments, with heavy boots and long cloth caps; the women, a long serge or camlet tunic of crimson, girt about the waist with a worked leather belt, with a hooded cloak lined with miniver. Women of the poorer classes wore a similar garment of green cloth. Wooden trenchers were used at table, and few families possessed more than two or three cups or goblets. Poor families at table would all eat from the same dish; amongst the wealthier there would be a principal dish for the man and his wife, the rest would share from another. Candles were unknown, so that servants held lanterns or torches to light the table. The meat was usually served in a stew, and could be afforded by the poorer people only two or three times a week; the bread was coarse and eaten stale. Gold or silver ornaments, and jewellery, were almost unknown; and the extravagance of men showed itself chiefly in fine horses, or rich armor and weapons. The interiors of the houses were dark and gloomy, for the windows were small, and almost the only decoration was heavy carved panels. The treasures of the household

were mostly arms or accoutrements for war, with occasionally metal sconces and lanterns, and massive timber chests. But here and there a family possessed two or three books, in beautiful black-letter writing on thick discolored parchment, bound in metal-cornered covers of embossed leather.'

(I quote from 'Stories from Dante,' by Susan Cunnington, which I commend to you for reading before you go to Florence.)

And now let us revert to Dante's own story of his 'New Life':

'After the lapse of so many days that nine years exactly were completed since the above-written appearance of this most gracious being [in her father's house, on May-day], on the last of those days it happened to me that the same wonderful lady appeared to me dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies elder than she. And passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed; and by her unspeakable courtesy she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness. And because it was the first time that any word from her reached mine ears, I came into such sweetness that I parted thence as one intoxicated.'

It was after this meeting, and the dream consequent upon it, that Dante said:

'Musing on what I had seen, I proposed to relate the same (the vision) to many poets who were famous in that day: and for that I had myself in some sort the art of discoursing with rhyme, I resolved on making a sonnet, in the which, having saluted all such as are subject unto Love, and entreated them to expound my vision, I should write unto them those things which I had seen in my sleep.'

For that ineffably lovely sequence of sonnets which now began to flow from young Alighieri's pen, I must refer you

to Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation, a tiny copy of which would tax your luggage-space scarcely at all, and give you many rapt reveries in Florence.

When Beatrice was grown to an age for marriage, her parents deemed that the most suitable for her of all Florence's eligible young men was Simone de' Bardi, of the wealthy family which had made its first fortune in wool-weaving and had then become bankers and were now the custodians of the papal funds.

Simone was good-looking, well-educated, gallant. He came of age on January 8, 1286, and one week later he and Beatrice Portinari were married at the Baptistery.

At that time there were hard-and-fast restrictions on what one might do with money in the Florentine Republic. Not more than two hundred guests might be invited to a wedding feast; their names, qualities, and habitations must be listed and submitted to the State Treasury officials. The cook must tell just what he expected to serve. He was not permitted more than seven pounds of veal for every twenty guests, and there were similar limitations on the amounts of poultry, baked meats, pastries, etc.

What Dante thought of the marriage of his Lady, he does not tell us. Perhaps he had never aspired to more than the privilege of worshipping her secretly and from afar. Maurice Hewlett thought that Beatrice was piqued at Dante's 'half-perished valor.' Many persons will tell you, promptly, that if Dante had been more valorous and had wed Beatrice, we should have had no 'Divine Comedy,' or at least a very different sort. There are even those who would tell you that while here in Florence where Robert Browning wrote 'One Word More.'

Beatrice went to live in the Via de' Bardi, and busied herself in charities and other high-minded affairs. Her father, at the instigation of Tessa, Beatrice's old nurse,

BEATRICE DENYING HER SALUTATION
By Dante Gabriel Rossetti

now founded the first hospital ever given to Florence by an individual — Spedale di Santa Maria Nuova — and Beatrice seems to have been deeply engrossed in the project, as well as with her private benevolences.

She came, Dante tells us, 'into such favor with all men, that when she passed anywhere folk ran to behold her; which thing was a deep joy to me: and when she drew near unto any, so much truth and simpleness entered into his heart, that he dared neither to lift his eyes nor to return her salutation: and unto this, many who have felt it can bear witness. She went along crowned and clothed with humility, showing no whit of pride in all that she heard and saw: and when she had gone by, it was said of many, "This is not a woman, but one of the beautiful angels of Heaven."'

In 1289, slavery was abolished in Florence, and Beatrice was one of the first to reorganize her household on the new basis. In that year, too, her young husband was called to fight the Guelf cause for Charles II of Anjou, and rode away with Beatrice's scarf bound on his right arm. Thereafter, she was often in the Bardi tower, gazing down the road for couriers bringing news. He and Dante may have fought side by side in the battle of Campaldino, on June 11th, wherein the Ghibelline nobles of the country around Florence were defeated so utterly that they never again recovered a hold upon the Republic.

On the last day of that year, Folco Portinari died; and Beatrice was 'made full of the bitterness of grief' to such extent that one of her women friends said in Dante's presence — he having come to the house of mourning — that 'one might die for pity, beholding her.' In the June of the next year, Beatrice followed her father into Paradise.

'After this most gracious creature had gone out from among us,' Dante says, 'the whole city came to be as it were widowed and despoiled of all dignity.'

In 1292, when he was twenty-seven, Dante married Gemma Donati, another girl of his neighborhood, of 'the Scandal Section,' and began to take an active part in politics. He matriculated in the guild called Medici e Speziali which included among the 'Speziali' painters and booksellers, and became eligible to the highest offices of city government.

The year following Dante's marriage, a noble of demagogic tendencies, Giano della Bella, induced the Florentines to enact that no man of noble family, even though engaged in trade and a member of one of the guilds, could hold office as a prior. (The government of the city was by six *priori* of the greater guilds.) And this did much to precipitate those bitter factional struggles between the Blacks and the Whites which divided the city almost into armed camps, cost immeasurable suffering, and led to Dante's exile. The Blacks were those who espoused the side of the nobles; and their leader was Corso Donati, one of Gemma's kinsmen. Dante himself, while favoring certain modifications in the new 'Ordinances,' was of the Whites, or People's Party. The Pope was for the nobles.

In 1300, the first Anno Santo, Dante was one of the six priors governing Florence when a Cardinal-Ambassador arrived from Pope Boniface VIII to 'mediate' between the Blacks and Whites. The heads of each faction were banished from the capital, and among them was Dante's dearest friend, the poet, Guido Cavalcanti, who in exile wrote the little poem beginning:

'Because I think not ever to return,
Ballad, to Tuscany, —
Go therefore thou for me
Straight to my lady's face,
Who, of her noble grace,
Shall give thee courtesy.'

And of a fever he contracted in the place of his banish-

ment, Guido died, soon after his return was permitted. What grief this must have been to Dante, we may imagine. But Dante was now overwhelmed with griefs. His party was denounced as enemies of the Pope because against them were arraigned the Guelf nobles who were the Papacy's strong supporters.

The exact circumstances of Dante's leaving Florence, we do not know. One story is that he went to Rome on an embassy to the Pope, and while there learned that he had been charged, at Florence, with peculation of public funds; and, because he was not there to defend himself, he was condemned to pay a heavy fine. His accusers knew that he could not appear, and that the fine was more than he could pay. Furthermore, they contrived to get a merciless default judgment against him, to the effect that unless the fine were paid within three days, his property was to be 'destroyed and laid waste' and he was to be burned alive if ever he fell into the hands of the Florentine Republic.

It was probably at the end of September, 1300, that Dante, early in his thirty-sixth year, looked his last on Florence and passed into an exile of one and twenty years.

'Since it was the pleasure of the citizens of the most beautiful and most famous daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth from her most sweet bosom (in which I was born and nourished up to the summit of my life, and in which, with her good will, I desire with all my heart to rest my weary soul and end the time given me), I have gone through almost all the parts to which this language extends, a pilgrim, almost a beggar, showing against my will the wound of fortune.'

Dante was not alone in his banishment; all the other leaders of the White Guelfs (the moderate democrats, we might call them) shared his fate; and, smarting under the injustice of their treatment at the hands of the Pope's

supporters, they 'went over' to the Ghibellines and became allies of the Emperor's party.

'We must consider,' says Arthur John Butler in his admirable Dante article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, 'if we would understand the real nature of Dante's Ghibellinism, that he had been born and bred a Guelf; but he saw that the conditions of the times were altered, and that other dangers menaced the welfare of his country. There was no fear now that Florence, Siena, Pisa, Arezzo should be razed to the ground in order that the castle of the lord might overlook the humble cottages of his contented subjects; but there was danger lest Italy should be torn in sunder by its own jealousies and passions, and lest the fair domain bounded by the sea and the Alps should never properly assert the force of its individuality, and should present a contemptible contrast to a united France and a confederated Germany. Sick with petty quarrels and dissensions, Dante strained his eyes towards the hills for the appearance of a universal monarch, raised above the jars of faction and the spur of ambition, under whom each country, each city, each man, might, under the institutions best suited to it, lead the life and do the work for which it was best fitted. . . . In this sense and in no other was Dante a Ghibelline. The vision was never realized — the hope was never fulfilled. Not till five hundred years later did Italy become united and the "greyhound of deliverance" chase from city to city the wolf of cupidity. But is it possible to say that the dream did not work its own realization, or to deny that the high ideal of the poet, after inspiring a few minds as lofty as his own, has become embodied in the constitution of a state which acknowledges no stronger bond of union than a common worship of the exile's indignant and impassioned verse?'

It is exceedingly difficult, when writing of Dante's Flor-

ence, to know when or where to leave off. But we must, I know, be on our way down through the centuries and the rest of Florence's Hall of Fame.

Florence, in his young manhood, saw the foundations laid for many of the superb structures which have been her glory ever since. The Cathedral was begun in 1296, the Palazzo Vecchio two years later, Santa Croce two years earlier. The first stone of the present Church of Santa Maria Novella was laid in 1278.

The Church of Santa Trinità was ancient in Dante's day; as were San Stefano and Santissimi Apostoli. The Bargello was where he ruled, briefly, and was ruled against.

Of the bridges we know to-day, only the Ponte alle Grazie (east of the Ponte Vecchio) was trod by Dante's feet. It was called the Rubaconte then.

Some of the old towers of his day, and earlier, still exist in the truncated height (ninety-five feet) to which they were reduced by Guelf decree.

If you chance to be staying at Pension Piccioli, at Number One Via Tornabuoni, you are housed in a palace that Dante knew; and Number Six Piazza Santa Trinità (close by) is believed to have belonged to Buondelmonte who was murdered at Ponte Vecchio.

One of the things I would have you do very early in your Florence stay is to walk east out of this Piazza Santa Trinità (which is to Florence what Piazza di Spagna is to Rome: the heart of the Strangers' Quarter) through Via Porta Rossa to Number Nine where you will find Palazzo Davanzati, restored and refurnished in the fourteenth-century manner so that we need take with us only a very modest amount of imagination wherewith to whisk ourselves back into the life of a day not much later than Dante's nor very different from his day.

No matter how brief your Florence stay is to be, this

palace is (in my opinion) one of the places you should not miss. It is open from nine to three, for a small fee; and there is an elevator by which you may ascend to the roof. It is within a stone's throw of Cook's, the American Express office, and the tea-rooms most frequented by visitors; yet I doubt if one tourist in a hundred sees it, or knows of its existence, although those who do see it are unanimous in declaring it one of the most interesting sights in Italy.

Of Dante's contemporaries in Florence besides the ones we have mentioned, those most important for us to have in mind during a brief stay are Cimabue and Giotto, Arnolfo di Cambio, Orcagna, and the Pisani. Boccaccio and Petrarch knew Florence after he had left it.

Concerning Cimabue, the Father of Florentine painting, the master of Giotto, we know very little. Running north from the transept of Santa Croce is a narrow street called Via Borgo Allegri which is popularly believed to owe its name to the rejoicing of the people when Charles of Anjou went there to visit the studio of Cimabue and see the Madonna Cimabue was painting for the Rucellai Chapel in the Church of Santa Maria Novella. The King of England owns a beautiful painting by Lord Leighton, showing Cimabue's Madonna being carried through the streets of Florence.

Dante, writing of the fickleness of fame, said in his Purgatorio:

> 'Cimabue thought
> To lord it over painting's field; and now
> The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed.'

Cimabue had just died when Dante went into exile; Giotto was still a very young man, being some ten years Dante's junior. When Giotto painted the portrait of Dante that is in the Chapel of the Bargello, we can only guess; but it was probably in the summer of 1300, when Dante was

Prior. And a fourteenth-century writer tells us that when Giotto was painting the Arena Chapel at Padua, in 1306, Dante was his honored guest. It was after this that Giotto painted the two Chapels of Santa Croce which are almost all that Florence retains of his work as a painter. One of these is the Chapel of the Bardi, the family into which Beatrice Portinari married.

(The Campanile, always called Giotto's, he did not live to see risen above the first story; but the design of it was largely his.)

Arnolfo di Cambio, who designed Santa Croce, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Duomo (Cathedral), was about the age of Dante's father, but was still hard at work when Dante ceased to know Florence. He was undoubtedly an acquaintance of Dante's, if not a friend.

Orcagna was not born until after Dante's exile; he was painter, sculptor, architect, like Giotto. That work of his which you must see, in Florence, is his Tabernacle in Or San Michele. This is in Via dei Calzaioli,the street up and down which you will pass many times, between the Loggia dei Lanzi and the Baptistery. The best light for seeing this most interesting interior is about 10 A.M. And be sure to give at least a few minutes to the niches of the guilds and their patron saints, on the exterior of the church. Your guide-book gives you all the details, so I won't repeat them. (This may, however, be as good a place as any to tell you that a most excellent little guide-book whose English is sometimes as clumsy as its title indicates — 'Artistical Guide to Florence' — but whose information is copious and reliable, may be had in any Florence bookshop for seven lire, which is about thirty-two cents as I write. It can be slipped into almost any pocket, and is even easier to carry about than one's Baedeker or Bertarelli. I can testify to its helpfulness, and do so with all heartiness. My copy is

of constant service to me, even though I have so many Florence guide-books.)

Orcagna was a pupil of Andrea Pisano, sculptor of the earliest of the famous bronze doors of the Baptistery and co-worker with Giotto on the sculptures of the Campanile.

The earliest and greatest of the Pisani (or sculptors who designated themselves as Pisans although it is not certain that any of them were natives of Pisa) was Niccolò who wrought the celebrated pulpits at Pisa and Siena, the fountain at Perugia, and was also a great architect and engineer. Of Niccolò's Pisan pulpit (finished about five years before Dante's birth) it has been said that 'out of it issued forth, as from an Ark, all the great sculptors of Tuscany.' Cotterill says that 'the reliefs on this pulpit offer the first truly artistic treatment of a Christian subject in Italian sculpture; and the sudden, unheralded apparition of this work of noble design and classical technique at a time when in Italy — anyhow in North Italy — the sculptor's art was in a state of almost hopeless degeneracy, is a startling fact.' The wonder excited by this pulpit and those succeeding works wherein Niccolò was assisted by his son Giovanni, must have been no small factor in the background of Dante's youth.

Giovanni was architect of the beautiful Campo Santo at Pisa and of Siena Cathedral; and sculptor of the pulpit in the Church of Sant' Andrea at Pistoia.

Architectural and sculptural beauty of a very great order was developing in Florence at the same time with the fathers of modern painting (Cimabue and Giotto) and the three greatest writers Italy has ever produced: Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio.

With this in mind as to Florence in Dante's day, it is interesting to think of Naples under the splendor-loving Angevin Kings who were such ardent patrons of the arts.

The Papal Court moved to Avignon in 1309, while Dante — also in exile — was writing his Divine Comedy.

In France, Philip IV, 'the Fair,' was controlling the Papacy, extirpating the Templars, and greatly strengthening the power of the French crown.

In England, Edward I was busy with his Welsh and Scottish Wars (the early years of Dante's exile were the years of William Wallace's struggles for Scottish nationalism) and, later, Edward II, married to Philip the Fair's daughter Isabelle, was watching the youth of his son who, as Edward III, was to claim the crown of France and inaugurate the Hundred Years' War. (Philip the Fair was succeeded by three sons, none of whom left an heir; so Isabelle, their sister, claimed the throne for her son, Edward. It went, instead, to Philip of Valois, whose house was regnant in France until another King — Henry II — was succeeded by three sons none of whom left an heir; and then the Bourbons began to rule, with Henry IV.)

I don't know how much you may care for this sort of reminder. But as for me, I find it of great interest and helpfulness.

There are just four periods of Florentine history that I find it supremely important to have well in mind when visiting Florence and reading about her; and the Dante period is preëminent among them.

II

YOU BEGIN GETTING ACQUAINTED

Your strolls in Dante's Florence will take you from the Baptistery and the Duomo to the Via Bardi and other near parts of Arno's south bank; and between Ponte alle Grazie — which he knew as Ponte Rubaconte — and Ponte Santa Trinità.

In this same area you will find many of the most alluring shops and the popular tea-rooms; so that you need not feel *too* deep in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries as you make your way about. Here, also, you will find the Uffizi Gallery into which I hope you will not hasten too soon, since its treasures mean more to us in proportion to what we know about the Florence which called them into being.

I do not go so far as Maurice Hewlett when he says that 'the Uffizi, then, may be considered as one vast shambles, where two thousand Madonnas and two thousand Bimbi are strangling each other.' But I go a long way with him when he says:

'I think that despair may well fill the heart of the traveller when he enters the great Uffizi rectangle, and sees before him the leagues of imprisoned pictures, torn all of them from their sometime homes and flowering-places, and pinned to these walls. As well study men in a troop-ship, or plants in a botanist's cabinet, as works of art in such a place! A "Birth of Venus" which may have seemed a very mystery of sea, shore, and quiet dawn upon the wide walls of the villa, cramped into a cell exactly big enough to hold it, terrified into drab nonentity by a crimson and blue "Coronation" on one side of it and a magenta and yellow tapestry on the

other. . . . "Adorations," "Conceptions," "Nativities," "Assumptions" — alas! what are they doing here . . . brazening it out like tavern signs?'

Without having a tithe of Maurice Hewlett's ability as a connoisseur of art, I have dared to feel that galleries are the poorest sort of places to enjoy art; and that a great deal of the eye-strain and backache and foot-soreness incurred by the average traveller in trying to 'do' the Uffizi in a morning might be incurred in a better cause or avoided altogether.

This does not mean that I would have any intelligent traveller spend even a very short while in Florence without visiting the galleries. But that I would have him steep himself as well as may be in Florence and try his best to get the point of view of the Florentines who created immortal beauty, and of the others who made great rejoicing when beauty was created. I'd take my dear friend who was new-come to Florence to Santa Maria Novella to see the Cimabue Madonna of the Ruccellai Chapel, and to the Borgo Allegri, where it was painted; and I'd describe as well as I could the Leighton canvas which the King of England owns; and do all that is in my power to re-create the thirteenth-century city we talked about in our last chapter, before I thought of taking my newcomer to the Uffizi. I'd take her to other places, too — as I shall take you. And then, not too precipitately, we'd make our modest attack on the Uffizi, the Pitti, the Accademia, and try to see in each of them a very few treasures with which we could linger long enough to feel a definite acquaintance.

Let us suppose that your first day's stroll in Florence has taken you along the Arno to the Ponte Vecchio, up Por Santa Maria and Via Calimara to the Baptistery; perhaps down Via dei Calzaioli to Via Dante Alighieri and over into 'the Scandal Section,' and then to the Bargello. (Mind that you get to the Bargello soon after two o'clock, though; for

it closes at four. And to do this with economy of time and steps, you should lunch at Melini's, 13 Via dei Calzaioli; or Moderno, 5 Via Lamberti, across from the south side of Or San Michele.) The Bargello will give you the 'feeling' of fourteenth-century Florence. I won't enter into details about it here; since they are so fully given in all guide-books. And if you have time for two visits to it, I urge that you see only the building to-day, and come back later for the Museo.

Across Via del Proconsolo from the Bargello is the Badia or Abbey of Saint Stephen, where (and not in San Stefano, near the Via Por Santa Maria, as is frequently stated) Boccaccio lectured on the 'Divine Comedy,' in 1373 — with small success in making its splendors appreciated; for he wrote:

> 'But of all this there is no gain at all
> Unto the thankless souls with whose base ends
> Nothing agrees that's great or generous.'

If you have been strolling and looking since ten o'clock or so, with only an hour's interval for luncheon, you must be ready at four o'clock for a long restful drive; so I suggest that you hail the first available *vettura* or horse-drawn taxi, and say 'San Miniato' to the driver (San Min-ee-ah'-to). He will take you across the Ponte alle Grazie and either up or down by the Viale dei Colli, one of the most beautiful drives in Italy.

You may or may not care for the beautiful and storied old Church of San Miniato; but you will certainly be entranced with the view from the Piazzale Michelangelo, just below the church. But don't take this drive unless the afternoon is clear and gives promise of a fine sunset.

Once upon a time, in a novel of mine which is now out of print ('The Keys of Heaven'), I paid my humble tribute to that sunset hour on the Piazzale where stands 'the colossal

bronze of Michelangelo's "David," silhouetted against the glowing sky and seeming higher than the Apennines which bend their shoulders eternally behind the immortal youth. Across the silver river, beneath Santa Croce's roof, the venerated dust lies of that most world-weary old, old man whose joy in young manhood's beauty gave, when he himself was young, this triumphant David to mankind.

'Standing above Florence, as any day of her history passes into eternity, one thinks first of all of how many memorials to their undying love of her her citizens and her guests have been privileged to leave in that fair city after their spirits took flight to the city not made with hands. Every bit of love her beauty has inspired is somehow enshrined there still — if not the actual masterpiece, at least the memory of its accomplishment. She treasures every token of her admirers, that gracious lady whose head is never so turned with adoration that she does not happily disclose all her best charms to each eager new lover who woos her as she wills to be wooed.

'Then, wondrously, the city that was and is, seems like a lovely antechamber of the City that ever shall be. Arno, on her way to Pisa and the Ligurian Sea, becomes a street of pure gold passing between walls of jacinth and beryl and amethyst and emerald to that great glory where God sits enthroned above the praising cherubim.

'Silently they watch, who line the terrace brim, each heart aware of its own wistfulness.

'Next, Arno is a blood-red way, remindful of the path to glory and the heart's desire.

'The stillness grows the more profound.

'Red fades to rose, then pearly pink. The purple mountains drape themselves in vapory veils of such shades as arbutus wears. Lily-like towers blush in the presence of so much majesty. And pointed cypresses bristle like spear points advancing on heaven's battlements.

'The pregnant moments pass and no one counts them. Then, in a sky colored like the lining of the deep sea's loveliest shell, a pin-prick of starlight — another world! — shines through. And above the downy tree-tops of the Cascine, the crescent moon hovers, reluctant, like all young things, to go to bed.'

When one comes down from a sunset hour on that Piazzale, it is as if he had been on a mount of heavenly vision, lifted above this world's strifes and pettinesses and permitted to see life from the viewpoint of those who have learned what it is all about and in their knowledge are ineffably content.

Let us, then, further suppose that you have begun your second day's ramble at Palazzo Davanzati, and have, on issuing forth, followed Via Porta Rossa to its termination at Via dei Calzaioli, then turned south into Piazza della Signoria, where the Palazzo Vecchio is and the Loggia dei Lanzi; where the original of Michelangelo's 'David' stood for centuries (and is replaced by a copy now, the original being in the Accademia); and where Savonarola was burned.

The Palazzo Vecchio, begun in the days of Dante's political career, was built as the Palace of the People, to house their Priors — those members of the Guilds who constituted the Signoria or the democratic government. The Bargello, on the other hand, while built a generation earlier for practically the same use, was taken by the Ghibelline conqueror for his residence, at the time (five years before Dante's birth) when the Guelfs were defeated, the first Florentine Republic crushed, and the houses of its exiled leaders razed to the ground; and thereafter it was for a long time the residence of the Podestà and his retainers, the headquarters of that 'government from outside' to which the burghers had to submit in all matters that were not city government.

You may visit the lower part of the Palazzo Vecchio now, and save the upper floors for a later day (midway between your visits to the Riccardi Palace and the Pitti is the ideal time for it) or see it all at once, as your time permits and inclination prompts.

My recommendation is that you give your attention, on your first visit to this piazza, to a general survey of the palace from the outside, and a close scrutiny of the Loggia dei Lanzi. (After you have been to San Marco, you will care more about the Savonarola scenes here; and after you have left San Marco and visited the Accademia, where the original 'David' is, you will be more interested in the story of its setting-up here.)

This piazza, or square, has been the Forum of Florence for about seven hundred years. Here the populace gathered and here their magistrates addressed them. Not infrequently it rained — as you may well believe, after even a brief stay in Florence where rain falls, 'tis said, on three hundred out of three hundred and sixty-five days in each year — and the Priors thought that they should have shelter to stand under at popular assemblies. So this lovely loggia was built. (Not for two centuries after its building did the 'Lanzi' or Lancers of Duke Cosimo lend their name to it.)

Here you have Giovanni da Bologna's 'Rape of the Sabine Woman' (you probably saw his famous 'Mercury' at the Bargello, yesterday); and Benvenuto Cellini's 'Perseus with the head of Medusa'; and 'Menelaus with the body of Patroclus' — another copy, also ancient, of this group furnished the fragment at Rome which served for the Pasquinades.

Giovanni or Gian da Bologna (sometimes written 'Gianbologna') was a Frenchman, of Douai, who came to Florence when he was twenty-five to study sculpture and

remained in Italy throughout the rest of his long life. His 'Mercury' was made for the glorious gardens of Villa Medici at Rome. His so-called 'Rape of the Sabine Woman' (executed with no such title in view, but thus named to give a cloak of history to a piece of work that seemed too sensual for public view if called merely 'Youth Triumphant over Feminine Beauty'), was done to the order of that Medici Duke Ferdinand whose statue, also by Bologna, is celebrated in Browning's poem of 'The Statue and the Bust.' He did, also, the statue of Ferdinand's father, Cosimo, which stands in the Piazza outside the loggia.

Cellini's 'Perseus with the head of Medusa' was made in 1553, when that 'gifted, impetuous, boastful, and audaciously mendacious individual' was fifty-three years old — long after he killed the Constable de Bourbon and the Prince of Orange; long after his experiences at the Court of Francis I in Paris and at Fontainebleau; long after his imprisonment in Sant' Angelo.

When Cellini showed his wax model for this statue to Duke Cosimo, who had commissioned it, the latter declared that it could not be cast in bronze. In his Autobiography, Cellini tells us how he devised and built a special kind of furnace, made the mould, and set it beneath the smelting pot, which was filled with many chunks of copper, bronze, and alloy, and was connected with the mould by channels that could be opened and closed. Unluckily, all these efforts brought on a serious attack of fever, so that after having lit his fire he was obliged to betake himself to bed. Visitors, however, came and assured him that his enterprise was impracticable and that the metal was getting spoilt and not liquefying, and this roused him. He sent to a neighbor for several hundredweight of well-dried young oak wood, and the molten mass began to clarify and flash, the heat being terrific.

'Now, when they saw that the brew was beginning to clarify, all the crew obeyed my orders with much zeal, and I made them fetch half a "loaf" of tin, weighing about sixty pounds, and cast it into the brew, which, helped by the fuel and other means, and by being stirred up with iron bars and poles, in a short time became liquid.

'Now, when I saw that I had raised the dead, against the belief of those ignorant fellows, such vigor returned to me that I was no longer aware of having fever or any fear of death. But all of a sudden there was a crash and a mighty flash, just as if a thunderbolt had been discharged in our very presence, so that by the extraordinary and fearful shock every one was quite dazed, and I more than any other. When the great noise and light had ceased, we began to gaze at each other, and we perceived that the cover of the furnace had burst and was lifted up in such a way that the bronze was overflowing. Then hastily I had the mouths of my mould opened, and when I saw that the metal did not run with requisite ease, having recognized that the probable cause was that the alloy had been consumed by reason of the terrible heat, I sent for all my pewter plates and dishes and trays, which numbered about three hundred, and threw them one by one in front of the channels, and a part I threw into the pot.

'Thereupon, when every one saw that my metal had become beautifully liquid and that my mould was filling, they all gladly and heartily helped and obeyed, while I gave my orders, now here, now there, and lent a hand and kept exclaiming "O God, Who with Thine infinite powers didst raise Thyself from the dead and gloriously didst ascend into heaven . . ." so that all of a sudden my mould was full; for which reason I threw myself on my knees and thanked God, and then turned to a plate of salad that was there on a bench, and with great appetite ate and drank, together with

all that crew, and then, it being two hours before dawn, I went to bed feeling very well and joyous, and lay myself to sleep so sweetly as if I had never known any misfortune in my life.'

(The house where all this happened is on Via della Colonna, which runs southeast out of Piazza San Marco; it stands between Numbers 31 and 32, and has a bust of Cellini on the façade. Benvenuto was a bachelor and took care of his widowed sister and her six daughters. And close by the house is the Basilica of Santissima Annunziata, where both Bologna and Cellini are buried — the former in the Fourteenth Chapel in a sepulchre which he made for himself and for other Flemish artists who might die in Florence; and the latter in the Chapel of the Brotherhood of Saint Luke, in the Cloister of the Dead.)

Do you, as you look at Perseus, wish for your Classical Dictionary, to refresh your recollections of his story? Let me lend you mine. The mother of Perseus was that Danaë whom you saw so exquisitely realized by Titian in the Naples Museum and by Correggio in the Borghese Gallery at Rome. Her father, a King of Argos, had been told by an oracle that Danaë's son would be the means of his grandfather's death. So, that Danaë might have no son, her father shut her in an underground chamber where no man might see her surpassing loveliness and woo her. But Jupiter, distilling himself into a shower of gold, flooded the girl's prison, and won her. Their son was Perseus. And Grandpa, in dismay, had mother and baby boxed up in a chest and set adrift on the sea. Rescued by a fisherman, they were conveyed to the King of another country who, when Perseus was grown up, sent him to attempt the conquest of the Gorgon Medusa. Medusa had once been a maiden with beautiful hair whom Minerva had jealously transformed into a monster whose ringlets became hissing

serpents and whose aspect was so frightful that no living thing could behold her without turning into stone.

How Perseus got the sword of Mercury, the shield of Minerva, the helmet of Hades that made its wearer invisible, and the wingéd shoes, and sped to the hall of the Gorgons, is too long a tale to tell here.

Poor Medusa, 'tis said, was praying when Perseus slew her — praying the gods to end her misery. It was on his way back, with the head of Medusa to prove that his task was fulfilled, that Perseus used it to change to stone Atlas, of the Garden of the Hesperides, and make him become a mountain 'upon whose shoulders rests heaven with all its stars'; and, also on that return journey, the young hero rescued beautiful Andromeda from the rock to which her parents had chained her to appease the wrath of those sea nymphs her mother, Cassiopeia, had offended.

When you come again to the Piazza della Signoria, after having been at San Marco, you will be in the mood to think principally, in the Loggia dei Lanzi, of Savonarola. But, although his connection with it antedates Bologna's and Cellini's, there are excellent reasons for letting them have our first attention there.

Leaving the Piazza, now, by Via Vacchereccia on the end of which the Loggia faces, walk through the latter street to the Por Santa Maria, cross this, and enter Via della Terme, so you may walk past the Palazzo di Parte Guelfa, or headquarters of that Guelf Party which continued, with intervals of broken power, to rule Florence (in the sense that Tammany Hall has long ruled New York) for many years. Here the Black Guelfs, who were Dante's persecutors, had their stronghold — as the White Guelfs, to whom he belonged, had theirs in the Cerchi Palace, Via Condotta, north of the Piazza delle Signoria.

You may wish to turn down into Borgo Santi Apostoli to

visit the venerable Church of Santi Apostoli; or you may prefer to keep straight on in the Borgo till you come to Piazza Santa Trinità, 'the Piazza di Spagna of Florence' in the sense of being the hub of the Visitors' Quarter. It used to be one of the favorite places for outdoor gatherings, in Dante's day, and later. It was here, on May Day, 1300, just before Dante's exile from Florence, that the first blood was shed between Blacks and Whites.

The Column in the Piazza once stood in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome.

Many are the interesting associations of this square. It was here, for instance, that a group of Florentines one day called to Leonardo da Vinci and asked him to give his explanation of a certain passage in Dante. Leonardo and Michelangelo were then both engaged upon cartoons from which they were to paint the Hall of the Council of Five Hundred, in the Palazzo della Signoria. It was the year 1504. Leonardo was just past fifty-two, and had six years before finishing his 'Last Supper' at Milan, the greatest fresco painting yet produced in Italy. Michelangelo was twenty-nine, and had recently won fame as a sculptor with his 'David,' but had no reputation yet as a painter. He came into the Piazza just as Leonardo — very elegant in his long rose tunic, and very handsome and full of charm — was answering the questions of the disputants. Courteously, the elder and more famous man called in the young sculptor and asked his opinion.

'Explain it yourself,' said Michelangelo, most *dis*-courteously, 'you who made the model of a horse to cast in bronze, and could not cast it, and to your shame left it in the lurch.'

And on he strode.

The 'horse' he referred to was part of a colossal equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, which Ludovico Sforza had

engaged Leonardo to model because Leonardo had helped Verrocchio with the famous Colleoni statue (indeed, had not improbably designed it) in 1481. Leonardo's clay model of the horse was not cast, and the French destroyed it when Ludovico was haled off to die in the dungeons of Loches; but why Michelangelo, who had never (that I have been able to learn) done any bronze-casting, felt entitled to this jibe, I don't know. He had been a small boy of eight when Leonardo went to Milan to work on that commission; so Michelangelo couldn't have felt defrauded of it by the other artist. But such was his rancor that, not content with leaving Leonardo as rosy as his tunic, Michelangelo called back further insult, saying: 'And those thieves the Milanese who thought you capable of such a work!'

Michelangelo was a super-man; but he seems to have achieved a great deal of his unhappiness in much the same manner as lesser folk do — by jealousy and self-pity and an edged tongue, the most complete equipment for misery that anybody could have.

You should enter the Church of Santa Trinità for a brief glimpse, even if you are not specially interested in its architecture (originally by Niccolò Pisano of the gorgeous pulpits, but much altered and restored), nor in the superb tomb by Luca della Robbia, nor in Ghirlandaio's splendid frescoes in the Sassetti Chapel. One need not, however, be a student of painting to find interest in these frescoes. A lover of old Florence should make a point of seeing that one in which the piazza outside the church is represented as it may have looked in Dante's time.

In Chapel XIV is a sarcophagus of the earliest Christian times, in which is buried one of the Davanzati whose home you have visited this morning.

For luncheon, if you do not return to your hotel, I recommend Doney's, at 16 Via Tornabuoni — upstairs, above the shop.

And while you're lunching, there or elsewhere, you may make 'a mental journey' over to the Baptistery and imagine yourself a staid citizen of Florence, forty years of age in the year 1401. Your family has lived in Florence for at least two hundred years, has been industrious, prosperous, respected, has at times played ardent parts in Florentine affairs, but has not been prominent, save briefly, in popular uprisings. You are wealthy, public-spirited in another sense than leading riots, and interested in art. So your fellow-citizens have appointed you one of the judges in a competition which is arousing tremendous interest: Florence has again been ravaged by a visitation of the plague, and in the hope of propitiating Heaven against a recurrence of this scourge, the whole city is contributing to a votive offering which is to take the shape of two pairs of very beautiful bronze doors for the Baptistery. Artists of every country are invited to submit modelled designs for a single bronze panel representing the sacrifice of Isaac. From these, you and your associates are to select the best, and to its creator assign the great commission. It is seventy years since Andrea Pisano finished his bronze doors for the Baptistery; the other two portals are now to be given doors of bronze, and you are to have a voice in choosing the sculptor.

From your house on the Piazza del Duomo, where you live with your wife, Piccarda, and your two sons, Cosimo (eleven) and Lorenzo (five), you often walk over to study Andrea's doors and wonder what the competition will develop. Giotto has been dead for sixty-three years, and Orcagna (his great pupil) for half as long, and no one has come forward since who was in any way worthy to be called a master. And although more than a century has passed since the people of Florence voted the exemption of Arnolfo di Cambio from all taxation, since, 'by reason of his in-

dustry, experience, and genius, the Commune and People of Florence hope to have a more beautiful and more honorable temple than any other which there is in the regions of Tuscany,' that beautiful and honorable temple is still unfinished, and there are not lacking those who declare that it never will be.

Indeed, great though the interest in the competition is, only six designs are submitted, and from them you and your fellow-judges easily eliminate three and proceed to choose one of the three remaining. These three are by young men, two of them Florentines and the other a native of Siena. The former are Filippo Brunelleschi, aged twenty-two, and Lorenzo Ghiberti, a year older. And it soon becomes evident to your jury that Ghiberti's panel is the best; so the commission is given to him.

He learned the goldsmith's trade under his father and stepfather, and has done some fresco painting up at Rimini whither he fled during the plague. You are much impressed by the young fellow when you meet him — by his ardor for study, by his religious fervor, by his poetical idealism. And, schooled as you are in self-discipline, in taking the reverses as well as the advances in the battle for fortune, you are a little contemptuous of young Brunelleschi taking so to heart his failure to win the commission that he hies himself off to Rome, accompanied by the fourteen-year-old lad Donatello.

Fortunately, you have nearly three decades of life ahead of you, so that you are going to see Ghiberti's first door finished (after twenty years of labor) and his second well begun; you are going to know a great deal of the patience with which the sculptor cast and recast each panel, again and again destroying the result because it was below his ideal. You will see the effect of this devotion upon his numerous assistants and even upon the whole mass of the

Florentines; you will see his studio, near the Duomo, become a marvellous school of art. You will see Donatello there, and will know how fortunate for art was that pique of Brunelleschi's which took him and young Donatello to Rome to work there as goldsmiths while studying classic sculpture and architecture and preparing to become the leaders of the Renaissance in art. You will see Donatello's 'Saint Peter,' 'Saint George,' and 'Saint Mark,' made for the outside niches of Or San Michele — for which Ghiberti made 'John the Baptist,' 'Saint Matthew,' and 'Saint Stephen.'

You will see Brunelleschi, returned from his close study of the Pantheon, given the commission to build the Cathedral dome. You will see him introduce into Florence a new style of architecture, which he will inaugurate in the Spedale degli Innocenti, or Foundlings' Hospital, for which you will provide the funds. You will be so impressed by the classic dignity of his Capella de' Pazzi at Santa Croce that you will select him as the architect to rebuild, on classic principles, your parish church of San Lorenzo, consecrated by Saint Ambrose in 393, and now falling into ruins.

Your name? Oh, yes! It is Giovanni di Bicci de' Medici, and your son Cosimo (married to one of the Bardi girls) is to be known in history as 'Pater Patriæ,' or father of his country.

You are the first of your family to be identified with that patronage of art which is to be so associated with your name for many generations. And it may have been Ghiberti, his master, or Brunelleschi, his friend, who called your attention to the genius of that divine boy, Masaccio, who, while struggling beneath the burden of poverty and the care of younger brothers, painted, before he was twenty-one, those frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmelites (Santa Maria del Carmine) over across the

river beyond the Ponte alla Carraia, with which 'painting entered on a new epoch, and the Brancacci Chapel became sacred ground to all painters, since there almost all the great masters after him, including Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, and many of lesser genius, studied and copied the works of one who was the inaugurator of all that we understand by modern painting.'

'In this chapel wrought
One of the few, Nature's interpreters,
The few whom genius gives as lights to shine,
Masaccio.
. . . . . .
Look around
And know that where we stand stood oft and long,
Oft till the day was gone, Raphael himself;
Nor he alone, so great the ardor there.
. . . . . .
Anxious to learn of those who came before,
To steal a spark from their immortal fire
Who first did break the universal gloom,
Sons of the morning.'

(Raphael copied those frescoes seven times. And it was while studying them that Michelangelo got into the fight with a fellow-student which resulted in Michelangelo's broken nose.)

Masaccio painted your portrait there, but fire is to destroy that fresco, three hundred years later. And then he went off to Rome, to work and study as Brunelleschi and Donatello had done; but died there, when he was only twenty-seven — in the same year that you are gathered to your fathers and laid to rest in the only portion of your new San Lorenzo which is finished at your death — the Sacristy, which we now call the 'Old Sacristy,' since Michelangelo built the 'New' one.

I think that if I were you ('you' being not an early

Medici now, but a twentieth-century pilgrim to Florence, just through with lunch), I'd hail a little horse-drawn cab and say 'Battistero' (Bah-tis-tay'-ro) to the driver, dismiss him there, and have a closer look at those three pairs of doors.

After which I'd skirt the vast bulk of the Cathedral on its shady north side, to the east end, and visit the Opera del Duomo or Cathedral Museum, where you'll find the superb Cantorie or singing galleries of Donatello and Luca della Robbia, and the silver altar for the Baptistery on which Verrocchio and Pollaiuolo worked. On no account would I miss doing this — though a majority of visitors to Florence *do* miss it. I'd see those galleries and that altar even if I had to go without seeing the interior of the Cathedral, where the galleries used to be.

The two galleries were finished almost simultaneously (about 1440) and offer a study in contrasts which should interest even the most casual observer of art. And even if those most exquisite objects were not there, the place itself is of supreme interest because in this building Donatello had at one time his school and studio, and at a later date Michelangelo here hewed out his 'David.'

Now, having made acquaintance with Luca della Robbia as a sculptor in marble, I'd go over to the Cathedral and look at his lunettes in glazed terra-cotta — the 'Resurrection' and the 'Ascension,' over the sacristy doors; and his bronze door beneath the 'Resurrection.' After this, in going about Florence, you'll be well started on your appreciation of the della Robbia — Luca, and his nephew Andrea, and the latter's son, Giovanni.

Of course you'll look further about the Cathedral, now that you're within it; you'll wish to see the famous statue of Boniface VIII, Dante's terrible enemy, which used to be on the old façade; and the picture of Dante (by the door

that leads out of the north aisle into the street) which is so precious to us because it was painted while the authentic portrait of him at Santa Croce, now lost, was in existence; the monuments of Arnolfo di Cambio and of Brunelleschi; and (behind the high altar) Michelangelo's last effort in sculpture, a Pietà most impressive to compare with the exquisite one in Saint Peter's, Rome, which he executed in his early youth. This one he probably intended for his tomb.

If I had seen these things since luncheon (cool and shaded from the sun of high afternoon, all of them except the Baptistery doors, and involving a very inconsiderable amount of walking), I'd feel that I had done sight-seeing enough for one day.

But, of course, while I was on that spot I'd glance with no languid interest at the lovely Loggia of the Bigallo, on the southwest corner of Piazza San Giovanni, and at the Palazzo of the Misericordia at the southeast corner. (And, equally of course, I'd be taking as many enraptured looks as possible at Giotto's Campanile, though I haven't yet found the viewpoint for it that satisfies me.)

The Society of the Misericordia is going about its works of mercy to-day almost precisely as it has done for seven centuries. The tradition of its founding (some time before Dante was born) is that a pious Florentine, who was also a prosperous business man of the Woollen Industries, was so grieved by the profanity of his companions that he got them to consent that every time they fell into this fault they should pay a fine. The Florentines are not reckless with money; so they must have felt that their swearing was a privilege worth paying for, since the fines soon mounted to a considerable sum, which was used to buy several ambulances (or litters) for carrying the sick.

At first, the men of the too-ready oaths carried the litters on errands of mercy to the sick poor who needed removal to

the hospitals. Then, when the grateful esteem in which these ministrants were held made them a power in the community, there was a general wish to join it on the part of all classes of citizens.

Whatever the manner of its origin, the Society has held a high place in the hearts of Florence these many hundreds of years, and is to-day going about its relief work with a pride in the nobility of serving that is as strong and fine as it was in the great days of the Republic.

When the Republic fell, in 1530, the members of the Misericordia changed the color of their costume from scarlet to black — and black it has been ever since. There are more than four thousand Brothers to-day, among them many of the most illustrious and influential men in Tuscany. And if some sudden mischance were to make you the object of their ministrations (which is scarcely possible, since strangers have many other agencies to care for them unless they are destitute and friendless), you wouldn't know whether it was the highest or the humblest in Florence who came to you beneath that black cowl and behind that black mask.

Should you be especially interested in the Brotherhood, you will find a visit to their headquarters a memorable one.

Across the way from them is the Loggia of 'the Captains of Santa Maria' who devoted themselves to the care of orphans and foundlings, as the Brothers of the Misericordia did to the sick, wounded, and dead of more adult age. In 1425, their company united with the Misericordia. This building dates back to the middle of the fourteenth century, and the lovely loggia is where children were displayed for adoption or to be claimed by their parents from whom they had become separated.

I'll tell you what I do (in my own little way of identifying one or two vivid personalities with a place, instead of trying

COMPANY OF THE MISERICORDIA BEFORE THE ORATORY

to think of its whole history): I see Luca della Robbia hovering about here, bachelor that he was with no babies at home to watch, getting impressions for those lovely terra-cotta *bambini* he has left to all posterity.

This afternoon might be the best possible time for your visit to Fiesole if your stay in Florence be during the long, daylight-saving summer days. The tram for Fiesole starts from Piazza del Duomo (Line Number 7); the ride is five miles each way, and will cost you some eighteen cents, round trip.

Your way leads out Via de' Servi, from the northeast corner of the Duomo, where (Number 2) Donatello had a studio; at Number 8 in that street is a group of old houses wherein were many studios, in one of which Benedetto da Maiano may have modelled his exquisite Santa Croce pulpit or drawn the first designs for the Strozzi Palace or made the bust of Giotto you have just seen in the Cathedral. The hospital that Beatrice's father built lies but a stone's throw to your right, but you won't see it.

A very few minutes' ride will take you past the Piazza della Santissima Annunziata, with Giovanni da Bologna's statue of Grand Duke Ferdinand I, made supremely interesting to English-speaking visitors by Browning's poem 'The Statue and the Bust,' which seems to be one of the Browning poems that almost everybody knows. You will surely come again to this quarter for some loitering on foot, so we won't attempt to get more than the brief impression our trolley-car allows as it rattles past Brunelleschi's Hospital of the Innocents, the church where Cellini and Bologna lie, and the house where Andrea del Sarto lived (now a part of the Royal Institute of Higher Studies, or University, on your left, after you pass the church), and the Botanical Gardens which are among the oldest of their kind in Europe.

Now you come to the line of boulevards marking the last bulwark of Florence to be taken down as the city grew too large to be contained, and warfare grew too terrible to be restrained by walls.

After crossing the boulevard, you come soon to Piazza Savonarola (on your left) with a modern statue of the great Dominican; and at Via Masaccio, named for that young painter whom so many great painters copied and adored, you turn south for a short distance, and then go through Piazza Giorgio Vasari (commemorating that architect, painter, and gossipy biographer) to the Barriera della Querce, whence you go to San Domenico, an ancient Etruscan town where, since 1406, there has been a Dominican church and convent. Here Fra Angelico and his brother Benedetto were both friars and priors, and both painted much.

Nearly opposite the door of this church is a little steep path which leads to the Badia Fiesolana, built for Cosimo the Elder by Brunelleschi and much favored by Cosimo and his descendants. This is the vicinity of many famous villas: Villa Palmieri, with 'many terraces guarded (Laurence Hutton said) by ancient statues of Italian gentlemen and ladies of Boccaccio's day, who strike one as being plastic representations of the very members of high life who so long ago narrated Boccaccio's tales of deep and lasting love.' It was here that they began the third of their ten-days' story-telling which makes the 'Decameron'; the first two days of their flight from the plague raging in Florence having been spent at the Villa Gherardo with its tenth-century castle, described by Boccaccio as a 'stately palace, with a grand and beautiful court in the middle, upon a little eminence, remote from any great road, amidst trees and shrubs of an agreeable verdure, and two short miles from Florence.' Thence, on the Monday morning early, 'con-

ducted by the music of the nightingales and other tuneful birds,' the party went 'full west' by a little path to another beautiful palace situated also on an eminence and on a large plain — Villa Palmieri — where Signor Filostrato began the First Novel of the Third Day.

East of Fiesole is Villa Careggi, the splendid mansion built by Michelozzi for the elder Cosimo — who died there, as did his magnificent grandson, Lorenzo, who sent for Savonarola and confessed to him. Absolution would be given him, the fearless Dominican said, on three conditions: First, that Lorenzo should have a full and lively faith in the mercy of God. That, Lorenzo professed. The second condition was that he should restore all things whereof he had unjustly possessed himself. That was hard — but Lorenzo was through with those things, and could order them given back. The third condition was that Lorenzo should reinstate in their liberties the people of Florence. This being refused, Savonarola left the magnificent Medici to die unshriven. That, at least, is the familiar story.

Colonel Young, the most recent biographer of the Medici and their perhaps-rather-too-ardent apologist, says:

'There are two very different accounts of what took place at the interview with Savonarola. On the one hand we have the account (written at the time) by Politian, who was present, and who simply states that Savonarola exhorted Lorenzo to hold fast to the Faith, to resolve to amend his life if spared, and to meet death, if it was to be so, with fortitude; that he then prayed with him and gave him his blessing. The other account (which appeared long afterwards) is the well-known story . . . which bears on its face evidence of its falsity, yet has probably played a greater part in creating the mental picture generally formed of Lorenzo the Magnificent than any of the authenticated facts of his life.'

It was at Villa Careggi that the Platonic Academy held its meetings from which issued so much that was the literary and philosophic glory of the Renaissance.

We must not attempt even an enumeration of the scores of historic and lovely villas hereabouts; since most of them, if accessible to strangers, are for the sojourner in Florence and not for the traveller through it. But I'm sure that every English-speaking person who makes the ascent to Fiesole will wish to know that Villa Landor lies just a little way east of Villa Palmieri (both nearer to Florence than San Domenico). Walter Savage Landor bought this villa in 1829. Here he lived in a solitude which his turbulence created. His little house was 'poor and bare,' but he had the glorious outlook from his windows; he had books; he was companioned by those great spirits with whom he held famous 'Conversations,' and he was visited (briefly!) by all the distinguished men of letters who came to Florence in his day. It was from a dining-room window here that Landor once threw his cook — and afterwards lamented his rage because the 'outgoing cook' had landed in a favorite tulip bed to its very great disadvantage. Cooks were evidently plenty in his day; but tulips deserved some consideration.

At Fiesole see the remains of the Etruscan walls and fortifications and those of the Roman amphitheatre, and climb to the convent of the Franciscan friars on what was the acropolis of the Etruscan town, to get the superb panorama.

III

SAVONAROLA AND SOME OTHERS

For your next day in Florence I suggest that at Piazza Signoria or Piazza Vittorio Emanuele you take Tram 1 or 2 out Via Cavour to the Church and Convent of San Marco — a ride of perhaps fifteen minutes; or that you drive there from your hotel. Walking till our feet refuse to go farther is, indeed, the only way to become truly acquainted with any city; but the wise traveller doesn't let himself get tired early in the day or before going into museums and palaces and churches, which he should enter with the most refreshed and eager feelings. If we're sauntering, let us make a day of it, or devote to it the latter part of a day we have begun otherwise.

So to-day I invite you to start not later than 9.45, and to be at San Marco when the doors open. (For story-telling reasons, I'd rather begin at the Riccardi Palace and go the other way; but your time and strength will be better conserved by the sequence I am outlining.)

Our guide-book tells us that 'at the instance of Cosimo the Elder, Pope Eugenius IV gave this convent to the Dominicans in 1436; and Cosimo had the church and monastery rebuilt by Michelozzo,' etc. And yet it was here, we know, that Savonarola lived while he was arousing Florence against the Medici, fifty years later.

We shall have but a confused impression of San Marco as the background of great events unless we do a bit of sorting and reassembling among the mass of more or less vague recollections wherewith we approach it.

Yesterday, for purposes involving the Baptistery doors,

you looked out upon Florence through the eyes of Giovanni de' Medici.

To-day suppose you feel yourself regarding it through the eyes of Giovanni's eldest son, Cosimo.

You were forty years old when your father was laid to rest in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo. When you were about twenty-five, you married Contessina Bardi, of the family into which Beatrice Portinari married, and your eldest son, Piero, was born in one of the Bardi palaces, across the river. But your marriage didn't advance you much in a money way.

For the Bardi and the Peruzzi families, both enormously rich banking houses, had ruined themselves by lending a sum equal (in our present money) to some $35,000,000 to Edward III of England for his war to get the crown of France. Edward didn't get the crown, and he didn't pay his debt.

Your banking business, on the other hand, has grown quite fabulously, and you have banks in sixteen capitals of Europe. You are so rich that the nobles of Florence, descended from her haughty old Guelf and Ghibelline leaders, not only hate you as an 'upstart,' but they fear you because you use a great part of your vast income in public beneficences which make you too popular with 'the masses.'

Not long after your father's death, you decided to build yourself a new house, surpassing anything that had been seen in the way of domestic architecture since the grandeur of Imperial Rome. Yet when Brunelleschi submitted you a plan for such a palace, you decided that it was too pretentious, and employed his pupil, Michelozzo, to build one not quite so declamatory. And for the beautiful *cortile* or courtyard which Michelozzo planned, you commissioned Donatello to make for you some bronze statues such as the ancients delighted in for their palaces.

The first of these that Donatello undertook was the 'David' (now in the Bargello), 'the first statue made in Italy since the age of Constantine which can be regarded as an independent work of art,' and not as an architectural adjunct. The second bronze he did for you was the 'Judith and Holofernes' (now in the Palazzo Vecchio).

But your new house was too grand for your jealous fellow-citizens. As long as Niccolò da Uzzano, your old neighbor of the Via Bardi, lived, he held the other nobles somewhat in check in their plans against you. It wasn't because Niccolò approved of you, but because he feared that with you out of the way Florence would only fall a prey to the Albizzi family whose head would be a worse despot than you. (The critics tell us, now, that the colored terra-cotta bust at the Bargello, copied the wide world over, which we have always called Niccolò da Uzzano and ascribed to Donatello, is probably a Roman hero by some sculptor of the sixteenth century. But for lack of any better impression of how Niccolò looked, I'm still 'seeing' him as that familiar bust looks.) When Niccolò died, in 1432, the Albizzi began manipulating the forthcoming election so as to secure a Signory they could influence; and then proceeded to have you accused of scheming to exalt yourself into some rank dangerous to the liberties of Florence.

You were arrested, consigned to a prison high up in the tower of the Palazzo Signoria (now Vecchio), and your enemies, fearing to bring you to judicial murder, sought to poison you; but you would eat or drink nothing. So they got a decree of banishment declared against you and all your kith and kin as 'being dangerous to the Republic by reason of their wealth and ambition.' And they escorted you all, under armed guard, to the frontiers of the Republic.

You went to Padua and thence to Venice, and Michelozzo went with you, while Donatello went to Rome.

A year later, the new Signory proved to be favorable to you, the Albizzi were banished from Florence, and you and your brother Lorenzo came home in triumph, entering the city on October 6, 1434; and almost unprecedented for a non-military citizen were the demonstrations of affection and joy with which the populace acclaimed you.

Now, the Pope and the Emperor were involved in a quarrel at this time, which forced the Pope to flee from Rome in disguise and in danger of his life, and to take refuge at Florence, where he arrived just as you returned from exile, and where he resided for the next eight years at the Dominican Monastery of Santa Maria Novella, while Rome remained in the possession of his enemies.

Early in 1436, Brunelleschi completed his dome for the Cathedral, and the great edifice, which had been building for one hundred and thirty-eight years, was ready for consecration.

The day chosen was the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25th. A raised passage, richly carpeted and decorated with tapestry, damask, silk, and flowers, was constructed from the door of Santa Maria Novella, and, passing through the Baptistery, to the western door of the Cathedral. Along this an imposing procession, consisting of the Pope, thirty-seven bishops, seven cardinals, the Signoria, and the envoys of foreign powers, passed to the consecration ceremony which lasted for five hours. And no man in that day's proceedings — not the Pope, even, nor Brunelleschi himself — was more observed and felt than you.

It was soon after this that you induced the Pope (Eugenius IV) to remove, from the half-ruined monastery out beyond your home and gardens, the Silvestrine monks, and to grant this property to the Dominicans of Fiesole.

And what more natural than that you should give to the architect, whose work on your palace so pleased you

and elicited the admiration of the discriminating, the commission to build for the Dominicans a new convent? When Michelozzo had finished his work, you felt that so fine a place should have a valuable library.

This was not easy to secure, even with Medicean wealth; for manuscripts were then not only commanding exorbitant prices, but were difficult to obtain at any price. But just then the greatest manuscript collector in Europe died. He had been one of the most learned men of his day and had 'spent his whole life and fortune in acquiring a store of codices that was the admiration of all Italy,' Villari says. He bequeathed this treasure to Florence, but his creditors intervened, demanding that it be sold to satisfy their claims. So you paid off the debts, and, reserving for your private collection only a few of the more precious manuscripts, gave the rest to the Monastery of San Marco, thereby establishing the first public library in Italy.

Among the Dominicans from near Fiesole for whom this new convent was built were two brothers (brothers in the flesh as well as in the Order), one of whom did exquisite work as an illuminator of manuscripts and painter of miniature pictures for them, and the other had for many years been a fresco painter of extraordinary ability. When he came here, the latter, Fra Angelico, was fifty years of age, but in the early heyday of his artistic ability. And as he began painting in the cloister and the cells of San Marco those frescoes which were to be the wonder and delight of centuries, with what intense interest you watched him, when you came here, weary from your counting-house, your cares of state, your palace, to the cell you had Michelozzo build for you and where you had Fra Angelico paint 'the Adoration of the Magi,' because you desired to have always before your eyes, as a reminder for your own guidance as a ruler, this example of kings who were

wise men laying down their crowns at the manger of Bethlehem.

History will credit you with many deeds which that fresco could not have inspired. But there are some of us who have few impulses toward judgment; we wonder at many things, but are glad we don't have to *decide*. Perhaps you're a rascally old tyrant, Cosimo, as some folks say you are, and your benevolences are conscience-money paid to propitiate the One who knows you as you are. Perhaps Machiavelli was not currying favor with your descendants when he wrote of you that 'by the unwearied generosity of his disposition he triumphed over all his enemies and made himself most popular with the people.'

In any case, we may see you carried here, an infirm and helpless old man of seventy-four, after the death of your favorite son, your Giovanni. His elder brother, Piero, who survives him, has been practically a lifelong invalid from gout, the disease that has also crippled you. But Giovanni was all that you could hope for as a successor to you in wealth and power and patronage of learning. He was married to one of the Albizzi, your old enemies; but their only child, a little son then nine years old, died two years before his father. This child's death was a severe blow to you; but when his father followed him to the grave, you were crushed, indeed, for your elder and surviving son was likely to die any day; and his heir, Lorenzo, was only fourteen years old.

Many of your household who heard you were moved to tears as you were carried through the rooms of your spacious palace, murmuring, 'Too large a house now for so small a family.'

Your cell, here, fits better with your mood. Gone on into a Heavenly Beatitude, where he must have found himself very much at home, is Fra Angelico — dead in Rome,

whither Pope Eugenius lured him, nine years ago. United with him, again, is his old Prior, Antonino, 'the founder or reviver of nearly every benevolent institution in Florence,' and canonized by popular acclaim long before church processes approved the elevation. With their successors, here, you doubtless are less in tune, as is the way with each passing generation — more or less gently set aside by the oncoming, and thereby made less reluctant to move on.

Not from this cell, however, but from your villa at Careggi, do you pass into eternity.

What retrospect they have who are There, we know not. But, if any, it must be interpreted by a long prospect — they can be patient and just who know 'the end of the story.' So, even if you had knowledge, some thirty-odd years later, of what was going on here at San Marco, you probably were not disturbed by it — you knew that it was playing its great part in human history, as you in your day played yours.

So I think that we shall not do ill if we keep you not far from the forefront of our consciousness as we see San Marco in Savonarola's time.

You had been dead for fifteen years when Savonarola became a member of the Dominican Convent you loved so well. He was in his thirtieth year, a native of Ferrara, of good family attached to the splendid Court of the Este. A shattered romance (with a girl who was an illegitimate daughter of one of the Strozzi, living in exile at Ferrara) caused young Savonarola to determine that he would forsake the world and don the white robe and black cloak of the Dominicans. This was so terrible a grief to his parents that he had to flee from his home in their absence, which he did in April, 1475, when he was in his twenty-third year; and from the Dominican Monastery of Bologna, where he had received admittance to prepare for his novitiate, he

wrote at once to his family. 'Dearest father,' he entreated, 'my sorrow is already so great, do not, I pray you, add to it by yours! Be strong, seek to comfort my mother, and join with her in granting me your blessing.'

Their blessing must have been slow in coming; for in a second letter he says: 'If some temporal lord had girt me with a sword, and welcomed me among his followers, you would have rejoiced; yet, now that the Lord Jesus Christ has girt me with His sword and dubbed me His Knight, ye shed tears of mourning.'

For some six years he lived in the monastery at Bologna, leading a silent life, 'so worn by fasting and penance that, when pacing the cloisters, he seemed more like a spectre than a living man. . . . The fervor of his devotion excited the wonder of his superiors, and his brother monks often believed him to be rapt in a holy trance.'

In 1481, he was sent to preach in Ferrara, where he permitted himself few glimpses of his family or old friends. But times were troublous there, and soon the Superior of the Order closed the University at Ferrara and dispersed the Dominicans there to other establishments of the Order.

Savonarola was directed to go to Florence. And when he said farewell to his family, friends, and native town, it was forever; for he was destined never to see them again.

Florence delighted him, at first, with her beauty; and the Convent of San Marco seemed to him the fairest place a monk could live. But disappointment was not long deferred. The ardent young Dominican was entirely out of accord with the enthusiasm for Greek art and letters and philosophy which amounted almost to a frenzy in Florence just then; he was horrified by the way even preachers sought popularity by the classic rather than the Christian appeal of their sermons. And he regarded the love of lux-

ury and pleasure then prevalent in Florence as destructive to the virtues which he believed essentially Christian.

Many kinds of comprehension I have learned — I hope; there are few other just measures for that increasing spiritual flexibility which is our very rich compensation for waning physical flexibility, as life goes on and on. But I have not yet mustered the qualities necessary to comprehend austere, denunciatory religious types. So I don't know how successful I shall be at trying to see the Florentines as Savonarola saw them. I'll do my best. But I may as well admit (since you'd discover it, in any case) that my interest in Savonarola is a mere scared little flicker as he thunders his warnings and incites his hearers to light bonfires; and I don't begin to know enough about statecraft and government to appraise his work as a political reformer. It is when I stop 'trying his case,' stop balancing Villari's estimate of him against Colonel Young's (for instance), and begin to think of him only as an intrepid soul making a magnificent stand for what he believed to be the right, that his cell in San Marco becomes a shrine to me.

I am not seeking to limit the ways in which you shall think of him as you stand here in San Marco. I am only explaining my inability to offer you any worth-while reminders as to what he may have accomplished by his religious or political leadership.

I find myself wondering, wistfully, what treasures, unique of their kind, were burnt as vanities at his behest and if the world is the better for that fanatical sacrifice. I find myself quite shocked at his attitude toward the invasion of Charles VIII and his army, hailing them as the scourge of God upon Florence for her sins — when, as a matter of fact, Charles was simply hacking his way through Italy to Naples to claim the crown which had once belonged to his great-grandfather.

But these things, and many others, are mere details of his background now; or matter for historians. What stands out for us, and for all time, is the lean, monkish figure leaving these exquisite cloisters (due to the beneficence of a Medici) and going forth to battle against the Medici as the promoters of sin and shame in Florence, and against the Pope (Alexander VI — Roderigo Borgia) as the unworthy head of the Church. He knew the end of the path he took, but he took it unflinchingly, nevertheless.

His earliest sermons in Florence were preached to dwindling congregations in the near-by Church of San Lorenzo. It wasn't until seven years later (1490) that Florence began to be stirred by the oratory he had been developing in other towns of Northern Italy.

On his return, he began preaching here in the convent garden. Then the crowds grew too great for that; and on the first day of August, 1490, he preached for the first time in the Church of San Marco. It is said that on that day he foretold that he should preach for eight years.

The next year he was invited to preach in the Cathedral, and there he foretold the deaths of Lorenzo de' Medici, of the Pope (Innocent VIII), and of the King of Naples. In July of that year he was elected Prior of San Marco, and was expected to go to the Medici Palace and pay a visit of respect to Lorenzo as the head of that House which had done so much for his convent. This he refused to do.

In the April following, he did visit Lorenzo — but it was to a dying man he went, and not to the magnificent ruler of Florence. That was the visit you recalled on your way to Fiesole.

Lorenzo's death, as predicted, and the fact that he sent for Savonarola to give him absolution, gave the friar greatly increased prestige in Florence. In July, Innocent VIII died as predicted, and Roderigo Borgia was

elected in his place. Savonarola was 'invited' to leave Florence, where he was now venerated. But it was not many months before he was back again; and San Marco, where he instituted drastic reforms, was soon the most popular monastery in Florence.

When Charles VIII came, Piero de' Medici (Lorenzo's pitifully incompetent son and heir) at first opposed him, then hurried to the French camp and humbled himself before the King.

This seems to have been rather a sagacious than a cowardly thing to do; but the Florentines did not so regard it, and when Piero returned to Florence, he was met by a storm of indignation and a clamor for his banishment and that of his whole family. This latter was decreed the next day; the Medici had to flee for their lives, a price was put on their heads, and the mob was permitted to plunder the Medici Palace and to destroy priceless treasures of learning and art. Philippe de Comines, the French historian, estimated the value of what was destroyed at a figure now equivalent to a million and a half of dollars. (I shall never be able to comprehend why people in pursuit of their liberties seem always to begin celebrating their freedom by slashing pictures, smashing statues, and burning precious books and records.)

Now the Florentines sent an embassy to Charles VIII to arrange terms with him; and of this embassy was Savonarola — for whom Charles entertained great respect, as was due one who had hailed him as the agent of God. The friar, however, was not able to dissuade Charles from entering Florence; and on November 17th he led his army of twenty thousand men in through the Frediano Gate (over on the other side of the Arno) and across the Ponte Vecchio to the Cathedral.

The French army of invasion consisted of three thousand

cavalry, the flower of the French chivalry, five thousand Gascon infantry, five thousand Swiss infantry, four thousand Breton archers, two thousand cross-bowmen, and a strong train of artillery, the latter drawn for the first time by horses, instead of oxen, a new thing in that age.

'The King of France rode under a rich canopy, borne by four knights; and on each side of him rode his marshals. The royal body-guard followed, consisting of a hundred of the handsomest youths of France, and two hundred Knights of France on foot, in splendid dresses. Then came the Swiss guard with their brilliant uniforms of various colors, having halberts of burnished steel, their officers wearing rich plumes on their helmets. . . . The centre consisted of the Gascons, short, light, active men, whose numbers seemed never ending. After these came the cavalry, whose splendid appearance was admired by all. They had engraved armor, mantles of richest brocade, banners of velvet embroidered with gold, chains of gold, and ornaments of gold. The cuirassiers presented a hideous appearance, with their horses looking like monsters, from their ears and tails being cut quite short. Then came the archers, extraordinarily tall men from Scotland and other Northern countries, and they looked more like wild beasts than men.'

It was in Florence, occupied by this army which was quartered on the citizens, that Savonarola, who had acclaimed their coming, found himself looked to for that leadership which should bring the city safely through so grave a crisis. He had, however, some excellent aid; when you are on the Arno side of the Uffizi you must note there the statue of one of them, Piero Capponi, who had been Florentine ambassador to France and was at the time of the French entry into Florence a senator. It was he who, at the meeting in the Medici Palace where the Florentines

were conferring with Charles as to his terms for withdrawing, checkmated the King. Discontented with the amount of the indemnity, Charles threatened: 'I will bid my trumpets sound.' Whereupon Capponi snatched the disdained treaty, tore it in half, and gave that answer which has passed into a Florentine proverb: 'If you sound your trumpets, we will sound our bells.'

Charles knew what that meant: a general alarm of the Florentines, rioting, massacre, plundering. So he laughed it off, and came to terms — which, however, were hard enough for Florence. Two days later, he was gone, southward; and Savonarola became the new pilot of the ship of state. He held no office, but he directed all; and his reforms were based on such formulæ as these: the fear of God and purification of manners; promotion of public welfare in preference to private interests; a general amnesty to political offenders; a council on the model of that of Venice, but with no doge.

This great council consisted of thirty-two hundred citizens of blameless reputation and over twenty-five years of age, a third of the number sitting for six months in turn, in that great hall of the Cinquecento built in the Palazzo della Signoria expressly for that purpose.

How they ever got anything done, with so many councillors, is hard to comprehend. But for a time, while Savonarola's preaching could keep Florence in a state of exaltation such as some of us have seen on a smaller scale in a revivalist's campaign, the new machinery of government worked well enough.

'Pleasure-loving Florence' was completely changed. Abjuring pomps and vanities, its citizens observed the ascetic régime of the cloister; half the year was devoted to abstinence and few dared to eat meat on the fasts ordained by Savonarola. Hymns and lauds rang in the streets that

had so recently echoed with Lorenzo's dissolute songs. Both sexes dressed with Puritan plainness; husbands and wives quitted their homes for convents; marriage became an awful and scarcely permitted rite; mothers suckled their own babes; and persons of all ranks — nobles, scholars, and artists — renounced the world to assume the Dominican robe.'

Now Alexander VI began to take a hand. He offered Savonarola a cardinal's red hat. But the friar spurned it, with the words, thundered from his pulpit: 'No hat will I have but that of a martyr, reddened with my own blood.'

Three separate papal briefs summoned Savonarola to Rome. He disregarded them all and continued to urge rebellion against Alexander as an unlawful and unworthy occupant of the Holy See.

But the Florentines were growing weary of austerity and asceticism. The Medicean faction united with their ancient enemies against the cowled dictator. And when Alexander excommunicated Savonarola, and the Bull was read in the Duomo, the terrifying ceremonial made a deep impression on the Florentines.

(It was after this that Alexander, sunk in deepest grief over the murder of his young son, the Duke of Gandia, received from Savonarola a letter in which the friar, though calling on the Pontiff to repent of his sins, expressed condolence not without real sympathy for the stricken father.)

Driven from the Duomo, the friar continued to preach in San Marco. But Alexander notified the Signory that they must either silence Savonarola themselves or send him to be judged by a Roman tribunal. They chose the former, and entreated the friar to stop preaching, lest all Florence be made to suffer excommunication with him. He yielded. And now those who were his implacable enemies prepared to destroy him.

To do this with safety and even advantage to themselves, they must first arouse the populace against him, in derision. And to this end, a Franciscan, preaching in Santa Croce, was either moved or directed to challenge Savonarola to prove his Divine mission by a miracle, by passing unscathed through fire. To show Florence that God was with the Franciscans and their friends, the Santa Croce preacher declared himself ready to enter the flames with Savonarola. (The preaching of this sermon, from Benedetto da Maiano's exquisite pulpit, on Sunday, March 25, 1498, is one of the scenes you will be interested in re-creating, as you visit Santa Croce.) Savonarola scorned this silly 'dare-you'; but his too-zealous disciple, Fra Domenico, accepted it for himself. Then the Franciscan 'dodged,' saying he would enter the fire only with Savonarola himself. Finally, another Franciscan was found who agreed to match himself against Fra Domenico for manifestations of Divine preference and protection.

And on the 7th of April an immense throng gathered in the Piazza della Signoria to enjoy the barbarous spectacle. Two thick banks of combustibles forty yards long, with a narrow space between, had been erected in front of the palace, and five hundred soldiers kept a wide aisle clear of the crowd. Some writers aver that the piles were charged with gunpowder. The Dominicans from one side, the Franciscans from the other, marched in solemn procession to the Loggia dei Lanzi, which had been divided by a hoarding into two separate compartments. The Dominicans were led by Savonarola (unwilling to withhold his spiritual aid, and perhaps feeling that, in the event of a miracle, he ought to be associated with it) carrying the host, which he reverently deposited on an altar prepared in his portion of the loggia. The magistrate signalled to the two champions to advance. Fra Domenico stepped forward, but no Fran-

ciscan appeared. . . . Defrauded of their bloody diversion, the people were wild with rage. . . . Against the real culprits, the Franciscans (who had slipped quietly away), no anger was felt; the zealous Prior, the prophet and lawgiver of Florence, was made the popular scapegoat. Notwithstanding the anguish that must have filled his heart, the fallen man preserved his dignity and calm,' and, protected by the soldiery, he regained San Marco and withdrew to his cell, whence he could hear the mob in the square outside clamoring for his blood.

The next morning, his arrest having been ordered, the populace rushed to attack the convent. The monks made a desperate defence, but Savonarola besought them to lay down their arms. When the church was stormed, he was seen praying at the altar, and Fra Domenico, armed with an enormous candlestick, guarding his master from the blows of the mob.

'A few disciples dragged their beloved master to the inner library and urged him to escape by the window. He seemed about to consent when a cowardly monk cried out that the shepherd should lay down his life for his flock. Thereupon Savonarola turned, bade farewell to the brethren, and, accompanied by the faithful Domenico, quietly surrendered to his enemies. The prisoners were conveyed to the Palazzo Vecchio, and Savonarola was lodged in the tower cell which had once harbored Cosimo de' Medici. . . . His judges were chosen from his bitterest foes. Day after day he was tortured, and in his agony, with a frame weakened by constant austerity, he made every admission demanded by his tormentors. But directly he was released from the rack he always withdrew the confessions uttered in the delirium of pain. . . . Alexander was frantically eager to see his enemy die in Rome. But the Signory insisted that the false prophet should suffer death before the Florentines whom he had so long led astray.'

BURNING OF SAVONAROLA

From a painting by an unknown artist

Besides Domenico, another disciple, Fra Silvestro, had been arrested and tried with the friar. On the evening of May 22d, sentence of death was pronounced on all three. Savonarola listened in silence; Fra Domenico exulted in the thought of dying with his master; but Fra Silvestro raved with despair.

The three men had been kept apart during the forty days of their torture and trial; and the only favor Savonarola asked before death was a brief meeting with his fellow-victims. This took place in the vast hall of the Cinquecento, built to accommodate that Great Council of popular government in which Savonarola had so ardently believed. There he prayed with his disciples, gave them his blessing, and exhorted them to submit meekly to their martyrdom.

The execution took place next morning. The prisoners, clad in penitential haircloth, were first degraded, with the formula, 'I separate thee from the Church militant and the Church triumphant'; to which Savonarola, in firm tones, replied, 'Not from the Church triumphant; that is beyond thy power.'

They were then 'handed over to the secular arm' to be hanged from the gibbet and then burnt.

The ghastly details of the last scene, I will spare you.

It was the morning of the 23d of May, 1498. On the morning of May 30th, sixty-seven years before, at Rouen, 'the secular arm' had performed a similar service for one cast forth from Holy Church. Now, as then, there were those who cried that they had burned a saint. Now, as then, the ashes were thrown into the river, so that none might possess relics and claim to work miracles thereby.

Thus, in brief summary, the story of Savonarola, on which you will muse, soberly, here in San Marco, and when next you visit the Duomo and pass through the Piazza della Signoria.

Before you leave here, however, I want you to recall some others than the martyr-prior.

Across Via Cavour from San Marco is the Casino Medici, now used as the Courts of Justice. Where it stands, there were formerly the Medici Gardens in which Lorenzo the Magnificent kept many of his casts of ancient art, which the ambitious youth of Florence were so eager to study that Lorenzo opened for them a kind of academy, under the direction of one of Donatello's pupils, Bertoldo.

(Cosimo's sickly son, Piero the Gouty, had outlived his father by five years, and was succeeded in 1469 by his elder son, Lorenzo, then just twenty.)

Vasari says that every young man who studied in these gardens distinguished himself.

In 1489 there came here, to study sculpture, a fourteen-year-old lad who for a year had been apprenticed to Ghirlandaio, the eminent and fecund painter who was then at work on his frescoes in the choir of Santa Maria Novella. The lad 'fell out' with his master (as he continued to 'fall out' with nearly every one he met) and decided to abandon painting and become a sculptor. To this end, he entered the Bertoldo school in the Medici Gardens. One of his early attempts at modelling was the mask of a grinning faun, which caught the eye of Lorenzo one day when Il Magnifico was in his gardens, and so interested him that he made inquiries about the young sculptor and offered him lodging in the Medici Palace, a place at the table of his own sons (including that one who was later to be Pope Leo X), and admittance to the company of those learned men who frequented Lorenzo's 'Court.'

These men were the great Platonists who were doing so much to make Florence the Athens of the modern world.

But when our lad (Michelangelo) had been but a year in the academy across the way, Savonarola came back from

his preaching in other parts of Italy (recalled, it is said, by Lorenzo's orders) to begin those impassioned sermons on the Apocalypse which threw Florence into a frenzy of fear and trembling.

'The young artist,' says Romain Rolland, 'saw the small, frail preacher, who was consumed by the Spirit of God; and the terrible voice which hurled thunderbolts on the Pope from the pulpit in the Duomo and suspended the bloody sword of God over Italy, froze him with terror.

'Florence trembled. People rushed about the streets weeping and shouting like demented beings. The wealthiest citizens demanded to enter into Orders. Platonists became Dominicans. Michelangelo did not escape this contagious terror.'

After Lorenzo's death, a young poet, friend of Michelangelo's, had a vivid dream in which the shade of Lorenzo, wearing a tattered black robe, appeared and commanded the poet to tell Piero (Lorenzo's son and successor) that he would shortly be driven from his house, never again to return. Michelangelo, being told of this, urged the dreamer to relate everything to Piero, who was then at Careggi. Piero burst into laughter and had the poet lashed by his lackeys. Michelangelo, full of faith in the friar's predictions and of fear inspired by his friend's dream, fled from Florence in a panic of terror. A month later, Piero was an exile, with a price upon his head, and the magnificent Medici Palace was sacked and plundered by the Florentine mob. Michelangelo was in Venice then. He did not see the entry of Charles VIII into Florence; but his friend Granacci did, and you must look for the latter's picture of this event, in the Uffizi — Room XIII, where Michelangelo's 'Holy Family' is.

That winter of 1494–95, Michelangelo spent at Bologna, where he seems to have shaken himself free from the fanati-

cism that was still regnant at Florence when he returned. He remained, however, but a few months, and then went to Rome, where he was when Savonarola suffered martyrdom. But not a trace of this event is to be found in any of Michelangelo's letters. What he thought of it, we do not know.

But we must not leave San Marco without some thought of another great artist among those upon whom Savonarola's preaching left a deep impress: Botticelli, whose works began to take on a very different character after those sermons on the Apocalypse shook Florence as by a cyclonic storm. Botticelli was a mature man of forty-six when Savonarola began those sermons, in 1490. And during the next eight years his pictures were keyed to the 'revival' mood of Florence. Unlike Michelangelo, Botticelli left us in no doubt as to what he thought of Savonarola's martyrdom. He gave utterance to his feelings in the picture called 'Calumny,' which is in Room V at the Uffizi.

'The scene is laid in a stately judgment hall in the classic style, on the decoration of which every resource of art has been expended. Between its lofty arches there is a distant view of a calm sea; life-sized marble figures stand in the niches of the pillars of the hall. It is a magnificent Renaissance building, which fancy imagines a place in which poets and thinkers may prepare new intellectual achievements as they walk in the stately portico by the sea. Instead of this we witness a fearful deed of violence — a noisy throng is dragging the innocent victim of calumny before the tribunal of the Unjust Judge, with ass's ears into which Ignorance and Suspicion whisper, while in front of the ass-eared Judge, Envy declaims and drags on Calumny who holds a burning torch before her as a treacherous symbol of her pretended love of truth. Calumny's attendants, Fraud and Deception, are busy twining fresh roses in her golden hair. Behind these comes their inevitable follower, Remorse, a

hideous hag who looks over her shoulder at the figure of naked Truth.'

This picture was painted just after the friar's martyrdom, and is Botticelli's indictment of those responsible for it. A year or so later, in his last picture ('The Nativity,' now in the National Gallery, London) Botticelli showed rejoicing angels falling on the necks of Savonarola and his two companions.

This Piazza San Marco is the place to recall Bianco Capella; but I think we ought not to do it now; since it is easy to come here again, on our way to Piazza della Sant' Annunziata to see the statue and recall 'The Statue and the Bust.'

Let us go, instead, down Via Ricasoli, from the south-east corner of Piazza San Marco to the Accademia di Belle Arti. Many of the pictures, to see which we used to make pilgrimage hither, have since the War been moved to the Uffizi. For the student of painting, this gallery is still a great treasure-house of early Italian works of art. But for the traveller with only a few days to spend in Florence, it is of importance chiefly because of Michelangelo's 'David,' which stands here in a tribune especially designed for it, and amid casts of his other sculptures with which it may be compared. Hanging behind some of these, in the long gallery or hall leading to the tribune, are superb Florentine tapestries telling the story of Adam and Eve. How you may regard them, I cannot guess; but for my own part, I find them, as pictures, inexpressibly delightful and entertaining. I could, I think, be continuously amused if I lived in even the gloomiest of old castles hung with these companionable beasts who were the fauna of Adam's world.

And as for 'David' —! I have spent a very great deal of time studying him, and a considerable amount of money buying bronze and marble casts and fine carbon photo-

graphs of him; yet every time I approach that tribune, I get a new thrill of wonder at his sublimity, a new flash of understanding of what he symbolizes for the Florentines.

They had a strong feeling for Goliath's intrepid challenger. It was the young David whom Cosimo de' Medici commissioned Donatello to set in his beautiful Michelozzo courtyard. Cosimo's grandson, Lorenzo, ordered from Donatello's greatest pupil, Verrocchio, another bronze 'David,' now also in the Bargello. About 1465, the Opera del Duomo commissioned Agostino di Duccio to carve from a gigantic block of marble 'the figure of a prophet'; whether they specified David, or not, I don't know. Duccio made no more than a beginning; thereafter, for more than five-and-thirty years, the block of marble lay in the courtyard of the 'Opera' (where you went to see the Singing Galleries and the Silver Altar) until Michelangelo, returned from Rome, secured an order to 'release' from it the figure of David he saw therein. It is of this statue that the familiar story is told of the Gonfaloniere Soderini (head of the Signoria) criticizing the nose as a little too large; whereupon Michelangelo mounted the scaffolding (the statue was still in his studio behind the Duomo) carrying a chisel and a little marble-dust. Taking care not to touch the nose, he pretended to chisel at it, letting the marble-dust fall, little by little.

'Now,' declared Soderini, 'it pleases me much better. You have given it life.'

On January 25, 1504, a committee of artists, including Filippino Lippi, Botticelli, Perugino, and Leonardo da Vinci, deliberated over the question of the site for the 'David.'

'At the request of Michelangelo, they decided to place it in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. The removal of the enormous block was entrusted to the architects of the Ca-

thedral. On the evening of May 14th the marble colossus was brought out from the wooden construction where it was kept, a wall above a door being demolished in doing so. During the night the populace (shocked at its nudity) attempted to shatter it with stones and it had to be strongly guarded. Slowly the huge statue — suspended in an upright position, so that it could swing freely without striking the ground — advanced. It took four days to move it from the Duomo to the Old Palace. On the 18th, at noon, it reached its destination. They continued to keep a guard around it at night, but, one evening, in spite of all precautions, it was stoned.'

Next time you pass through Piazza della Signoría, note where the statue stood for three hundred and seventy years (replaced, now, by a copy of it) and — thinking of that stoning — let your eye wander to the spot where, on another May Day, six years before, the same mob, probably, had howled around the flame-encircled gibbet of the great preacher of Puritanism.

When you leave the Accademia, walk south in Via Ricasoli to Via degli Alfani, turn to your right, to Via Cavour, then down Via Cavour to the Riccardi (formerly Medici) Palazzo.

The story of this palace would fill a very big and splendid book; and we must make a very few pages suffice. 'Not many palaces in Europe,' Colonel Young says, 'have given hospitality to so many notable persons as have passed through the entrance doorway of this home of the Medici. Migliore says that, owing to the number and high rank of those entertained there, the Medici Palace was called "the Hotel of the Princes of the whole world."'

Among the multitude of events for which this palace was the background, we should (I think) muse on a few as we stand in the courtyard for which Donatello made his

'David' and 'Judith with the Head of Holofernes,' or climb the stairway to the Chapel that Gozzoli painted.

First of all, I'd like to invite you to one of the magnificent parties which may have been given here when the house was not quite finished for occupancy — at the time of the Council of Florence, in 1439. The Eastern Emperor, John Paleologus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and a great body of Greek scholars and statesmen, had come to Italy to confer with Pope Eugenius IV on how Constantinople might be saved from falling to the Turks. At first, the Council to this end was held at Ferrara. Then Cosimo I used his influence with the Pope to get it transferred to Florence.

'A gathering which included an Emperor of the East and his retinue, a Patriarch of Constantinople, the principal authorities of the Eastern Church, a Pope of Rome, the principal authorities of the Western Church, and all the learned men of both East and West, had never before been seen. Moreover, it was the last occasion on which such an assemblage was possible; fourteen years later the fall of Constantinople swept away all that formed its peculiar interest, making it impossible for such a gathering ever to occur again.'

These persons were all entertained at the expense of Cosimo de' Medici — housed in different palaces throughout Florence, but all as his personal guests. As a Council, they sat in session beneath Brunelleschi's great dome. The East hoped to get help that would save its empire; the West hoped to unite the two branches of the Church under the Pope of Rome. Neither hope was fulfilled — but the Reformation and the Renaissance were both set in motion.

The latter moved the more rapidly. The 'New Learning' that was to develop through study of ancient manuscripts which Eastern scholars brought with them into Italy

needed some eighty years yet to get the Reformation under way; but almost immediately it began, through the enthusiasm engendered for Greek philosophy and art, to dower Europe with the dazzling products of the Renaissance.

Gozzoli was a lad of nineteen when this tide of pageantry was flowing daily through the streets of Florence; and, thirty years later, he put on the walls of that tiny chapel wherein the descendants of Cosimo rendered their devotions the sumptuous record of the Council that all the world now goes there to see. Even Fra Angelico, his master, was so stirred by the gorgeousness of the Eastern visitors that thereafter his angels began to be more splendidly garbed.

After the Council dispersed, Cosimo and his family took up their permanent abode in the new palace. Their son Piero was twenty-four years old then, and Giovanni was nineteen.

When Piero married, he brought to the magnificent home that was the wonder of all Europe a bride who was one of the most accomplished women of that age: Lucrezia Tornabuoni, a poetess, a highly educated and deeply religious woman, bred to the love and patronage of art.

One of the personages I like best to feel myself near to in the palace is Lucrezia, who was a tender and devoted mother, and who wrote for her five little children Bible stories in song which soon were being crooned beside most of the cradles in Florence.

Having been in the Davanzati Palazzo, you know how life was lived under the patriarchal roof in those days; how there would be Cosimo and Contessina here; and Piero and Lucrezia with their three daughters and two sons; and Giovanni with his wife, Ginevra degli Albizzi, and their only child, that little boy who died two years before his father.

In 1463, the 'Father of his Country,' Cosimo, was carried

through his palace murmuring, heart-brokenly, 'Too large a house now for so small a family.'

The next year he was laid to rest in San Lorenzo; and two years thereafter Donatello was laid beside him, attended to the tomb by every architect, sculptor, and painter in Florence, and by all the art lovers and patrons. Donatello was eighty-one when he died; and Luca della Robbia, who outlived him sixteen years, died at the same age.

In 1468, Lorenzo became betrothed to Clarice Orsini, of the great Roman family. His mother chose the bride. Lorenzo loved Lucrezia Donati (a girl of that family into which Buondelmonte had sought to marry, and Dante had married), but his parents opposed the match, and Lorenzo was inconsolable.

'I took to wife,' he wrote, 'Donna Clarice, or rather, she was given to me in December, 1468.'

But that was a proxy marriage, in Rome, where Clarice tarried for six months. In February, '69, Lorenzo gave a great tournament in Piazza Santa Croce, which he said was in honor of his Lucrezia, and others said was in honor of Clarice. We shall recall his tournaments (this and a later one) when we are at Santa Croce. Here, we'll try to feel ourselves part of all the flurry of preparation for them, and of the festivities that must have been held here following upon the jousting.

On the 4th of June, Lorenzo and Clarice were married in the Church of San Lorenzo, and for three days 'feasting, dancing, and music continued day and night, until one wonders at the endurance of the people.' There were five immense banquets in the Medici Palace, loggias, and gardens for the wedding party; and in every square of Florence there was profuse entertainment for the populace.

Lucrezia Tornabuoni de' Medici may have been a proud mother then; but she was destined soon to become a very

unhappy mother-in-law, glad to withdraw from this palace to Careggi, to escape the tongue and temper of Clarice.

The time of this wedding was the time when Benozzo Gozzoli, pupil of Ghiberti and of Fra Angelico, was painting the Chapel frescoes, commissioned by Piero the Gouty, Lorenzo's father, whose brief rule was near its end.

Concerning the 'Journey of the Magi,' Colonel Young says that it is 'from end to end an elaborate memorial pointing to all that the Medici had up to that time done for Florence, and for which they had gained honor among their countrymen . . . of how the great gathering of 1439 had been invited to Florence at the instigation of the Medici, and hospitably entertained by them there; of how it had brought to Florence the most learned men of the time, and furthered that revival of ancient learning which the Medici had, ever since the foundation-stone of this palace was laid, been fostering; of how learning and culture, when driven from Constantinople, had taken refuge in Florence'; and so on.

For the first of the three kings, Gozzoli selected the Patriarch of Constantinople, the elderly, white-bearded man riding a mule whose hindquarters were cut off when a new entrance into the Chapel was made. The Patriarch wears the dress he wore in processions of 1439.

For the second king, he chose the Emperor of the East, John Paleologus, superbly astride his white charger and wearing a costume of his familiar to Florentines thirty years before; and for the third king, young Lorenzo, in the costume he wore in the tournament of 1469.

Behind the three kings come their retinue, in the front rank of which we have Cosimo the Elder and his brother Lorenzo (who died about the time Cosimo moved into this palace, and through whose son, Pier Francesco, descended the cadet branch of the family which furnished the Medici

rulers after 1537); in the left corner, Piero the Gouty, for whom the fresco was painted, and who is represented with uncovered head. Beside Piero is his fifteen-year-old son, Giuliano; and then behind these members of three generations of the Medici family comes a long procession of notables responsible for the dawn of the Renaissance.

This portrait of Lorenzo the Magnificent is more or less as he looked when he became the ruler of Florence in that year of his marriage.

These days when Gozzoli is painting the Chapel, and the members and guests of the household are watching the progress of the pictured story, are days when young Botticelli is practically 'one of the family,' living here on terms of so great admiration of his talents that he is treated, Colonel Young says, almost like a son. He is five years older than Lorenzo; and Gozzoli is old enough to be Botticelli's father. I'm sure that the young painter neglected no opportunity to quiz the older man about Ghiberti and Fra Angelico — yes, and to talk with him about Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli's master, who died while this chapel was being painted.

During Lorenzo's boyhood, Botticelli had painted the beautiful portrait of Lucrezia Tornabuoni, which has unfortunately got to Berlin; he also painted (here in the palace, probably) the 'Madonna of the Magnificat,' which you are to see in the Uffizi, and into which he introduced portraits of Lorenzo and Giuliano when they were respectively sixteen and twelve. (They are the angels kneeling before the Madonna and Child, and holding the inkstand and the book in which the Blessed Virgin is writing her song. Giuliano is the one facing the spectator, with the curly lock straying down on his forehead.)

A year later than the painting of the 'Madonna of the Magnificat,' there occurred the conspiracy, headed by Luca

THE PROCESSION OF THE MAGI (DETAIL)

By Benozzo Gozzoli

The picture contains portraits of several of the Medici. The youthful Lorenzo on a white horse is the most conspicuous figure.

Pitti, to kill Piero de' Medici and destroy the power of his family. This was frustrated and the leaders surrendered. Piero refused to have them put to death; some among them he exiled, but Luca Pitti he pardoned outright — and thereby converted into a friend for life.

To commemorate these events, Piero seems to have ordered Botticelli to paint the 'Adoration of the Magi' (now in the Uffizi) for the Church of Santa Maria Novella. In this picture (antedating Gozzoli's by two years) three generations of the Medici appear. Cosimo kneels, embracing the feet of the Christ child; his second son, Giovanni, whose loss was such a bitter grief to the old man, is the man with very black hair and dress of black and red, standing at the right of the picture; Piero kneels in the centre, his right profile toward us; young Lorenzo is at the extreme left, clasping the hilt of his sword; and Giuliano, the idol of the family, kneels between his father and his Uncle Giovanni. The courage and astuteness of young Lorenzo had much to do with frustrating the Pitti plot — and that is why he handles so big a sword in this picture. Botticelli was a mere lad of twenty-two and twenty-three when he painted these pictures — if the chronology is correct which dates the 'Adoration' 1467, and not 1476 as some writers put it; I am not vouching for the dates of pictures, since scarcely any two 'authorities' agree on them; I am merely choosing probable dates which help us comprehend the conditions in which the pictures were painted.

You may like to see Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan, coming here in 1471, with his wife and two daughters, to visit Lorenzo and Clarice, and bringing a retinue of 'councillors, chamberlains, courtiers, and vassals; twelve litters covered with gold brocade, in which the ladies travelled; fifty grooms in liveries of cloth of silver; numerous servants all clad, even the kitchen boys, in silk or velvet; fifty war

horses with saddles of gold brocade, gilded stirrups, and silk-embroidered bridles; five hundred pairs of hounds, with huntsmen, falcon, and falconers, together with trumpeters, players, and musicians. Also a bodyguard of one hundred knights and five hundred infantry.' Quite a house-party!

And you will certainly wish to be a retrospective onlooker at some of the preparations made here for that ultra-magnificent tournament which Lorenzo gave in Giuliano's honor, in 1475. For this pageant, to be held in Santa Croce, Botticelli designed many of the art features, Verrocchio was employed to make helmets for Lorenzo and Giuliano, and to paint Giuliano's standard; and the splendor and costliness of the ladies' dresses exceeded anything ever seen before.

Lucrezia Donati was again 'Queen of the tournament,' but she was eclipsed by a newcomer who was acclaimed the 'Queen of Beauty.' She was a bride of sixteen, lately married to Marco Vespucci. We know her best as Simonetta, the exquisite Venus of Botticelli's 'Birth of Venus' (now in the Uffizi) and of his 'Venus and Mars,' in which Mars is Giuliano de' Medici (now in the National Gallery, London), and in his 'Primavera,' or 'Return of Spring,' where also Giuliano figures as Mercury scattering the clouds of winter.

Less than a year after the tournament, lovely Simonetta was dead. (We shall recall her death and burial when we are at the Church of the Ognissanti.) And two years after that, handsome, winsome young Giuliano was brought home here, on Easter Sunday, from the Duomo where he had been murdered near the High Altar — Lorenzo escaping, wounded, but with his life.

This outrage emanated from the Pope Sixtus IV, who desired to seize Tuscany for one of those greedy 'nephews' of his, and was operated through the Pazzi, an ancient Florentine family, also bankers, whose palace (on Via del Pro-

consolo, north of the Bargello) is now the Bank of Florence.

After Giuliano's death, there came to heart-broken Lucrezia a girl named Antonia Gorini, bringing a little son for whom she claimed Giuliano's paternity. Lucrezia and Lorenzo took the baby, and he was brought up with Lorenzo's sons. This was the Giulio de' Medici who became Pope Clement VII; he was two years younger than his cousin, Giovanni, Lorenzo's second son, who became Pope Leo X. Giulio was the father of an illegitimate son, Alessandro (for many years ascribed to Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, father of Catherine de' Medici), whose mother seems to have been a negress. Alessandro was the last of old Cosimo's descendants to rule Florence.

Before you leave this palace you will, I'm sure, want to remind yourself that it was the birthplace of Catherine de' Medici, the only child of old Cosimo's last legitimate successor. Catherine's father was but two years old when the Medici were exiled at the time of Charles VIII's coming to Florence. He was twenty-one when his uncle, elected Pope (Leo X), made him ruler of Florence, and once again this palace had the Medici for tenants. Six years that young Lorenzo ruled. Then he died, and was succeeded by the bastard Alessandro, married to an illegitimate daughter of the Emperor Charles V. In 1537, Alessandro was assassinated, next door to his palace; and his successor, Cosimo I, descended from old Cosimo's brother Lorenzo, moved to the Palazzo Vecchio and then to the Pitti. So that the association of this palace with the Medici covers considerably less than a hundred years. Their later history we shall recall at the Pitti Palace.

Now, let us go through Via de' Gori into Piazza San Lorenzo. The gentleman whose far from sightly statue dominates the square, is Giovanni delle Bande Nere (or John of the Black-Armored Troops), who was the son of

Catherine Sforza, one of the Milanese princesses who came to visit at the Medici Palace when Lorenzo the Magnificent was its young lord. Catherine married, for her third husband, one of the Medici of that cadet branch descended from old Cosimo's brother Lorenzo; her husband was of the same generation as Lorenzo the Magnificent, but younger. This, their son, was the only soldier of the Medici family; he married a granddaughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent (Maria Salviati), and through them descended the later Medici who ruled Florence as Grand Dukes, beginning with their son, Cosimo I. Giovanni was in command of the Papal troops at the siege of Pavia, but was wounded ten days before the battle; and to this fact Francis I of France ascribed his defeat and imprisonment. The next year (1526 — when Giovanni was but twenty-eight years old) he received his mortal wound, fighting against the Emperor's forces near Mantua. His wound was in the leg, and an effort was made to save his life by amputation. Those attending him said he must be held by ten men; but he declared that no one should hold him, 'and, taking the candle, held it himself throughout the operation, which was performed with great ignorance and roughness, causing indescribable agony.' And after all, it was of no use, for mortification set in, and he died. He was buried in his black armor, in the Church of San Francesco in Mantua, where he lay until 1685, when his remains were brought hither and interred with the others of his race. His coffin was opened in 1857, and it was found that his amputated leg was there, too — the horrible hacksaw method of its severing still very evident in the ragged bone.

In the Sala di Giovanni delle Bande Nere in the Palazzo Vecchio you will see frescoes picturing his victories in battle; and in the Uffizi colonnade you will see his statue. He was probably the finest commander Italy produced in

the sixteenth century; and many students of history feel that if he had lived even a little longer the history of Italy would have been quite different — that Rome would not have fallen to the Imperial army in 1527. He is said to have been 'the first commander under whom the infantry began to acquire fame since the time of the Roman legions,' and the first who in war exercised a personal care over the welfare and morale of his troops. His son, afterwards Cosimo I, was only seven years old when Giovanni died. One wonders if, in other ways than by his military skill, Giovanni might have changed the history of Italy; if, for instance, he could have made another sort of person out of his ignoble son.

This statue (which was in the Palazzo Vecchio until 1850) is by Baccio Bandinelli who presumed to consider himself a rival of Michelangelo's. It was the latter's intention to 'balance' his 'David' in front of the Palazzo della Signoría by a group of Hercules and Cacus. (Cacus was the giant, living in a cave of the Aventine, who plundered the surrounding country, and stole some of the oxen of Geryon when Hercules was driving them home. That their footprints might not indicate where they had been driven, Cacus dragged the oxen backward by their tails to his cave. But they bellowed or lowed to Hercules as he passed the cave with the remainder of the herd — and he despatched the giant.) The Florentine seal has the figure of Hercules in it, and Michelangelo felt that the Greek hero should stand side by side with the Hebrew at the door of Florence's seat of government. But Clement VII gave the block of marble that Michelangelo wanted for his Hercules, and the commission for the statue, to Bandinelli (this was thirty years after the 'David' was set up, and when Clement was master of Florence through his basest of bastards, the unspeakable Alessandro), who perpetrated the atrocity

that some one (Cellini, I think) called 'a sack of melons'. What Bandinelli 'did to' della Bande Nere is almost as bad.

Perhaps the square is 'crammed with booths, buzzing and blaze,' now as you enter it, reminding you of Browning's description of it on the day when he found here, and bought for a lira, the 'square old yellow book' with 'the crumpled vellum covers' which gave him the story of 'The Ring and the Book.' The stall whereon he found it was

> 'Toward Baccio's marble, — ay, the basement-ledge
> O' the pedestal where sits and menaces
> John of the Black Bands with the upright spear,
> 'Twixt palace and church — Riccardi where they lived,
> His race, and San Lorenzo where they lie.'

If you are a great lover of 'The Ring and the Book,' you will like to follow Browning, sometime, with that square old yellow book, and see him:

> 'At the Strozzi, at the Pillar [in Piazza Santa Trinità],
> at the Bridge;
> Till, by the time I stood at home again
> In Casa Guidi by Felice Church,
> . . . . . .
> I had mastered the contents.'

Now, before you enter San Lorenzo, I know you'll wish to take a few minutes' vacation from the Medici, and glance up Via della Stufa, which runs north from 'Baccio's marble.'

In the year 1495, while Savonarola was the pilot of Florence's ship of state and the Medici were in their second exile, a man who lived in Via della Stufa got married for the third time. He was Francesco del Giocondo, was near forty years of age, had lost two wives in childbirth, and had recently gone to Naples and married the niece of one of those deceased ladies — a girl of twenty-one, named Lisa Gherardina. On the day that he brought Lisa to her new home and her two step-children, not his house only, but the

street was adorned in honor of the event, and the neighborhood was pleasantly expectant.

That year (the year after Charles VIII's entry into Florence) an old friend of Francesco had taken a new studio in Via Martelli (that short stretch of street leading north from the Baptistery, and continuing as Via Cavour) and was busy there with cartoons for the decoration of the great Council Hall of the Five Hundred which Il Cronaca was constructing in the Palazzo della Signoría for the sittings of that vast democratic assembly by which Florence was now governed. The artist's name was Leonardo da Vinci, he was forty-three years old, and for the past ten years he had been employed in Milan by the Sforza.

You may like to imagine him at work upon the drawings for the Council Hall (those drawings which, together with Michelangelo's for the same Hall — neither of them having materialized in pictures — were 'the school of the world as long as they existed,' Cellini tells us; sections of Leonardo's drawings still exist in many places — one in the Uffizi, for instance; but of Michelangelo's cartoon we have only copies of fragments) and looking up to see Francesco's new bride go by. Perhaps Lisa smiled, as Leonardo then saw her, that smile he was later to put on canvas — beginning the portrait about 1500 and painting at it from time to time during four years.

Now you may be a bit readier to enter San Lorenzo and to visit the Medici tombs.

The nudity of the façade will shock you. Pope Leo X and Cardinal Giulio de' Medici commissioned Michelangelo, in 1518, to make a façade (Brunelleschi evidently had not designed one), and Michelangelo said, 'I shall make the most beautiful work that was ever made in Italy, if God helps me.'

God probably helped him; but unless one can believe

that God handles people like puppets, it is easy to see how all the inspiration that was given Michelangelo for this task was frustrated by those waywardnesses of his which kept him ever in conflict with the conditions of his employment. Patrons who showed only genial appreciativeness to Raphael came to seem tormentors to Michelangelo.

In the matter of this façade, he insisted on Carrara marble, although the Medici, who were paying for the façade, wanted to use marble from the Pietrasanta quarries recently acquired by Florence. Before he yielded to their wishes, Michelangelo got so involved with the Carrara quarries that they fought against his using the rival marble. He toiled and fretted himself into a fever. He refused to begin work on the façade until he had brought to Florence a very mountain of marble. All this labor of selection and transportation could, and should, have been done by a master-workman, skilled in directing such tasks. But Michelangelo persisted in doing it all himself. The result was that nothing was accomplished. (His design for the façade you may see at Casa Buonarroti, this afternoon.) At the end of two years and two months, he was 'released' from his contract. Yet, a year later, Cardinal Giulio gave him the commission for the Medici Chapel and tombs.

Not much, if anything, was done on them, however, until after Giulio's election to the pontifical throne, in November, 1523. (His uncle, Leo X, had died in December, 1521; and for eight months of the intervening time there had been the pontificate of Adrian VI.)

The original plan for the Chapel was that it was to contain four tombs: those of Lorenzo the Magnificent and of his murdered brother Giuliano, of Lorenzo's third son, Giuliano — born soon after his uncle's murder — and of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, grandson of Lorenzo the Mag-

nificent. (Of these four tombs, only the last two were even begun; they are the ones we see, but they are unfinished.) Then Giulio (now Clement VII) decided to add to these the sarcophagus of Leo X, and his own, reserving the place of honor for them. (The Medici Popes are buried in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, at Rome; their monuments, in the Choir, being by Sangallo, with 'figures of Virtues' by that Baccio Bandinelli who made the 'sack of melons' outside the Palazzo Vecchio, and the statue of Giovanni delle Bande Nere in San Lorenzo Square.)

'In judging of the general effect of the New Sacristy,' Edmund Gardner reminds us, 'it must be remembered that Michelangelo intended it to be full of statues and that the walls were to have been covered with paintings.' But when he left Florence forever, not even these two statues had been set up.

Your guide-book being so informative about the Medici tombs, I am not attempting any detailed comment — only to supply such interpretative facts as the guide-book does not give.

Michelangelo made no attempt at portraiture in the figures of the two Medici — as you may satisfy yourself when you see their portraits in the Uffizi — nor does it seem that he tried even to symbolize the two young men; since Lorenzo was anything but a 'pensieroso,' and Giuliano was much more thoughtful and peaceful than ambitious and military. However, when this lack of resemblance was pointed out to Michelangelo, 'he contemptuously asked who would know it in the ages to follow.'

Giuliano, Duc de Nemours, was a lad of fifteen when his family was driven out of Florence in 1494, and very much the same sort of handsome, winsome youth his uncle was, for whom he had been named. He was a favorite at all the Courts he lived in and visited during his exile, and has been

called 'one of the most attractive personalities the Italian Renaissance can claim to have produced.' His brother Giovanni was elected Pope (Leo X) in 1513, and two years later sent Giuliano as his representative to congratulate the new King of France, Francis I, on his accession. And Francis was so delighted with Giuliano that he gladly gave him in marriage the charming young Philiberte of Savoy, then seventeen years old (she was the sister of Louise, mother of Francis), and created him Duc de Nemours. Giuliano died in March, 1516, at the age of thirty-seven. He left no children by Philiberte, but an illegitimate son, Ippolito, born at Urbino in 1509, educated by his uncle, Leo X, and murdered (when we was twenty-six) by the infamous bastard of Pope Clement VII, the mulatto Alessandro. You will see Titian's superb portrait of Ippolito in the Pitti Gallery. A magnificent portrait of Giuliano, by Raphael, is now in Berlin.

Lorenzo, of the other monument, was a baby of two years when his father Piero fled Florence on the approach of Charles VIII. He was made ruler of Florence when he was twenty-one, as the representative of his uncle, Pope Leo X. Three years later, Leo X got Lorenzo a dukedom by the entirely primitive method of chasing Francesco della Rovere, Duke of Urbino, out of his duchy and declaring Lorenzo Duke of Urbino in his stead. In 1518, Leo X sent Lorenzo to France to represent him at the baptism of Francis First's heir, and to marry the French King's distant relative, the beautiful Madeleine de la Tour d'Auvergne.

The Court of Francis I, then the most brilliant in Europe, was at Amboise when Lorenzo arrived; and there, amid festivities on a more splendid scale than had ever before been witnessed in Christendom, Lorenzo and Madeleine were married.

Madeleine died at the Medici Palace on April 29th of the following year, a fortnight after giving birth to her daughter Catherine; and six days later, Lorenzo followed her to the tomb. He was only twenty-seven years old, and worn out by his dissolute life.

To shield his uncle, Cardinal Giulio, Lorenzo had not repudiated the paternity, which gossip ascribed to him, of the mulatto Alessandro, born when Lorenzo was nineteen. (They lie in the same sarcophagus now — and over their ignoble dust sits that superb Thinker, wrought with God knows what irony by Michelangelo.)

Alessandro misruled Florence for five dreadful years, and then was murdered by his young relative and boon companion, Lorenzino de' Medici, of the cadet branch. Lorenzino fled Florence after the murder. And this left Cosimo, son of Giovanni delle Bande Nere, the head of the House of Medici — except for his many-times-removed cousin, Catherine, who was just his age.

I shall not go with you into the Chapel of the Princes, the burial-place of the cadet line of Medici. There is much that we might say there; but I think you must have had Medici enough for one morning, and those later members of the family are best recalled at the Palazzo Vecchio, the Uffizi and the Pitti.

Let us give our last thought, as we leave San Lorenzo, to Donatello; then pass on to the Brunelleschi cloisters, haunted by homeless pussycats, and to the Biblioteca Laurenziana, where one of the most glorious collections of ancient manuscripts in the world is housed in the building that Michelangelo designed at the same time when he was working on the New Sacristy and its tombs.

My one consolation for not having space in these few chapters for detailed comment on the treasures of this library is that, after all, they are not so essentially of the

story of Florence as are the things to which I am calling your attention.

Those who wish to lunch hereabouts may do it satisfactorily at Cencio, Number 21, Borgo San Lorenzo, close to the Library.

IV

THE LATER MEDICI AND SOME OTHERS

A MORNING of such sight-seeing as is outlined in our preceding chapter ought to be followed by a very leisurely afternoon of loafing, shopping, driving. But not many travellers have time enough for Florence to permit themselves such concessions. And for that majority who must snatch quickly what they can, I suggest the following:

Drive or walk down Via del Proconsolo, from the south-east corner of the Duomo, past the great palace that Brunelleschi built for some of the Pazzi and which is now the Bank of Florence, and turn east on Via Ghibellina which skirts the north side of the Bargello, to the Casa Buonarroti, which Michelangelo bought for his nephew Leonardo. It is number 64 Via Ghibellina, and will repay the not-too-hurried visitor for a brief stop; but those with four or five days for all Florence may pass it by.

Your objective now is Santa Croce. Should you be driving, and interested in snatching a glimpse of the prison of the Murate, you may continue along Via Ghibellina till you pass it, then turn down Via delle Casine and approach Santa Croce from the east — which is a better way than seeing it first from Piazza Santa Croce, dominated by the none-too-pleasing modern façade.

Early in the sixteenth century the Murate Convent was the most important convent in Florence, patronized by all those ladies of the principal Florentine families who took the veil. Its name was due to the ceremony with which each of the nuns was admitted, a portion of the wall of the convent being opened for her entrance and bricked up

again behind her. It had, of course, its doorway for regular uses, and that doorway is little changed in the four centuries since a certain scene took place there that you may like to recall:

Catherine de' Medici (another of whose names was Romola), who had been taken to Rome when she was six months old, and kept there till she was six years of age, was back in Florence, in 1527, living in the Medici Palace, when word came that the army of Charles V had taken Rome and the Medici Pope (Clement VII) was besieged in the Castle of Sant' Angelo. Then the Florentine mob began to gather outside the Medici Palace, bent on plundering it again. The bastards, Ippolito and Alessandro, fled; but little Catherine was not allowed to go; she was held by the Republic of Florence as a hostage, in the case of trouble with Pope Clement. For six months they kept her in the convent of the Ognissanti. Thence she was removed suddenly, one December night, walked through the streets of Florence, where a plague was raging, to the convent of 'the walled-up ones,' where she was to be held 'incomunicado' from all friends of her family.

On another night, nearly three years later, this convent of the Murate was aroused by a loud knocking at the entrance and a summons to open in the name of the Republic. When this was obeyed, the frightened nuns were confronted by three Senators who ordered them to surrender the girl Catherine de' Medici. Catherine and her guardians protested with all their might, but were able to win no more than a few hours' respite. Granted this, Catherine seized some shears, cut off all her fair hair (she was very blonde in her youth, and her dark hair of later years was not improbably dyed), donned the garb of a Murate nun, and, when the Senators returned by morning light, bringing a horse for her to ride, she dared them to take her away

PIAZZA SANTA CROCE

and give the people of Florence the impression that they were forcibly carrying off a nun. There was a long contest of wills in which that of the girl of eleven years could not be overcome; she was taken away, dressed as she was, to another convent.

'The Murate,' Colonel Young says, 'still bears out its name by sheltering "walled-up ones"; for it is now the great prison of Tuscany. Its forbidding door in the centre of the high, grim wall remains as when Catherine and the Senators of the Republic had there that contest of wills, and recalls the strange scene — the horse which had been waiting before the door for so many hours, the weeping nuns within the doorway, afraid that their little charge was being taken away to be murdered, the three Senators striving to induce the latter to doff her offending attire, and in the midst the small figure in her black dress, with pale, determined face, whom not all their endeavors could shake.'

Twice, in later times, the Murate was Catherine's home; and it was from here that she set out, in August, 1533, to go to Nice, there to meet Pope Clement and accompany him to Marseilles to marry Henry of Orleans, second son of the King of France.

Concerning Santa Croce, which is one of my favorite places in all Florence, and among my favorite churches in all Italy, there is so much in your guide-book that I am constrained to economize here in our narrow space — especially since it may be your most excellent fortune to find there Signor Alfred Branconi, official guide of Santa Croce, who speaks fluent English and makes a tour of the church with him a liberal education. Every one new-come to Florence should, of course, visit Santa Croce at least once in this 'educational' way, as a great museum of art and a great shrine of history. And then, as often thereafter as he can he should go thither with his eager mind as much

in leash as possible, and his emotions set free to lead him whither they will. For Santa Croce is preëminently an emotional church, a place for transports — not because of the great who wrought there and the illustrious who sleep there, but because of what one would feel, I should think, who might find himself wandering therein without any slightest knowledge of its traditions or its treasures.

I don't, except with a special effort for some special purpose, 'see' or feel anybody, in Santa Croce, nor incline to recall any event among the many enacted there. No one stands out here from the others — not Giotto, nor Donatello, nor Michelangelo. It is truly 'the Pantheon of Florence,' because here one worships *all* the gods of Florence, not as units but as the collective symbols of a faith in beauty to whose cult the whole Western world raises shrines.

Be sure to see the Cloister of the Dead, and the Pazzi Chapel. The Grand Cloister of Brunelleschi has been incorporated in the magnificent new building for the National Library, into which I hope you will go for a brief visit if not for a long one. This superb collection of books and manuscripts and autographs and antique bindings deserves a long chapter to itself, and I am most humbly apologetic for rendering it but a paragraph. I am, however, trying to keep constantly in mind, as I write, that fleeting traveller with the tiniest handful of hours to spend in Florence; and unless he is a special devotee of books, not as literature only, but as *sources* of literature, he is almost sure to feel that the use he ought to make of his time in Florence is to get himself as well as may be into those phases of feeling which Florence expressed in art. What she expressed in literature, we may feel (measurably) at our far-off firesides, with the humblest printed edition of, say, 'The Divine Comedy,' even better, perhaps, than we could feel it in this library with the Dante code of 1329. But not all that anybody can convey to us, in

glowing words or faithful copies, can give us even a foretaste of the feeling we have when we find ourselves standing in the Baptistery or staring at the Ponte Vecchio or seeing a sunset from the Piazzale Michelangelo. And there are street pictures to be seen in Florence, as one strolls about, which are really worth more to most of us than a sight of the Elzevirs and Aldines in the splendid library; for the street scenes illumine great old books for us, so that henceforth, when we read them at our far firesides, they are as splendid as those Books of Hours which the exquisite miniaturists made for kings of yesteryears.

If now, for instance, it were much earlier in the day, I should urge you to go up, past the Murate, to Piazza Ghiberti where the Mercato dell' Erbi, or fruit, flower, and vegetable market, presents many a picture of Florentine life in which Dante would not feel himself a bit of a Rip Van Winkle, were he to come wandering through it with us at his heels. And when we cross the Ponte Vecchio, for our stroll on the other side of the river (in Oltrarno, as it was called in Dante's day), we shall be even more mindful than we are elsewhere in Florence of those humble citizens, in their humble occupations, who have bred nearly all that makes Florence glorious.

Before you leave Piazza Santa Croce, where you have reënacted many splendid tournaments, including the one whereof little Simonetta was Queen of Beauty, be sure to go into one of the workshops in which this vicinity abounds, wherein that amazing marble inlay is done which reproduces, in stone of infinite variety, every triumph of color and design in nature and in art.

Then, if it were *my* Florence day, I'd go a-driving — perhaps in that most exquisite little park on the western edge of Florence, called the Cascine; perhaps farther afield (by motor) to the Royal Villa of Poggio a Caiano, to visit

which I had secured a free *permesso* at the Pitti Palace. It is ten miles to this villa, out through the Porta al Prato near the Cascine; and when I speak of going there rather late in an afternoon, I am thinking of the long afternoons of late spring and early summer.

There are not many evening diversions in Florence for the visitor who understands little Italian; and the delightful thing to do there, as a relaxation after sight-seeing, is to take a restful little journey into the exquisite country round about Florence, returning about set o' sun. (This, of course, if daylight be not too brief, and if weather permits. The matter of long days is one to consider, when planning a trip abroad.)

By this time, I'd feel fairly ready for a first visit to the Uffizi.

You know, ere now, my aversion to directing people's attention to what they should see in these vast palaces of art where enormous powers of exclusion and concentration are required of one before any picture or statue can make to him, among so many counter-claims, the appeal with which its creator sought to endow it. It does sometimes happen, I dare say, that one who strolls through an immense gallery finds a picture, till then quite unknown to him, making a strong appeal for his interest or his favor. But, generally, what impresses us is the thing we have come to see; the thing we know through reproductions or descriptions or associations. (All this is rankest heresy from the standpoint of many art critics and modern painters, I am well aware. They would have us enter a museum like the Uffizi with no 'predispositions' toward anything, no interest in anything for its subject, its artist, its history — unaware of aught but what a work of art may be able to say to us by its manner of expression. Do it that way if you like. I have no 'school'

to defend, no quarrel to pick with any one. Recognizing in myself an exceedingly simple-minded person, I assume to be no one's mentor.)

The prime thing to have in mind in Florence's superb picture galleries is that in the main these almost innumerable works of art, including a great percentage of the world's acknowledged masterpieces, were either done for or otherwise collected by the Medici family and bequeathed to Tuscany by the last of their race, with the stipulation that they should never be removed from Florence.

Rooms IV, V, VI, XI (the latter the Tribune, with the 'Venus de' Medici,' the 'Wrestlers,' Raphael's 'Julius II,' 'La Fornarina,' Correggio's 'Madonna adoring the Divine Child,' and many other familiar works — not always the same, because of frequent rearrangement), and XIII contain most of the works of art which visitors who can make but one visit to the Uffizi would least like to miss. Beyond this little 'hint,' I refuse to essay the rôle of guide.

When you leave the Uffizi, you might like to spend a half-hour in the Piazza degli Uffizi, seeing how many stories its eight-and-twenty statues tell you. Or you might have some shopping to do. Or you might have energy enough left to make a worth-while visit to the Palazzo Vecchio — to the Sala dei Cinquecento; the halls of Leo X, Clement VII, Giovanni delle Bande Nera, Cosimo the Elder, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Cosimo I. These halls are like the picture book of Florentine history in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Here, for example, you may see Cosimo the Elder going into exile, and returning from it; all about him are the famous artists whose patron and friend he was. Here, in Lorenzo's Hall, we see him with the notables of his time. Here is Leo X passing in Papal procession through the Piazza, outside. Here is the siege of Florence by the Imperial army. And so on.

Then go into the apartment of Eleonora di Toledo, and there reflect a while.

Did you, as you passed Giovanni da Bologna's statue of Cosimo I, in the square outside, note the bas-relief on the pedestal showing the Council offering him the rule of Florence?

Cosimo was a relatively obscure youth of seventeen when the foul Duke Alessandro, the mulatto, was murdered and Florence was left without a ruler. This lad (Cosimo) whose father had been the best of the recent Medici, whose mother was a granddaughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was a taciturn youth of a demeanor 'so humble and submissive as to provoke the contempt of his friends.' When he came down from the hills into Florence, after Alessandro's murder, he seemed to sundry astute Florentines the best tool that could have been fashioned for their purposes. They would invest him with a semblance of power, on his promise to leave the real authority in their hands. He promised.

One of those responsible for his elevation was Filippo Strozzi, the handsome, courtly, and very rich husband of Clarice de' Medici. Another was Francesco Guicciardini, who hoped to marry his daughter Lisabetta to Cosimo, and thus make himself the real ruler of Florence.

No sooner was Cosimo installed as chief of the State, however, than he assumed absolute authority and became so arbitrary a tyrant that a large number of Florence's leading citizens deserted the city, got help from French troops, and prepared to drive Cosimo from the control they had given him.

They were defeated by Imperial troops whose assistance he had obtained, and fell into his hands. The Bargello was crowded with prisoners representing nearly every distinguished family in Florence. Not one was pardoned; all were first tortured and then executed.

To the Emperor Charles V, Cosimo represented himself as a willing vassal who might be relied upon to combat in every way the French interest in Italy. And in return for this, Charles issued a Diploma which conferred on Cosimo 'all the authority formerly borne and exercised by Duke Alessandro,' the husband of Charles's young illegitimate daughter Margaret.

Cosimo then tried to get Margaret for wife, but failed. And in 1539, when he was twenty, he succeeded in arranging for himself a marriage with Eleonora, only child of Don Pedro di Toledo, Viceroy of Naples. Eleonora was very, very rich, not in estates alone but in 'ready money,' which Cosimo needed.

When her father brought her to Florence to be married, they were met at the villa of Poggio a Caiano by Cosimo; and soon afterwards the wedding was splendidly celebrated at San Lorenzo.

Eleonora went to live in the Medici Palace, and there her first child, little Maria, was born.

Then Cosimo decided that the Elder Cosimo's palace was not sufficiently defensible for so unpopular a ruler as he found himself to be, and had no accommodation for the bodyguard of troops necessary to protect his person. So he moved his residence to the Palazzo Vecchio and kept the door of it guarded by those Swiss lancers of his who caused the loggia wherein they stayed while on duty to be called thenceforth the Loggia de' Lanzi.

These were small quarters for Eleonora, as her family increased. When she left here for the new palace across the river, she had seven children living, and one dead. Her youngest son was born after this ceased to be the family home.

Of those children, Maria died at sixteen. Then there was Francis I, Bianca Capella's lover, who died suddenly and

mysteriously, with her, at Poggio a Caiano. Next, there was Isabella, married to Paolo Orsini, Prince of Bracciano, by whom she was strangled so that he might wed Vittoria Accoramboni, whose husband Orsini then had assassinated. The daughter younger than Isabella was Lucrezia, married at fifteen to the Duke of Ferrara, and dead at seventeen — poisoned by her husband, some have said, on the ground of infidelity; but this is now considered a baseless fabrication. The second and third sons of Eleonora and Cosimo were Giovanni and Garzia, both of whom died within a month and were followed to the tomb by Eleonora who survived Garzia only six days. The boys were about nineteen and sixteen, respectively, and their mother was but forty.

She was buried in the dress in which Bronzino painted her in the portrait you may have seen in the Uffizi, with her little son Ferdinand by her side. (He is the unheroic 'hero' of 'The Statue and the Bust' story.) When she had been dead nearly three hundred years, all the Medici coffins were opened; and hers, which was without any name or inscription either inside or out, was identified by this dress.

Eleonora's youngest son, who was only eight years old at her death, was Pietro, who at twenty married a namesake of his mother's, who was only fifteen when she came to Florence to live a life of neglect and abuse. She fell in love with one of the Antinori, and was killed by her husband.

The eldest son and heir of Cosimo I, Francis, brought to these rooms, three years after his mother's death, his bride, Archduchess Joanna of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand I. Vasari was ordered to beautify the old palace and fit it for the abode of an emperor's daughter. These apartments were redecorated. The massive pillars in the *cortile* were encrusted with stucco ornamentation. Verrocchio's beautiful fountain of the 'Boy with the Dolphin,' made for the villa at Careggi, was set up here. And Vasari

was instructed to build the corridor, nearly half a mile long, connecting the old palace with the ducal palace we now call the Pitti, although no Pitti ever lived in it. Before this time the shops on the Ponte Vecchio, over one row of which the passage runs, were occupied by butchers. But Cosimo ordered them all out now, and directed the jewellers to replace them.

Much was done for the Archduchess. But she doubtless knew, before she had been here very long, that her husband's heart was elsewhere. For more than a year he had been passionately attached to Bianca Capella.

Bianca was a beautiful Venetian girl, daughter of one of the most illustrious nobles of Venice. When she was about seventeen, she fell in love with a young Florentine who was working as a clerk in the Salviati bank in Venice. They were secretly married and fled from the indignant wrath of Bianca's family to the indigence and resentment of the bridegroom's poor home on the south side of Piazza San Marco, where Bianca became a household drudge.

She had been married three years when Francis, heir to the Dukedom of Florence, looked up one day as he was crossing the piazza before her humble home, saw her at a window, and fell in love with her. She soon became his mistress, and her complaisant husband seems to have shared with her, for a time, the palace in Via Maggio wherein Francis installed her. (You may see it there yet, soon after you cross Ponte Santa Trinità going toward Casa Guidi — the profusely frescoed façade still bearing Bianca's coat of arms.)

Bianca's husband was murdered in a street brawl one night. And in the course of time, Joanna was carried (all splendid in crimson satin and gold) to the Medici tombs in San Lorenzo; she had borne Francis six children, only two of whom survived childhood — one of these

latter being Marie de' Medici, destined to become Queen of France.

Very soon after Joanna's death, Francis and Bianca were privately married here in the small chapel of these apartments. But in the following year they had a public and very magnificent ceremony in San Lorenzo, followed by tournaments, bull-fights, balls, opera, feasts, and finally — in the great Hall of the Cinquecento here — an imposing ceremony in which Bianca was crowned with the crown of Tuscany.

Both Francis and Bianca were exceedingly unpopular with the Florentines, and their marriage was considered a disgrace to Tuscany. No one resented it more than did Francis's brother Ferdinand, who had been made a cardinal when he was fourteen. The hostility between the brothers was not on account of Bianca alone, for they had always disagreed on everything; but Ferdinand, being heir to the crown of Tuscany, since Francis had no surviving male child, feared to see a son of Bianca's come between him and that he coveted.

Francis was not only a liberal patron of the fine arts and the real founder of the Uffizi Gallery, but an impassioned student of natural science, a deep delver into chemistry, and a most successful experimenter in certain processes — he discovered the method of melting rock crystal, and became distinguished for his skill and taste in making vases of this material, many of which are still to be seen in the Gem Room of the Uffizi Gallery. He was also the first to achieve the manufacture of porcelain in imitation of the Chinese, and founded the existing porcelain industry of Florence.

These things absorbed him, but not — it would seem — to the exclusion of business interests, which he operated on a large scale, amassing great wealth. He had been in his tomb for many years when that wealth bought his daughter

Marie the crown of France and the unofficial title of 'the fat bankeress from Florence.'

In October, 1587, Ferdinand came from Rome to visit Francis and Bianca at Poggio a Caiano. Hatchets seemed to be decently if not deeply buried, and all was going well except that Bianca's dropsy, of which she had suffered for two years, took a bad turn and kept her in bed.

On the fourth day of her indisposition, there was a hunting party at which Francis caught a severe chill which developed into what we call pneumonia and carried him off in eleven days. Bianca was not told of his danger, or of his death, she being herself in such a grave condition. But she divined what was happening, and survived Francis only a few hours — as she had always said she wished to do, if she did not precede him.

Lurid stories are told of this double death. Ferdinand was suspected of poisoning them; Bianca was said to have prepared a poisoned tart for Ferdinand and, seeing Francis eat of it by mistake, herself devoured a part of what remained, so that she might not survive him. Ferdinand ordered a post-mortem examination of the two bodies, and no traces of poison were found. But the stories persist.

The bodies were brought back together, to Florence; that of Francis was embalmed and ceremoniously buried in the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo. But Ferdinand would not permit Bianca to lie there. Her remains were wrapped in an ordinary winding sheet and cast into the Carnaio, or charnel house of the nameless poor.

Your next objective in Florence (after lunch!) might well be the Piazza Santissima Annunziata where Ferdinand perpetually rides past the window 'where now is the empty shrine.'

Browning waxed quite delightfully indignant, once upon

a time, when an American reader wrote to the Open Letter department of his favorite newspaper a number of questions about the personages and places of 'The Statue and the Bust.'

'I have seldom,' wrote the author, 'met with such a strange inability to understand what seems the plainest matter possible . . . but any guide-book would confirm what is sufficiently stated in the poem.'

Guide-books in Robert's day must have been explicit, indeed; and I'd like to see one. For there are many points of the story I am unable to clear up, after the most diligent search.

Duke Ferdinand was thirty-eight years old when he resigned his cardinal's rank (together with a good prospect of being the next Pope) and succeeded his brother Francis as Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Looking about Europe for a wife, the choice of Ferdinand fell upon Christine of Lorraine, granddaughter of Catherine de' Medici. It was, however, more than a year before Christine was able to leave France; she stayed with her grandmother till the latter's end, at Blois.

Was it, I wonder, while 'the Great-Duke Ferdinand' was waiting for his bride to come from France, that he looked up and saw the Riccardi bride?

> 'That selfsame instant, underneath,
> The Duke rode past in his idle way,
> Empty and fine like a swordless sheath.'

He looked at her, as she looked at him;

> 'And lo, a blade for a knight's emprise
> Filled the fine empty sheath of a man —
> The Duke grew straightway brave and wise.'

Then her bridegroom, the Riccardi Duke, also 'grew wise,' and told her 'the door she had passed was shut on her' and

'The world meanwhile, its noise, and stir,
She could watch like a convent's chronicler.'

She determined to 'fly to the Duke,' 'but not to-morrow' —

'My father tarries to bless my state:
I must keep it one day more for him.

'Is one day more so long to wait?
Moreover, the Duke rides past, I know;
We shall see each other, sure as fate.'

And the Duke, too, had reasons to wait. However —

'Be sure that each renewed the vow,
No morrow's sun should arise and set
And leave them then as it left them now.

'But next day passed, and next day yet,
With still fresh cause to wait one day more
Ere each leaped over the parapet.
. . . . . .
'So weeks grew months, years; gleam by gleam
The glory dropped from their youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream.'

Then the lady summoned a carver of 'Robbia's craft' and commanded:

'Make me a face on the window there,
Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square!
. . . . . .
'Where is the use of the lip's red charm,
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm —

'Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine?
A lady of clay is as good, I trow.'

And the Duke had 'bade them fetch'

'Some subtle moulder of brazen shapes —
"Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
Ere his body find the grave that gapes?"'

And at this prudence and cowardice Browning hurled his scathing invective, thus:

> 'The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
> Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
> Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.'

Ferdinand had hated the scandal that his brother's infatuation for Bianca brought upon their name. He might have been expected to think long and well before snatching the bride of one of his leading nobles. But Browning had no patience with a man who could weigh a dukedom in the scale with love. And as he and Elizabeth had 'run away,' I like to imagine him reading this poem, as he was working on it, to her, in Casa Guidi; and to see her, as he has pictured her in 'By the Fireside,' listening to it, by firelight,

> '. . . . . that great brow
> And the spirit-small hand propping it,'

and the dark ringlets framing her transfigured face.

Before you leave Ferdinand's statue, you may like to be reminded that it is made from the bronze guns captured from the Turks in the victories gained by Ferdinand's fleet; and that it was this statue which Marie de' Medici had in mind when she declared her intention of presenting Paris with an equestrian statue of her husband, Henry IV, to be set up on the 'prow' of the Île de la Cité, between the two sections of the Pont-Neuf.

She wrote to her Uncle Ferdinand asking him to allow Giovanni da Bologna to execute it; and as the sculptor was then past eighty and might not live to complete the commission, Marie coolly requested Uncle Ferdinand to give her the bronze horse of his statue, and get himself another.

Ferdinand refused to do this, but suggested that the moulds used for casting his horse might be put at Marie's service. Bologna's statue was melted by the Revolutionists, in 1792, and the one we see to-day is a nineteenth-century production set up when the Bourbons came back into power with Louis XVIII.

Ferdinand may have been a too-prudent lover, but he deserves to be remembered for some other things than his failure to elope.

He had, while cardinal, built the Villa Medici at Rome, and gathered together there a superb collection of antique sculpture, including the 'Venus de' Medici,' the 'Dancing Faun,' the 'Wrestlers,' the 'Knife-Whetter,' the group of Niobe and her children, the 'Apollino' — all now in the Uffizi Gallery, which was for a long while so much more noted for its sculpture than for its pictures that it was called, down to quite recent times, 'the Gallery of the Statues.'

And Ferdinand's connection with the opera should be gratefully borne in mind. Toward the beginning of his reign a few music-lovers had formed themselves into a society to bring about a reform on the lines of what they believed to have been the method of the Greeks in their dramas — to see whether, instead of musical interludes being introduced here and there into dramas, it might not be possible to combine the two, the drama being sung continuously.

This society held its meetings in the Bardi Palace; and the first continuous musical drama, 'Daphne,' was performed in the great hall of the Uffizi in 1597. Next came 'Euridice,' which was first performed in the same hall in 1600 at the marriage festivities of Marie de' Medici.

Ferdinand virtually created Leghorn, and by making it a port of universal toleration, an asylum for the persecuted of all religions and nationalities, saw it rise in a score of

years from an obscure fishing village into the leading commercial port of Italy after Genoa.

Now, make your visit to the Basilica of the Annunciation (not forgetting to see Giovanni da Bologna's sepulchre, and the chapel of the Brotherhood of Saint Luke, off the Cloister of the Dead, where Cellini lies).

Then see the Hospital of the Innocents, or Foundling Asylum, the oldest institution of its kind in Europe, with its beautiful portico, its lovely della Robbia *bambini*, and its chapel altarpiece, 'The Adoration of the Magi,' by Ghirlandaio.

If, now, you go to the first cross-street south of Piazza della Santissima Annunziata, Via degli Alfani, follow it in an easterly direction for a block, and turn down Via della Pergola, you will come, soon, to Via Sant' Egidio which leads to Piazza Santa Maria Nuova, and the hospital that Folco Portinari built. (Or, you may come back down Via de' Servi, which you went out, and turn east in Via Bufalini. In either case, it is a very short walk from one hospital to the other.) This may seem an excessive amount of hospital to you; and if it does, I shall not quarrel with you, since there is nothing here that Beatrice and her father knew.

What you'd rather do, perhaps, is to walk down Via della Colonna (on the north of the Innocenti) past the house where Cellini was living when he cast his Perseus (between Numbers 31 and 32), and pay a visit to the Museo Archeologico, in Palazzo Crocetta, at 28 Via della Colonna.

The Etruscan and Roman remains here are not only of incalculable value to the student, but of absorbing interest to most of us when explained by one who has a gift for such explaining. This is one of the places where I would that there might be assistant curators who are able to

talk interestingly on the exhibits — one speaking English, another French, another German, and another Spanish, after the manner of the Trappist monks at the catacombs of Saint Calixtus in Rome. It may be that some of the professional guides to Florence are capable of doing a scant justice to this museum; but I doubt it.

Perhaps you know a Mæcenas who would endow an English lectureship here. Florence always has a large English-speaking colony, including many scholars. Why not a fund, an endowment, the income from which will enable a good student of archæology (the sort who's bent on sharing and popularizing what he knows, rather than on keeping it as exclusive as possible) to live in Florence for a year and give one 'tour' a day (morning or afternoon) of a treasure-house like this?

Pending this time, we must do the best we can here. I'd like to offer you some help, but am afraid to venture — being no archæologist. My interest in these things, and eagerness to know about them, enables me to get a good deal from them that pleases me; but it might horrify the savants if I essayed to pass it on to you. So I'll just remind you not to miss the Idolino (in Room 17), a Greek bronze of the fifth century B.C., 'the golden age' of Greek art; nor the bronze statue of the 'Orator' (in Room XI); or the famous François vase (in Room XII), and the sarcophagi in adjoining rooms numbered XXI and XXII.

When you leave here, you are but a very short distance from the English Cemetery, where Elizabeth Barrett Browning lies, and Walter Savage Landor. If you follow Via della Colonna to Via Borgo Pinto, and, turning to your left, walk two blocks up the latter, you will find yourself at Piazza Donatello, on which is the little cemetery.

At the cemetery gate, you can take tram number 19, the Viale di Circonvallazione (or line of the outer boulevards)

to the entrance of the Cascine, on the other side of town; and there get a cab for driving in the park. Or, if you were at the Cascine yesterday, leave your tram at Via Santa Caterina (two blocks after you pass Piazza Cavour) and take tram number 3 to Piazza dell' Unità Italiana, which is alongside the Church of Santa Maria Novella. For the part it has played as a background in Florentine history, and for its many famous works of art, this church is one that should not be slighted by even the most hurrying visitor in Florence with the smallest possible interest in churches *per se*.

Detailed information about the church is so accessible, in our guide-books, that I shall not repeat it here.

But be sure to do justice to the Rucellai Chapel and Cimabue's Madonna; to the Strozzi Chapel, with Orcagna's paintings of Heaven and Hell as Dante had helped him to conceive them, and the other chapel of the same name, with Benedetto da Maiano's tomb for Filippo Strozzi; the choir, with Ghirlandaio's frescoes, at which he was working when the boy Michelangelo was studying with him; the Cloisters, and the Spanish Chapel.

Via de' Fossi, one of the most tempting shopping streets in Florence (brocades, brasses, bronzes, marbles, antiques, majolica, terra-cottas, etc.), leads from the Piazza Santa Maria Novella down to Piazza Goldoni at the Ponte alla Carraia. And if you have any money left when you get through it, you can spend it delightfully and to excellent purpose in Via Borgo Ognissanti, running northwest from Piazza Goldoni, or in Via di Vigna Nuova, running northeast from it.

V

ACROSS THE ARNO

Now, on a morning (preferably Thursday), which you may have begun by stepping for a moment into the Church of the Ognissanti (at the very door of the hotels where a majority of travellers stay), to reflect on Amerigo Vespucci and Botticelli and Simonetta, who are all buried there, take your way, as unfatiguingly as possible, to the Ponte Vecchio.

Our objectives to-day have great variety; for we are bent upon the Pitti Palace and Museum and the Boboli Gardens; on quaint little old shops and the carts of country-folk come to market; on watching the fishermen and sand-gatherers in the river; and going past Macchiavelli's house, and stopping at Casa Guidi, and passing on out through Porta Romana to the Certosa, and to call at Arcetri, in company with John Milton, on Galileo.

If some American or Englishwoman living in Florence would only open, on or near Piazza Pitti, a modest little tea-room where one could get a good cup of tea and a plate of sandwiches, I think I could almost insure her a livelihood, and I *know* I could insure her a grateful place in the affections of thousands of travellers. For there isn't a place (that I know of) on that bank of the Arno where a sight-seer may bend a knee in rest; and it's very wearying to 'trek' way back to one's hotel and return. Yet return one must; for no half-day can ever cover what even the most fleeting traveller wants to see hereabouts.

Pending the opening of that tea-room, the only thing I can suggest is that those who make this visit on Thursday

take with them a discreet small packet of luncheon put up by Doney or Giacosa in Via Tornabuoni, or by their hotel; 'check' this at the entrance of the Museum; and consume it in some secluded spot of the exquisite Boboli Gardens. I can only trust that for making this suggestion about a picnic in the King's palace gardens, I do not find myself in limbo on my next visit to Florence — or get *you* landed in limbo for essaying it!

You must do the best you can about rest and luncheon. Here's what there is to see:

As you cross the bridge, or loiter on the quay approaching it, note the sand-gatherers at work in the river. Theirs is an old, old trade which harks back to Dante's day and beyond. Palaces were built for defence, and the walls were double, with a space between that was filled with coarse gravel and a cement made of fluid sand; this filling hardened into a well-nigh indestructible mass, and greatly strengthened the walls against assault. This method of building called into being the trade of sand-gathering (*renaioli*, its workers are called); and while houses are no longer built for defence, they still use (as you have doubtless noticed) great quantities of mortar; so the trade is a fairly good one, especially when combined with fishing.

'It is very picturesque,' as Miss Grierson reminds us in 'Things Seen in Florence,' 'to watch these *barcaioli* [the sand-gatherers who have boats] at work, for in warm weather they often throw off all their upper garments, and we see them standing, lithe and alert, clad only in a ragged shirt and bright-colored sash, their supple, sunburned limbs showing brown and bronze against the clear, translucent green of the river, while the wet sand piled at their feet in the centre of the boat glistens and sparkles in the sunlight.'

Note them, too, as they fish with those odd-shaped nets

on arrangements of poles which are immemorially old; and as they start off to hawk their catch, carrying it in gourds strung to their waists. These gourds furnish the poorer people of Florence with a cheap and durable substitute for crockery. The peasants shape them while they are growing (and the *zucca*, which produces them, will grow in almost any corner) by resting them on boards, to make them flat on the bottom, and tying a tight bandage near the top to give it a narrow neck. Then, after it has been cut from its stem and baked in the sun, the *zucca* is made watertight by pouring into it a little boiling pitch and turning it round and round until the whole inside is coated with a kind of glaze. If you were to visit the kitchens of peasants or of poor city-folk, you would see the rafters hung with these gourds containing the family store of rice, beans, etc.

You will certainly make at least one small purchase on the Ponte Vecchio — probably of some jewelry trinket, since the shops thereon have continued to be 'goldsmiths' since Cosimo I ordered them there to replace the butchers. Much of the stuff sold there to-day is sadly pinchbeck, and what Cellini (whose bust adorns one of the open spaces) would think of it, one hates to imagine. The great artists of the Renaissance who learned the foundations of their craft in goldsmiths' shops were grown and gone on before that guild took possession of the Ponte Vecchio. Cellini was still alive, but near his journey's end. Giovanni da Bologna may have had some association with the bridge; but it is doubtful, for his apprentice days were long past when it became goldsmiths' headquarters. He lived near it, at any rate — on Borgo San-Jacopo, Number 4.

Many of the shops now on the bridge sell gew-gaws which look as if they had poured out of a hopper, so little do they suggest that delicate craft which developed sculptors and painters and a mastery of design that ranged

at will from chalices to cathedrals. But here and there among them one still gets glimpses of silversmithing, at least; and I advise some lingering purchasing at one of these — Peruzzi's, for instance, at the south end of the bridge, on the west (or right hand as you cross toward the Pitti) side.

When you leave the bridge, you are in that part of Florence least modernized, most picturesque. Here are the little shops so characteristic of old Florence; the streets that few evidences of present-day life have invaded; the people at their ages-old tasks in ages-old ways.

At your right, as you leave the bridge, is the narrow and tortuous Borgo San Jacopo with the eleventh-century Church of San Jacopo sopr Arno, in the Ridolfi chapel of which Brunelleschi tried out his theory of a Pantheon-like dome such as he had studied in Rome and meant to execute for the Duomo. Number 7 in this street is the Novellucci Palace with a courtyard that Michelozzo is said to have designed; and at Number 12 you may see the lower part of an old defence tower of Dante's day or thereabouts. At the end of the street, by the Trinità Bridge, the Frescobaldi had their palaces, in one of which Charles of Valois took up his headquarters, in 1301. And across the bridgehead from them lived that heroic Piero Capponi who told a later Charles of France (Charles VIII), 'If you sound your trumpets, we will ring our bells.'

On your left, as you leave the Ponte Vecchio, is Via de' Bardi, where Beatrice went to live, and where she died; where the elder Boccaccio worked in the Bardi Bank, and heard of Beatrice from her husband's nephews; where Petrarch's mother was born; where Niccolò da Uzzano lived; and where George Eliot made Romola live more vividly than any of those who actually made history there.

George Eliot made her first visit to Florence in the

spring of 1860, staying at the Pension Suisse, 13 Via Tornabuoni.

On the 27th of May she wrote to Major Blackwood, her publisher:

'Florence has aroused a keener interest in us even than Rome, and has stimulated me to entertain rather an ambitious project.'

This is the first hint of 'Romola.'

In the spring of '61, she was back again (always with Mr. Lewes, of course) at the Albergo della Vittoria, on the Arno, and 'dear Florence was lovelier than ever.'

'We have been,' she wrote, 'industriously foraging in old streets and old books. I feel very brave, just now, and enjoy the thought of work — but it may turn out that I can't work freely and fully enough in the medium I have chosen, and in that case I must give it up; for I will never write anything to which my whole heart, mind, and conscience don't consent, so that I may feel that it was something — however small — which wanted to be done in this world, and that I am just the organ for that small bit of work.'

From her diary I have strung together a few brief extracts which tell the outlines of what she went through in giving birth to this book. Only those who have struggled in similar agony of creation can read between the lines all that lies there; but every one (I find in lectures) gets something from the extracts which makes the book more vivid for them; so I am giving the outline here:

August 10 ('61) — Walked with G. [Mr. Lewes, her husband.] Talked of my Italian novel. [She was long since back home, in London.]

August 12 — Got into a state of so much wretchedness in attempting to concentrate my thoughts on the construction of my story, that I became desperate and suddenly burst my bonds, saying, I will not think of writing!

August 20 — This morning I conceived the plot of my novel with new distinctness.

October 4 — Still worried about my plot, and without any confidence in my ability to do what I want.

October 7 — Began first chapter of my novel.

November 6 — Almost resolved to give up my Italian novel.

December 12 — Finished writing my plot, of which I must make several other draughts before I begin to write my book.

January 1 — I began again my novel of 'Romola.'

January 26 — Detained from writing by necessity of gathering particulars about Lorenzo's death, Savonarola's preaching, etc.

February 17 — I have written only the first two chapters of my novel, besides the proem.

February 26 — I have written now about sixty pages of my romance. Will it ever be finished? Ever be worth anything?

February 27 — George Smith, the publisher, laid before G—— a proposition to give me ten thousand pounds for my new novel —— serial and book copyrights at home and abroad — but offer is given up as he wishes to commence serial publication in May, and I cannot consent to begin until I have seen nearly to the end of the work.

April 2 — At the 77th page.

May 23 — I am to publish 'Romola' in the 'Cornhill' for £7000 paid in twelve monthly payments.

September 26 — At page 62, Part VI.

October 31 — Finished Part VII.

December 17 — Extremely spiritless, dead, and hopeless about my writing.

May 16 — Finished Part XIII. Killed Tito in great excitement.

June 9 — Put the last stroke to 'Romola.'

The tradition that she wrote 'Romola' at Villa Trollope in the Piazza Indipendenza, for many years a *pension* popular with English and American visitors, is a hard one to 'down.' There is no reason to believe that she ever spent more time here than sufficed for a call upon the Trollopes; and not a line of 'Romola' was written in Florence.

Via de' Bardi has also its eleventh-century church, its decapitated towers, and its air of neither knowing nor caring what century happens to be in transit. What does a century more or less matter in a street perennially mediæval?

The street leading southwest from the bridgehead to Piazza Pitti is Via Guicciardini, named for the senator and historian of Florence whom young Cosimo I duped and outwitted. The Guicciardini Palazzo (at Number 17, at the northeast corner of Piazza Pitti) was a venerable one when the historian was born in it. His neighbor, friend, and fellow-historian, Macchiavelli, did not live to see Guicciardini's discomfiture; he died, here at Number 16, in June, 1527, just a month after the Florentines (emboldened by the Imperial sack of Rome and the imprisonment of Clement VII in Castel Sant' Angelo) for a third time banished the Medici and — as if the voice of Fra Girolamo were still driving the wills of men as a mighty wind drives fallen leaves — elected Jesus Christ King of Florence. Macchiavelli did not live to see Christ as ruler of Florence succeeded by the unspeakable mulatto, Alessandro. What pungent comment that would doubtless have provoked from him, we may imagine.

He was a strange compound, Macchiavelli! Perhaps he cannot be called a great man; but his was a master-mind, which first formulated the science of politics for the modern world.

Down to the birth of the New Learning, the Renaissance, there were (broadly speaking) just two camps of political opinion: the adherents of Papal supremacy, and the adherents of Imperial supremacy. The New Learning made men think there might be other possibilities than these, but no one evolved a definite theory of a state and a ruler (prefiguring the absolute monarchies of the

sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which played their great part in saving civilization from anarchy) until Macchiavelli began to deduce a science of government, of international relations, founded on human nature not as it *ought* to be, but as it *is*. He underestimated the ideality which lurks somewhere in most human nature, however selfish and expedient; he was misled into thinking that religion, seemingly unable to restrain men from acts violently opposed to it, was therefore without any influence in their lives; these, and other miscalculations he made. Yet he dreamed of a United Italy, protected by a national army, with a fervor which he was able to communicate (through his writings) so that it burned steadily for more than three centuries until, under Mazzini and Cavour and Garibaldi, his dream was realized — 'came true.'

We are, however, letting ourselves make too quickly the transit of Via Guicciardini; are leaving too soon the Borgo San Jacopo where we have come not only to note palaces, but to peer into the dark little old shops, where blacksmiths and coppersmiths and goldsmiths work in neighborly proximity with cobblers and carpenters and cake-bakers — all 'carrying on' with no disturbing difference from their progenitors of far-off yesterdays. The copper and brass, and the potteries, make one curse the difficulties of transporting such treasures home. But I'll never advise you to be deterred by those difficulties. Suppose your purchase *does* cost as much, by the time you get it safely home, as you could have bought it for at your favorite department-store. The worth of our possessions is the pleasure they give; and what value has your 'charge-and-send' article compared with one which is constantly evoking memories of the day-of-delights on which you found it, in some such ancient shop as these, and your efforts at bargaining for it, and the shopkeeper's comments, and so on?

I'm through resisting temptation to buy abroad. Every time I go, I resist less, because I've learned how much my trophies yield me in those reminders which are my only fortune. I try to buy discriminatingly, with due regard for where I can use a tempting thing. But I buy!

On Via Guicciardini are many shops in which I delight: majolica shops, and shops which sell the lovely painted wood articles in the Venetian manner, and shops selling stamped-leather goods.

Note well, as you wander, all the picturesque interiors which the ancient doorways frame, and marvel at the successive generations of Italian painters who lived amid such surroundings and never developed a school of *genre* painting. What would not some of us give, to-day, for a picture of Ghiberti's studio, or of the shop where Pollaiuolo's father sold poultry, or of the goldsmith's *bottega* wherein Cellini served his apprenticeship, in exchange for some of the 'Crucifixions' and agonizing saints of Italian churches and museums?

But those who commissioned art in Florence were not intent on perpetuating the picturesqueness of the humble life about them. It is to the Puritanism and the sturdy pride in labor of the Netherlanders that we owe those canvases of theirs wherein their daily life and occupations are immortalized.

The manner of life has changed little hereabouts in centuries. That curiously shaped country cart, drawn by three animals of assorted sizes and species, which blocks your way, is different in no particular, probably, from the carts past which Toscanelli crowded as he passed and repassed here, dreaming of that extension of the western horizon which a Genoese sea captain was to accomplish ten years after Toscanelli's death.

In those days, doubtless, as in these, the farmers built

their framework carts of seven kinds of wood — beech for the shafts, cypress for the floor, acacia for the triangular drag (which just clears the ground when the car is in motion, but rests upon it and prevents tipping when the horses are unyoked), ilex for the spokes, walnut for the felloes; and so on.

In those days, as in these, the horses wore just such a high wooden saddle, and tinkled with tiny bells, and glittered with metal-decorated harness, and carried just such protections against the evil eye.

Nor have the cargoes changed. Life on Tuscan farms is not essentially different from what it was when Dante knew it. While as for those magnificent white oxen, the Val de' Chiana breed with black noses and long horns, which serve the Tuscan and Umbrian farmers so efficiently and effectively, they are direct descendants of the 'milk-white steers' we read of in Roman history. It may even be that in these streets of Florence you will encounter a pair of them drawing a load of oil or wine to market.

Now, in your sauntering, you've come to the broad Piazza Pitti. I trust you started early on your rounds to-day; and that you've reached the entrance to the Pitti Gallery not too many minutes past ten o'clock. (As a matter of fact, you will do well to drive direct to the Pitti, and leave your loitering among old shops to the later part of the day.)

The Pitti Palace, in which no Pitti ever lived and wherein six generations of Medici dwelt and made history for two hundred years, was the merest fragment, half-erected and all unroofed, when Cosimo I bought it (with Eleonora's money) in 1550.

At the palace of the elder Cosimo, we recalled Botticelli's painting (now in the Uffizi) of the 'Adoration of the Magi,' Piero de' Medici's votive offering to Santa Maria

THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS

By Botticelli

The three kneeling Kings are portraits (left to right) of Cosimo, Piero, and Giovanni de' Medici. The tall young man in black standing behind the white-robed Giovanni is Guiliano de' Medici, and the youth at the extreme left in the foreground is Lorenzo. The figure at the extreme right, with head turned toward the left shoulder is Botticelli himself.

Novella for the deliverance of himself and family from the death and ruin plotted against them by Luca Pitti and his fellow-conspirators; and how Piero pardoned Pitti and converted him into a friend for life. Others, less endangered by Pitti, were less kind.

Macchiavelli tells us that when Pitti began the building of this palace, to rival and eclipse old Cosimo's across the river, 'not only did citizens and private persons contribute and aid him with things necessary for the building, but communes and corporations lent him help'; but, when his conspiracy against the Medici failed, 'straightway he learned what difference there is between success and failure, between dishonor and honor. A great solitude reigned in his houses, which before had been frequented by vast throngs of citizens. In the street his friends and relatives feared not merely to accompany him, but even to salute him, since from some of them the honors had been taken, from others their property, and all alike were menaced. The superb edifices [this, and another at Ruciano, about a mile from the city] which he had commenced were abandoned by the builders; the benefits which had been heaped upon him in the past were changed into injuries, honors into insults. Many of those who had freely given him something of great value, now demanded it back from him as having been merely lent, and those others, who had been wont to praise him to the skies, now blamed him for an ungrateful and violent man.'

I think you will wish to 'see' Luca Pitti wandering past here in those years of his shrunken dignity and fortune, looking at the low, roofless mass of what was to have been his so-sumptuous abode. Don't you wonder if Piero de' Medici was clever enough to realize how much more he humiliated his old enemy by pardoning him than he could have done by punishing him? It is our human nature to

cherish the underdog whom some one else (especially some one rich and strong) has made to yelp piteously; but it is also our very human nature to inflict cruelty upon those whom we have ourselves elected as the objects of it. Piero might have made a martyr of Pitti. Instead, he let the Florentines make a 'mark' of him. And a century later, his great-great-grandson (through Maria Salviati, Lorenzo's granddaughter, married to Bande Nere) bought the half-raised and roofless structure, together with much ground surrounding it, for nine thousand gold florins, paid to a descendant and heir of old Luca Pitti.

Most writers ascribe the design of Luca Pitti's palace to Brunelleschi; but Colonel Young (author of 'The Medici') says that when Cosimo, on making the purchase, asked for Brunelleschi's plans, they could not be found; so the building as we see it owes little to the architect of the Cathedral dome, except a small portion of the central part as far up as the seven windows over the three middle arches of the ground floor. When completed for Cosimo, 'it was a plain oblong building, three stories high, with seven windows on the front which faces the Via Romana, and without either the central court or the two great wings on either side of the latter (running back at right angles to the façade) which now form the great central court of the Palace.'

In 1553, Cosimo and Eleonora and their seven children moved into it. Here their eighth and last child was born — that Pietro who was to murder his young wife who was his mother's namesake. Here, in that same year, their first-born child died, at the age of sixteen. She was Maria de' Medici, aunt of that other Marie de' Medici who became Queen of France. The lurid chroniclers (who may be right, for all I know) declare that Cosimo poisoned Maria because he discovered she had fallen in love with a page at

his Court. If you like bloodcurdling tales, you may have them of the palace before you, in 'The Tragedies of the Medici,' by Edgecumbe Staley. I hold no brief for the Medici, and I like good, swanky villains ''sdeathing' around behind the arras, especially in castles and palaces. But — Oh, well! I'm sure that Cosimo was not a pleasant gentleman to be related to. Perhaps he was as far from pleasant as Edgecumbe Staley makes him out; perhaps he was a shade more like a human being, though still 'a bad lot.' You may have him 'as you like it'; for I am anything but arbitrary.

He liked gardens, at any rate (just as murderers frequently like canary birds), and seems to have taken the greatest pleasure in the laying-out of the beautiful Boboli Gardens. He was interested, too, in Etruscan and Egyptian antiquities, and made a collection of them which became the exceedingly important nucleus of the Archæological Museum of Florence which we visited yesterday. These are but two of the many commendable things which Cosimo carried high-handedly to execution as tyrants may — wherefor the race will always suffer them, at intervals, as a temporary relief from the futile confabulations of democracy. How sage is that Providence which permits us to saddle ourselves first with the tyranny of the many, then with the tyranny of one, and to alternate between them, learning something with every change, but never enough to rest content!

It was Cosimo who introduced the cultivation of the olive into Tuscany. It was he who established the Florentine Tapestry Manufactory whose products rivalled the Flemish and the Gobelins. You will see a magnificent collection of these tapestries if you visit the royal apartments of the Pitti Palace, open for inspection on Thursdays and Sundays.

As you stand, now, on the side of Via Romana farthest from the Palace, looking across at its windows, you may like to know that the three windows above the centre door are those of the vast Sala delle Nicchie, or Room of the Niches, which used to contain many of the antique statues collected by the Medici, and to serve as a banquet hall. It is now part of the Palace as distinguished from the Museum; this room, and all that is to your right as you stand facing the Pitti, is of the royal residence; of that to your left, part is now occupied by the Gallery or Museum, and a large part by the royal apartments.

The next two windows to your right are those of the Green Room, whose ceiling has a painting showing the Medici family receiving the keys of Tuscany direct from the hand of Jupiter. From this, one enters the Throne Room. Next on the right is the Blue Room (Sala Celeste); then, the upper part of the Chapel, and after that the Queen's apartments — first, a drawing-room called the Parrot Room; then, the Yellow Room; then, the bedroom; and beyond it, the lovely oval-shaped dressing-room hung in white satin exquisitely embroidered, and the round work-room and music-room. This latter at the extreme right of the Palace.

Back of the Parrot Room is the King's bedroom, his study, his Red drawing-room and its antechamber. The ballroom and the tapestry rooms are also on this side of the Palace; while, on the other side, back of the rooms now devoted to the Museum, are the apartments of the Crown Prince, many ceremonial rooms, etc.

Now, go to the extreme left of the Palace front, and enter the Pitti Gallery, where sixteen splendid rooms are devoted to the collection which many art-lovers consider the choicest in the world. I came near saying that I'd like to see the pictures in less gorgeous rooms, overborne by less voluptu-

ous ceilings; but I'm glad I didn't say it, for you might have thought me one of those detestable persons who pride themselves on never finding anything quite to their exacting taste. I loathe that breed, so I make no remarks about the blowsy gods who perpetually drag blowsier Medici from Love to Virtue and Glory, across ceilings so colorful that the restrained tints of the masterpieces below seem more sombre than they should.

Nor do I, as you no longer need to be reminded, venture to suggest what you shall look at in these rooms containing so many of the loveliest things ever achieved by the hand of man. But if you have a fancy for following me on my round of the Gallery, you'll probably find me drifting toward these pictures (which I cannot essay to 'place' for you, because in each catalogue I have of the Pitti Gallery, they are ascribed to different rooms):

Raphael's 'Portrait of Pope Leo X, with Cardinals Giulio de' Medici and Luigi Rossi.' This has always impressed me, greatly; and as I am quite constantly reading history which involves two of these three Medici, each time I go back to the picture (or study it in an excellent photograph of it bought at the Pitti), I find more to marvel at in Raphael's delineation.

The portraits Raphael painted, early in his career, of Angelo and Maddalena Strozza Doni. Titian's 'Portrait of a Man,' which is no longer supposed to be the Duke of Norfolk and has been guessed (by Georg Gronau) to be Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, fascinates me for exactly an opposite reason from that of Raphael's three Medici. About this man whose personality has been immortalized in what is considered 'the most splendid portrait ever painted by Titian,' we know nothing actual — not even his name; yet most of us feel that a detailed biography of him might only confuse us as to his real self which may often have been in conflict with the things he did.

There is a theory, now, that 'The Concert,' another of my great favorites in the Pitti, and long ascribed to Giorgione (Titian's contemporary and his fellow-student under Giovanni Bellini) is an early work of Titian 'while he was under the spell of Giorgione.' It is almost undoubtedly a portrait — or, rather, three portraits; but whose, we cannot guess, nor do we care to; they are transported by the music they are making; perhaps if we could see them about any of their other occupations in life, we should not recognize them for the same persons.

Among the other portraits that absorb me here are Raphael's 'Donna Velata,' probably La Fornarina; his 'Cardinal Bibbiena' — Maria's uncle; Titian's 'Ippolito de' Medici' and his 'Philip II of Spain'; Van Dyck's 'Charles I and Henrietta Maria'; Clouet's 'Henry III of France'; Velasquez's 'Philip IV of Spain'; Titian's 'Alfonso d'Este'; etc.; not forgetting the portrait of Andrea del Sarto and his wife — which isn't by Andrea, they tell us, but serves to recall and illustrate Browning's poem. You know the story, doubtless. I've heard it said that Browning wasn't altogether fair to Lucrezia (although he based his assumptions on Vasari, who knew Andrea and Lucrezia well); and that the truth about this 'faultless painter' who somehow fell short of the mark of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael (all bachelors) was not that his wife's greed shackled him, but, as Elizabeth Browning makes some one say in 'Aurora Leigh': 'this tailor's son had but his father's soul.'

It seems to be true that Michelangelo did say to Raphael, in substance, what Browning has rendered thus:

> 'Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
> Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
> Who, were he set to plan and execute
> As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
> Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!'

And it is also true that, soon afterwards, Andrea was not 'pricked on' by kings, but entreated, almost cajoled, by Francis I of France; spent a 'long festal year at Fontainebleau,' accomplishing little; that he returned to Florence to fetch his wife, and to buy some pictures for Francis; and that he stayed in Florence and spent Francis's money to build Lucrezia a fine house.

It would have been like a small-souled man to say, after such opportunities:

> 'Love, we are in God's hand.
> How strange now looks the life he makes us lead;
> So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
> I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!'

But Browning makes Andrea go on to say (to Lucrezia, although he admits 'You don't understand, nor care to understand about my art') of those who outshine him:

> 'There burns a truer light of God in them,
> In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
> Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
> This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.'

Then he goes on to say to her:

> 'Had you . . . given me soul,
> We might have risen to Rafael, I and you!
> Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think —
> More than I merit, yes, by many times.
> But had you — oh, with the same perfect brow,
> And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
> And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
> The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare —
> Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
> Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
> "God and the glory! Never care for gain.
> The present by the future, what is that?
> Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!
> Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!"
> I might have done it for you. So it seems:
> Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.
> Beside, incentive comes from the soul's self;
> The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
> What wife had Rafael, or has Agnolo?'

Of the Raphael 'Madonnas' which are the greatest glory of the Pitti, what can I say to you that has not many times been said? But you may not chance to know that the Madonna del Gran Duca, which Raphael painted before he left Florence for Rome, had been lost sight of for two hundred years when Grand Duke Ferdinand III bought it from a picture dealer who had got it from a poor widow for *twelve crowns.*

And it may be that after I have paid my tribute to the 'Madonnas,' you would see me standing again in front of 'La Donna Velata,' and would know that I was saying over, softly, to myself:

'Raphael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view — but one, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
. . . . . .

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Learn and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas.
. . . . . .

You and I will never read that volume.
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours, the treasure!"
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.'

When you leave the Pitti, you will find Piazza San Felice on which is Casa Guidi (the Brownings' house) practically at the southwest end of the Palace, where Via Maggio, leading from Ponte Santa Trinità, makes an acute angle with Via Guicciardini, or with the extension of it which is Piazza Pitti. There, Via Romana begins, at Number 19 in which is the Museum of Physical and Natural History (which is open free on Tuesdays, Thursdays,

and Saturdays, from ten to three), where you will almost certainly wish to stop for long enough to see the Galileo Tribune, with his telescope and instruments, and that index finger of his which so greatly moved Leigh Hunt.

'Above all,' Hunt wrote, 'I know not whether the most interesting sight in Florence is not a little mysterious bit of something looking like parchment, which is shown you under a glass case in the principal public library [!]. It stands pointing towards heaven, and is one of the fingers of Galileo. The hand to which it belonged is supposed to have been put to torture by the Inquisition for ascribing motion to the earth; and the finger is now worshipped for having proved the motion. After this let no suffering reformer's pen misgive him. If his cause be good, justice will be done it some day.'

Farther on in this little journey we shall recall what Milton said of his visit to Galileo. But for the moment we are back again in Via Romana running southwesterly to Porta Romana, where we may take a road (the superb Viale dei Colli) to Piazzale Michelangelo; or another, to Poggio Imperiale, the palatial villa which Cosimo II built for his wife Maria Maddalena, sister of Emperor Ferdinand II of Austria; or go straight on to the Certosa di Val d' Ema.

Poggio Imperiale is now a Government College for young women, but well worthy of a visit if Colonel Young is warranted in his belief 'that it must have been there that all these, and the other great astronomical wonders which during the next two or three years successively became known to Galileo, were first narrated to others. . . . We can imagine,' he goes on to say, 'the enthusiasm with which, after a night spent among the stars, he would hasten down to relate to Cosimo some fresh discovery; as well as the amazement with which the circle gathered in the

Grand Ducal villa on the slope of the Arcetri hill first heard the astounding truths which Galileo had to relate.'

The first hitherto unknown stars revealed to Galileo by his telescope in the first year of Cosimo's reign were the satellites of Jupiter, to which Galileo gave the name of Stellæ Medicæ.

Galileo was of a Florentine family which flourished with the Republic and declined with its fall. Through some of the temporary fortunes of that decline, the parents of the future astronomer were living at Pisa when he was born, but it was to the Monastery of Vallombrosa that the lad was sent to be educated, and thence to the University of Pisa. He wanted to become a monk, but his father intervened, and strove to make of him a man of medicine. Of mathematics he knew none at all, until he chanced, one day, to overhear a lesson in geometry given to the pages of the Grand Ducal Court of Francis I and Bianca Capella. 'His attention was riveted, his dormant genius was roused, and he threw all his energies into the new pursuit thus unexpectedly presented to him.'

When he was twenty-four, Galileo had begun to be called 'the Archimedes of his time,' and was made mathematical lecturer at the University of Pisa; and there his discoveries and demonstrations (some of the former resulting from his observation of the swinging lamp in the Cathedral, some of the latter made from the Leaning Tower) involved him in such unpopularity that he found it prudent to resign his professorship and withdraw to Florence in 1591.

The next year he was nominated to the chair of mathematics at the University of Padua, where he remained for eighteen years, his lectures being attended by distinguished persons from all parts of Europe and in such numbers that a hall seating two thousand had to be assigned for them.

Galileo constructed the first thermometer, but did not

perfect it to practicability. He did not invent the telescope. That honor belongs to an obscure German optician. But Galileo heard of a new instrument 'for increasing the apparent size of remote objects,' 'and after one night's profound meditation on the principles of refraction, he succeeded in producing a telescope of threefold magnifying power. Upon this attempt he rapidly improved, until he attained to a power of thirty-two, and his instruments, of which he manufactured hundreds with his own hands, were soon in request in every part of Europe.'

Galileo's direction of his new instrument to the heavens formed an era in the history of astronomy. Discoveries followed upon it with astounding rapidity and in bewildering variety.

It was on the 7th of January, 1610, that Galileo first saw the satellites of Jupiter, and named them in honor of Cosimo II. In September he was nominated philosopher and mathematician extraordinary to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and here at Florence he passed his remaining years (two-and-thirty, they were) with the exception of his stays in Rome. Cosimo established him in the villa at Arcetri, which he continued to inhabit, with interruptions, until he died there, in 1642, at the age of seventy-eight. It was there that 'one John Milton, a young English poet, destined soon to lose the sight of his eyes, came, in 1638, to visit the great Italian astronomer, grown blind already by weight of years and of sorrow.'

'There it was,' Milton wrote, 'that I found and visited Galileo, grown old, a prisoner of the Inquisition, for thinking, in astronomy, otherwise than the Franciscan and the Dominican licensers thought.'

In Galileo's Tower at Arcetri are still preserved, in the study he used for many years, his microscope, many of his astronomical instruments, his death-mask, and other in-

teresting relics. 'And by the rough wooden steps by which he himself climbed towards the sky one can now ascend to the square roof, to see the stars by night; and to see, by day, a vista almost unparalleled for beauty in all this revolving world in which we live.'

The 'Torre del Gallo,' they call it. And if you visit it, you'll wish to recall Rogers' lines:

> 'We hail
> Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of old
> For its green vine; dearer to me, to most,
> As dwelt on by the great astronomer;
> . . . . . Sacred be
> His villa (justly was it called the Gem),
> Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw
> Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars.'

The villa in which he lived, and died, is now numbered 23 Via del Piano di Giullari. It is just south of the Tower and east of the Imperial villa.

After this détour, rejoin the main road from Porta Romana, and proceed to the Certosa, one of the finest of the later mediæval monasteries. It was founded by Niccolò Acciaioli, that astute Florentine who was Grand Seneschal of Naples and practically the ruler of that kingdom during the stormy days of Queen Joanna, after the murder of her husband and co-heir. (The stretch of Lungarno between Ponte Santa Trinità and Ponte Vecchio, on the other side of the river, where the fine shops are, bears the name of Acciaioli, probably for that one of the family named Donato, who died one hundred and twenty-five years after Niccolò, and was an eminent humanist of the early Renaissance.)

Architecturally and historically, the Certosa is interesting, and it has some artistic treasures worth journeying to see. But I dare say that many of us are interested chiefly in the purchase — there on the spot where the Carthusian

monks distil it — of green and yellow Chartreuse, made from the honey of the monks' own bees and sold in those enchanting little 'Della Robbia' flasks which are such welcome gifts when we get home. And we like, too, a glimpse of the living-quarters of the Carthusians, whose manner of life has so much in it that appeals to our sense of romance.

As you return, through Porta Romana, make, I pray you, a visit of special reverence to Piazza San Felice; and, standing there as the day fades (perhaps your last day on this visit to Florence), give yourself to such reflections as Elizabeth and Robert Browning inspire.

Of all the Great Wayfarers who have come to Florence throughout the ages and have loved her and labored here to great effect, and left their memories enshrined with her, none brought a sublimer comprehension to her than these English poets, these mature runaways from paternal ire.

'See' them, with what eye you have for such retrospections, finding this place to live, and gathering together here their simple household goods (embarrassed, often, for everyday necessities, like spoons, but over-supplied with those antique chests of drawers which Robert could not resist), and settling into that Italian routine so different from the course of their staid life in London. Sit with them by their fireside, o' nights, when tiny, frail Elizabeth is waiting for the call to go, ever so gladly, down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death to bring back a new life, a new bond between them. Watch them in their ecstacy as that baby, making his immemorial, groping way through all the earliest lessons of our common life, fills their earth with miracles — for this it is to live beside a baby. Share with them their joy in the beauties of Florence, the emotion that is stirring Italy to union and a national life. No mere museum of a dead past is Italy to them, but an in-

tensely living land, vibrant as ever with great passions, ardent as ever for great experiments. Hark to the talk that flows when their distinguished friends and acquaintances come here to visit them. But, best of all, listen as he reads to her one of his many tributes to their idyllic comradeship:

'My own, see where the years conduct!
At first, 'twas something our two souls
Should mix as mists do; each is sucked
In each now: on, the new stream rolls,
Whatever rocks obstruct.

'Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands?

'Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart,
You must be just before, in fine,
See and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the divine!

'But who could have expected this
When we two drew together first
Just for the obvious human bliss
To satisfy life's daily thirst
With a thing men seldom miss?
. . . . . .

'Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this!
. . . . . .

'How the world is made for each of us!
How all we perceive and know in it
Tends to some moment's product thus,
When a soul declares itself — to wit,
By its fruit, the thing it does!
. . . . . .

I am named and known by that moment's feat;
There took my station and degree;

So grew my own small life complete,
As nature obtained her best of me —
One born to love you, sweet!
. . . . . .

'So, earth has gained by one man the more,
And the gain of earth must be heaven's gain too;
And the whole is well worth thinking o'er
When autumn comes: which I mean to do
One day, as I said before.'

It was here that she wrote 'Casa Guidi Windows' and 'Aurora Leigh.' I wish we had a chapter for 'Florence in "Aurora Leigh"'! For that priestly procession in the 'great square of the Santissima,' where, on Aurora's austere English father

'A face flashed like a cymbal on his face
And shook with silent clangor brain and heart,
Transfiguring him to music. Thus, even thus,
He too received his sacramental gift
With eucharistic meanings; for he loved.'

For the 'verse he set in Santa Croce to her memory' when she left Aurora motherless at four years of age:

'Weep for an infant too young to weep much
When death removed this mother.'

For the Florence to which Aurora returned with Marian and Marian's nameless child; the house she found 'on the hill of Bellosguardo':

'A post of double observation o'er
That valley of Arno (holding as a hand
The outspread city) straight toward Fiesole
And Mount Morello and the setting sun,
The Vallombrosan mountains opposite,
Which sunrise fills as full as crystal cups
Turned red to the brim because their wine is red.
No sun could die nor yet be born unseen
By dwellers at my villa: morn and eve
Were magnified before us in the pure
Illimitable space and pause of sky,
Intense as angels' garments blanched with God,
Less blue than radiant. From the outer wall

Of the garden, drops the mystic floating gray
Of olive-trees (with interruptions green
From maize and vine), until 'tis caught and torn
Upon the abrupt black line of cypresses
Which signs the way to Florence. Beautiful
The city lies along the ample vale,
Cathedral, tower and palace, piazza and street,
The river trailing like a silver cord
Through all, and curling loosely, both before
And after, over the whole stretch of land
Sown whitely up and down its opposite slopes
With farms and villas.'

And how Aurora sat there, evenings, on her height

'Until the moon, diminished to a curve,
Lay out there like a sickle for his hand
Who cometh down at last to reap the earth.'

And all those exquisite, Apocalyptic scenes she makes us see with her from her mountain-side. I'd love room for them all, here, and for fragments of comment, of tribute, too. I'd fain have every reverent soul that goes to Florence see, through Elizabeth Browning's vision, not this fairest of cities only, but that City to which it seems so fittingly the antechamber:

'Along the tingling desert of the sky,
Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
The first foundations of that new, near Day
Which should be builded out of heaven to God.'

But mayhap you've brought a tiny pocket volume of 'Aurora' with you, and will re-read it here, upon one of these circling hills. 'Casa Guidi' should be in it, too! How many times I've conned it in these years just past (the soul-searching years since the flame of enthusiasm that war kindled had died down, and all the world was raking the gray ashes for some bits of salvage) I cannot count; nor can I say what disillusionment it has held at bay.

I always end my Florence lecture, or talk, with some of

the concluding lines of Casa Guidi, and I find that people love the glorious 'lift' they give our thoughts as Florence, with her loveliness and her great story, fades somewhat in our sight, though graven forever in our memory.

The lines are addressed to Barrett Browning, 'not two years old,' 'to whom the earliest world-day light that ever flowed, through Casa Guidi Windows chanced to come!'

Him she charges to

> '. . . be God's witness that the elemental
> New springs of life are gushing everywhere
> To cleanse the watercourses, and prevent all
> Concrete obstructions which infest the air!
> That earth's alive, and gentle or ungentle
> Motions within her, signify but growth! —
> The ground swells greenest o'er the laboring moles.
>
> 'Howe'er the uneasy world is vexed and wroth,
> Young children, lifted high on parent souls,
> Look round them with a smile upon the mouth,
> And take for music every bell that tolls;
> (Who said we should be better if like these?)
> But *we* sit murmuring for the future though
> Posterity is smiling on our knees,
> Convicting us of folly. Let us go —
> We will trust God. The blank interstices
> Men take for ruins, He will build into
> With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
> With generous arches, till the fane's complete.
> This world has no perdition, if some loss.'

It is this *forward* look, in confidence, that Florence gives us as no other city does.

What 'the elemental new springs of life' now gushing in Florence, may do to 'cleanse the watercourses' of Italy and all the world, we need not try to guess. The great fact for us, it seems to me, is that Florence lies there for our stream of life to flow through and take therefrom that which shall make our far fields verdant and fruitful.

To have been in Florence and not to have felt this is, it seems to me, like having been on the Transfiguration Mount without having seen the Miracle.

PART II
FLORENCE TO VENICE

PART II

FLORENCE TO VENICE

This is a trip I advise taking by motor if possible; not only because motoring increases the interest by at least a hundred-fold, but because the train journey is more than ordinarily inferior to motoring on account of the almost incredible number of tunnels. The road has just been electrified, I'm told; and certainly no road in the world can have had more urgent need of it. The rail ride takes about seven and a half hours. The motor ride can be comfortably accomplished in one day (I have done it several times) if you leave Florence at 8 A.M. This gives a fair amount of time for stops at Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua, and permits one to dine at Venice if he so desires. But it is a great pity to dash through Bologna, where there is a lot to see and a supremely comfortable hotel: the Baglioni-Majestic.

If you have three days for the trip, you may include Forli and Ravenna, with a first day's mileage of eighty-six to Ravenna, and forty-two to Bologna by the shortest road. Then have a day (and two nights) at Bologna, and a longer stop at Ferrara and Padua on the third day.

By the direct route, the distance is about a hundred and seventy miles. If you get a car at three and a half lire per kilometre, or some thirty-three cents a mile, your expense for the trip will be in the neighborhood of $120, counting mileage, driver's tip, and his expenses on the road. Going to Ravenna adds only some sixty kilometres, or thirty-seven and a half miles, to your total cost for the car. Two more nights' expense for your chauffeur en route, empty return the same as from one-day trip, and tip only slightly

increased, would bring the transportation cost for a three-day trip to about $145, or a little over $35 per day for the car (counting the day you're not enjoying it, while it returns to Florence). If you cut this trip to two days, you save only some sixty lire, or about $3.50, on a day's road expenses for your driver. I'd certainly add *that* to my costs, for the sake of a day in Bologna!

One thing I am very often asked is, how the cost of motoring compares with the cost of first-class rail travel. The price of a first-class rail ticket from Florence to Venice is (as I write) 142 lire and 30 centimes, or about $7.50.

The difference in price is very great. But when you travel by train, you go between point and point. When you travel by motor, you see places en route.

An alternative would be to break your train journey at Bologna (eighty-two and a half miles from Florence), again at Ferrara, and once more, at Padua; this is a perfectly feasible thing to do. Suppose you spend a half-day, and a night, at Bologna; leave there early in the morning for Ferrara (less than thirty miles); and take an afternoon train from Ferrara to Padua (twenty-seven miles) or to Ravenna (forty-six miles). If you go to Ravenna, you must go back to Ferrara to continue on your way to Venice. Another possibility is to stop in Padua for your second night, and after seeing something of it the next morning, visit some of the famous villas of the Venetian aristocracy between Padua and Fusina, where you may take a little steamer for Venice. The rail route from Florence to Bologna, nineteen miles longer than the motor road, goes by way of Prato and Pistoia, at both of which places I'd be tempted to stop before reaching Bologna, though they are more conveniently visited out from Florence during your stay there.

The motor route to Bologna, over the Futa Pass (2750

feet), goes out through Porta Rosso, north of Piazza Cavour, climbs the steep hill to Pratolino, and follows a due-northerly course, whereas the railway bends far to westward. There is another motor road, from Prato north to Sasso, and thence in to Bologna; and a third which goes from Florence through Prato to Pistoia, and thence, via Vergato and Sasso, to Bologna. These I have not tried, so I cannot report on them.

I don't know what besides sausages Bologna says to you: whether leaning towers or Italy's oldest university; Saint Dominic or Savonarola; Guido Reni or Giovanni di Bologna — who wasn't of Bologna at all, but from France. If you have a definite purpose in going there, you doubtless know what you wish to see, and will need little direction for getting to it.

But if you are of the state of mind which is a bit vague as to Bologna's attractions, I suggest that in a brief visit you will do very well indeed if you make Bologna distinct in your mind for its association with the following:

I don't believe I'd 'grapple' with the antiquity of Bologna — although the collections in the Museo Civico are full of most interesting things illustrating not only the Roman, the Etruscan, and the Umbrian periods, but even prehistoric dwellers hereabouts, some of them inhabiting lake villages.

I believe that if I were tarrying but a night and part of a day at Bologna, I'd wander (soon after arriving) down Via dell' Indipendenza to Via Rizzoli, and along the latter (eastward) to the Piazza di Porta Ravegnana, where the Due Torri, or two leaning towers, are.

The Asinelli family started their tower in 1109, and though it seems to have been ten years a-building, they probably let it be known from the first that it was to be three hundred and twenty feet high; for the next year

(1110) the Garisenda family started to build a higher one. How high they got we do not know, for theirs is less than half the height of the Asinelli Tower now. But it would seem that the Garisenda may have been the taller as well as the more leaning when Dante knew these monuments of patrician pride. He says that the giant Antæus, stooping to place Virgil and Dante in the lowest abyss of Hell 'that Lucifer with Judas low ingulfs,' was

> 'as appears
> The tower of Garisenda, from beneath
> Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud
> So sail across, that opposite it hangs.'

The Asinelli tower leans only four feet out of the perpendicular, in three hundred and twenty feet. The Garisenda leans ten feet in one hundred and fifty-six.

Then, if the day were not too far spent, I'd go down Via Santo Stefano (leading southeast from the piazza where the towers are) past the fourteenth-century Chamber of Commerce, or Mercanzia, to the Basilica of Santo Stefano, one of the oldest churches in Italy and one of the most curious, consisting of no fewer than seven buildings, of different dates, the earliest of them built about the middle of the fourth century, with the débris of Roman structures; another (San Sepolcro) is a circular church which some authorities ascribe to the sixth or seventh century and believe to be built on the site of a temple of Isis. Even if I were not interested in old churches, as such, I'd be interested in this one because of all the great figures out of long-gone days, whose shadows were cast there and may still lie there for my inner eye to see.

Perhaps when I had mused there on Saint Dominic and Savonarola and Loyola, on Dante and Petrarch and Cervantes, I'd walk west in Via Farini to Piazza Calderini and turn south toward San Domenico which (ironically

SUPPER OF SAINT DOMINIC
By an unknown painter of the Umbrian School

enough) is on Piazza Galileo — the shrine of the Dominicans' founder abutting on a square named for the great scientist whom the Dominicans tried to silence; and adorned by his statue. (See page 133 and "Rome," page 132.)

I'd go into San Domenico to see Saint Dominic's tomb (in part by Niccolò Pisano) and to think a bit about him, as I had done about his great contemporary, Saint Francis, at Assisi. He died here in 1221, having come hither to attend a general chapter of the sixty friaries which had been founded within six years. It was at this chapter that the now so familiar Dominican habit of white wool with a black mantle, was adopted.

Standing by Saint Dominic's tomb, I seem to see a young man of twenty-three, who has just fled his parents' home in Ferrara and come hither to become a Preaching Friar. Seven years he passed here, praying much beside this shrine — perhaps accepting the martyrdom he meant to invite when he began to preach. (See page 61 *et seq.*)

When I had left San Domenico, I'd continue westward, on Via Marsili (becoming Via Urbana after it crosses Via d'Azeglio) and have a look at Collegio di Spagna, founded in the fourteenth century for Spanish students at the University of Bologna which was then attended by some ten thousand students. Loyola studied here, and Cervantes.

Then I'd wander back toward my hotel, by way of Via d'Azeglio, because it goes thither in a direct line, and takes me close to the vast church of San Petronio (which I might not visit as a church, but would almost certainly visit as the scene of Emperor Charles V's splendid coronation as the Cæsar) and past the Palazzo del Podestà and the Palazzo Communale (both of which Dante knew, when he was a student here) and through Piazza del Nettuno, where Giovanni di Bologna's bronzes adorn the Neptune fountain!

If I had any knowledge of King Enzio of Sardinia, gifted and gallant bastard of Emperor Frederick II (as, also, Manfred was, you'll remember — see "Rome," page 21) I'd take a good look at the palace on the east side of Piazza del Nettuno, where he languished a prisoner of the Guelphs for three-and-twenty years after the battle of Fossalta, in 1249.

After dinner, I'd walk straight up the street from my hotel to the Public Gardens of Montagnota and spend a time there enjoying the view and the people about me.

Next day, I might go to Museo Civico, beside San Petronio; or I might go back to the leaning towers and out Via Zamboni to the university and, across the street, to the Pinacoteca, to see Raphael's 'Saint Cecilia.'

The university in Dante's day had no buildings — the teachers taught in their rooms, or where they could. In the sixteenth century, about the time that Tasso was here, the university was given buildings close to San Petronio's. It moved to its present quarters in 1803, and has now something like eighteen hundred students.

Why Jean Bologne of Douai should seem to be linked with Bologna rather than with Florence, where so much more of his work was done and where he lies buried, is hard to say.

Guido Reni, born near here (in 1575), was educated at Bologna and returned hither after he had made fame and fortune at Rome, to live here in great splendor — which gradually diminished through his madness for gambling; and toward the end of his life he spent much time 'in pawn,' as 'twere, painting for Shylock dealers who had advanced him money and who stood over him threateningly whilst he filled canvases to their order.

At Ferrara, who can give much thought to others than the Este family?

On your way north, from Rovigo to Padua, you'll pass through Monselice, which is but five miles from the town of Este, on the road to Mantua. This ancient place, Ateste, gave its name to a family which has been surpassed by few in the pages it has writ in Renaissance history. I suggest going to Este, not for their sake so much as to visit the villa of Lord Byron where Shelley wrote 'Lines Written among the Euganean Hills,' and Arquà Petrarca (three and a half miles northwest of Este), where Petrarch died, reading, and where you may visit his house and his tomb.

To what great 'occasion' at the Castle of Ferrara shall I invite you? If you can attend but one, doubtless you will choose it to be an affair which concerns Isabella d'Este, 'the greatest lady of the Renaissance,' with whom you feel on terms of almost intimacy, I dare say, through the many and fascinating pages of Julia Cartwright's 'Life' of her which nearly everybody (I'm glad to say) seems to read.

Perhaps you stand in the Piazza before that most picturesque, moated, and memory-evoking Castle on the May Day in 1480 when the betrothal of the two tiny sisters was publicly proclaimed — six-year-old Isabella to the Marquis of Mantua's heir, and wee Beatrice to Ludovico Sforza. (See page 203.)

Or it may be that you are here to attend Isabella's wedding, in February, 1490, and see her ride through the city in her fine new chariot draped with cloth of gold; attend her magnificent wedding banquet; and watch her embark on the richly carved and gilded bucentaur in which, attended by four galleys and fifty boats, she set out for her new home in Mantua, by way of the river Po.

Twelve years later, Isabella came to Ferrara to preside at the splendid (and tiresome!) pageantries prepared for the welcome of her brother's bride, the thrice-wed Lucrezia Borgia. Isabella's detailed description of these fes-

tivities you may read in her letters as Julia Cartwright gives them.

Or, you may have come to spend Carnival here, in 1538, with Isabella d'Este and Vittoria Colonna.

Two of Isabella's brothers, the Cardinal and the Duke (Lucrezia Borgia's husband) were 'patrons' — to poor purpose! — of Ariosto, and Isabella knew well the author of 'Orlando Furioso,' who died at Ferrara (number 67 Via Ariosto — which runs north from Viale Cavour, a little distance west of the Castello), but though she knew Bernardo Tasso, Torquato (see "Rome," page 50), who is so closely, and tragically, identified with this castle, which was her birthplace, was not yet born when Isabella died; and it was her grand-nephew who cast the author of 'Jerusalem Delivered' into the madhouse, which you may see if you will follow the broad Corso della Giovecca eastward from the Castello, to number 41.

The Cathedral at Ferrara has a beautiful façade; but I'm not going to pretend to you that I have ever investigated the interior; for I have never been in Ferrara for longer than an hour or two at a time; and that Castello holds me spell-bound; that, and the present Palazzo Communale, south of the Castello, which was another and older home of the Este family, and connected with the Castello — as was, also, the Palazzo della Ragione; it is in the three of them that we must see the Estes. André Maurel says that it was in the Palazzo Communale that they preferred to live. There is also the Schifanoia Palazzo (where the Museo Civico now is) and the Diamanti, out on Corsa Porta Po. But if you make a brief stop at Ferrara (as most people do who stop there at all) I believe you will find most of what you want in the vicinity of the moated Castello.

Ferrara is a delightful little city. Maurel found it 'like a charming city of Touraine, fresh, shady, perfectly con-

COURT OF ISABELLA D'ESTE
By Lorenzo Costa

tented, its castle in the midst of its industrious citizens'; and thought that when Renée, the daughter of Louis XII and Anne de Bretagne, came here to marry Lucrezia Borgia's son, she could not have felt far from the Touraine castles which had been her homes.

If you have a fancy for the humors of history, you may like to think of John Calvin finding refuge here in the court of Roderigo Borgia's grandson.

It was Renée's children with whom Tasso was associated. Her eldest daughter, Anna (named for Anne de Bretagne), was the wife of the Duke of Guise murdered at Blois. The daughter Leonora, with whom Tasso was accused of daring to be in love, died unmarried. Her sister Lucrezia was the Duchess of Urbino.

How many and many a page of history and romance they've filled — these people of Ferrara! If you love ghosts out of glowing pages, you must give yourself at least a few hours at Ferrara.

And then, you go on to Padua, reputed to be a daughter of Troy. But if you're motoring, you'll probably pause at Monselice, and you may go to Este and Arquà. If you're a lover of books I don't see how you can refrain from going!

There are things at Padua I like to see. But if time were lacking for all, I'd rather make this détour, and see less at Padua. You may, of course, feel otherwise.

I'm sure that many travellers who are not medical men will feel that one of the most interesting spots in Padua is the Anatomical Theatre of the University, wherein he sat as a student who was to startle the world with his discovery of the circulation of the blood: William Harvey of England. He was here in 1602, while Galileo was teaching physics here. A greater Englishman may have been here before him. I dare say that the 'evidences' of Shakespeare's having studied at Padua are puerile to scholars. But, not being

a scholar, I like to hope they're credible. At any rate, if Shakespeare was never on Italian soil, 'tis not until we have been there that we begin truly to delight in him and understand him.

I'd see Donatello's 'Gattamelata' if I saw nothing else at Padua — partly for its own sake, and partly for purposes of comparison, since you are soon to see Verrocchio's 'Colleoni' at Venice. I'd see Giotto's frescoes in the church of Madonna dell' Arena (there's the ruin of a Roman arena close by), even if I were not 'a fresco fan'; because they are not only great, and very celebrated, but intensely interesting. Here is a place where a good guide-lecturer can give you, in an hour, ideas which will enrich all your picture-seeing ever afterwards. I know one such (a professor of the University of Padua, French by birth, speaking perfect English) who is sometimes available through Mr. Moroli's Venice office. It might be that you could, by writing ahead — or having the Florence office do it for you — arrange to have him meet you on your arrival in Padua, at the Arena. I am sure that if you do, you will feel that it was eminently worth while.

Another thing to make a point of seeing, in Padua, is Il Salone, a twelfth-century great hall of vast proportions. And, of course, most visitors will want to see Il Santo, the basilica-most-Byzantine built as a tomb for Saint Anthony whom Padua claims, though Portugal gave him to the world. He was contemporary with Saint Dominic and Saint Francis of Assisi.

From Padua to San Giuliano (the mainland nearest Venice) is some twenty-seven miles; and the loveliest time to cover those miles — to my way of thinking — is in the afterglow of a long, ling'ring day, approaching Venice as the dusk deepens to dark, and the Bride of the Adriatic puts her myriad twinkling jewels on.

PART III
VENICE

PART III

VENICE

It is my experience that travellers, except those who are students of architecture, sculpture, and painting, and perhaps a few who are specially interested in Venetian history, incline to do very much less sight-seeing in Venice than they do anywhere else in Italy. The majority, perhaps, reach Venice after having traversed Italy from Naples and are pretty well fatigued with their strenuous efforts to comprehend Rome and Florence; so that by the time they get to Venice they are thoroughly ready for relaxation. And they couldn't seek it in a better place. Those who visit Venice in the summer months, and make of their stay by the Adriatic a combination of seaside pleasures and the restfulness of sight-seeing in a gondola, will find themselves greatly refreshed thereby for the rest of their journey; and those who arrive at a time when the Lido is less attractive as a residence may still get the benefits of a delightful interlude in their sight-seeing 'by taking it easy' at Venice. With this in mind, I have given the major part of our book to Rome and Florence where the most serious sight-seeing is done, and saved only a brief chapter for Venice which really ought to be principally a playground.

There are, of course, certain things about the yesterdays of Venice that every intelligent traveller, however much on pleasure bent, likes to have somewhere in the back of his mind as he enjoys the beauty and charm of Venice. So

we'll refresh our recollections of a few of these, trying to select only those which make more appealing to us the things we see as we wander about this dreamlike city, bent upon romance first and last of all things.

There was an old tradition among the Venetians of long ago that Saint Mark, on his way from Alexandria to preach in Aquileia, was caught in a violent storm and driven to land on one of the islands where Venice is now built. And as he stepped forth from his frail bark an angel saluted him and said, 'Peace to thee, Mark, my evangelist,' adding that one day Mark's body should find a resting-place and veneration here. Nearly eight hundred years later some Venetians who were trading with the Infidels, in defiance of the prohibition against their doing that, succeeded in stealing Saint Mark's body and carrying it to Venice. The body, it seems, was being guarded where it lay by a man named Theodore, and when the three Venetians begged his help in getting the body away, he warned them of the dangers, but finally consented to help them. They went by night to the sepulchre where the body lay and put it in a basket and covered it with cabbages and swine's flesh, and in the tomb they had robbed they laid another body, and sealed it as before. On the voyage back toward Venice a mighty wind arose by night and the ship was driven onto the rocks, when Saint Mark awakened the master-mariner and warned him of their danger so that the voyage was accomplished without mishap, and Saint Mark came to the resting-place which had long ago been promised him. Over the principal entrance of the Cathedral of San Marco to-day you may see this story pictured in mosaics, gorgeous in their colors and with gold. The church, built as a shrine for his remains, was begun in 830. Whether Theodore came with the remains or not, I have not been able to learn, but it is not he who shares with Saint Mark the honors as

patron Saint of Venice, and whom you see on his pillar as you stand looking out from the Piazzetta between the Pillars of Saint Theodore and Saint Mark which frame, as it were, one of the loveliest prospects in the world. *That* Saint Theodore is an earlier patron of Venice, before Saint Mark's day.

After the building of the shrine of Saint Mark, the anniversary of his body's coming to Venice was the occasion for the marriageable girls of Venice to repair to the Church of San Pietro di Castello on a little island at the east end of the city, bearing their dowries with them in caskets, for the ceremony of formal betrothal to their lovers. One Saint Mark's Day, in 944, some pirates from Trieste concealed themselves in the thick brush which then covered part of the island of San Pietro, forced their way into the church during the ceremony, seized the brides and the caskets, and rushed back to their boats on the beach. The Doge, who was present, called the people to arms and the avengers set forth in pursuit, overtaking the pirates in a remote part of the lagoons, defeating them, and returning in triumph with the brides and their dowries. To commemorate the rape and rescue of the brides of Saint Mark it was, for a long time thereafter, the custom for the Doges, on the day of the Purification of the Virgin, to proceed in state to the Church of Santa Maria Formosa where twelve poor girls, unable to provide themselves with dowries, were dowered by the community. If you do any sight-seeing at all in Venice, you will almost certainly go to the church where this ceremony took place to see the 'Saint Barbara' of Palma Vecchio which is one of the pictures that all the world knows and nearly everybody admires.

In course of time a newer and larger and more sumptuous Church of Saint Mark was built on the site of the old one destroyed by fire in 976, but the new church was an empty

shrine, for all trace of the Saint's body had been lost. So it was decided to institute a solemn fast and procession and pray for a sign revealing the hidden relics. On the 25th of June this procession took place and a great light shone from a pillar near the Altar of Saint James, part of the masonry fell away, a hand with a ring of gold on the middle finger was thrust out, and a sweet fragrance filled the church. So the body was found and a great festival was instituted to commemorate the discovery. Among those who visited Venice when the fame of this miracle was spread abroad was the Emperor Henry IV, whom we have met before in these pages. He was magnificently received in Venice and greatly impressed with the beauty of its site and the splendors of its architecture.

This was about the time that the enthusiasm of the First Crusade was sweeping over Europe, and from that time on, for a number of years, Venice played a great part in the story of the Crusades, that great movement which carried the men of Western Europe into the East to wrest from the Infidel the Holy Sepulchre, and as a result of which those men carried back from the East the elements of a new civilization. The Venetians were traders, primarily, and were drawn into the Crusades not by their enthusiasm for the undertaking, but because they had ships and sailors for the transportation of those armies flocking to the East; and mid all the fervent enthusiasm of those times they kept their heads cool and their efforts well directed toward the extension of their commerce and dominion in the East. We read of one bargain they drove in the Fourth Crusade, when their Doge agreed to furnish transports for forty-five hundred horses, nine thousand esquires, forty-five hundred knights, and twenty thousand footmen with provisions for nine months. The sum asked for these was a stiff one, and it was suggested that Venice would add to the fleet at her

own expense fifty armed galleys on condition that of all the conquests made on land or sea 'we shall have the one half and you the other.' There were many disappointments and delays before the great fleet sailed, but at length it got under way, and must have been, indeed, a gorgeous spectacle as it sailed out of this harbor and disappeared toward the East.

The vessels, we are told, were one mass of glittering steel and magnificently colored banners. The air trembled with the blast of trumpets and with the swelling chorus of 'Veni, Creator,' sung by those aboard and those on shore. I'm sure you'll like to stand at the Riva degli Schiavoni and imagine yourself a spectator, watching those splendid vessels flaunting their golden lions of Saint Mark on crimson banners as they disappear toward the land of the Holy Sepulchre.

With all that they did on that Crusade we must not concern ourselves here; but not to recall in Venice those pages of history which were written here during the years of the Crusades is to miss much that is most colorful and romantic in the past of this bride of the Adriatic. A Venetian annalist of the end of the thirteenth century has left us a detailed picture of his city as he knew it, describing it as 'the fairest, noblest, and pleasantest city in the world, filled with all beauty and excellency. From all places come merchants and merchandise and goods run through that city even as waters do from fountains. Provisions in abundance men find there, and bread and wine, and land fowl and water fowl, meat — fresh and salt; and great fish from the sea and from the rivers. You shall find within that fair city a multitude of old men and youths who for their nobleness are much praised. Merchants and bankers and craftsmen and sailors of all kinds, and ships to carry to all places, and great galleys to the hurt of her enemies. There too are seen

ladies, youths and maidens adorned most richly. Toward the east is the fairest church in the whole world, the church of Monsignor Saint Mark, and next is the palace of Monsignor the Doge, great and most marvellously beautiful. Toward the south is the end of the Piazza, over the sea; and on one side of that Piazza is the palace of Monsignor the Doge and on the other side are palaces to house the commoners, and these hold as far as the Campanile of Saint Mark which is so great and high that the like could not be found. Next are the palaces of the Treasurers whom the Venetians call the Procurators of San Marco.'

I quote this in some detail because, although it was written 'in the year of the Incarnation of Our Lord, 1267,' it is still, as you see, an exact description of the main square of Venice; and I doubt if there is another place in the civilized world where so little change occurred in nearly seven centuries. Another reason for quoting it and thinking of Venice as it was at that time is that so Venice looked when Marco Polo knew it, and Marco Polo's story is one of those I am sure you will wish to recall while you are in his native city.

He was born there in the year 1254, of a family which though noble was engaged in trading with Constantinople. When Marco was six years old, his father, in company with his younger brother, set out on a trading venture to the Crimea. They prospered in their business, but were unable to return as they had come, owing to the breaking out of a Tartar war on the road behind them. As they could not go back, they went forward, across the desert to Bokhara, where they stayed for three years, at the end of which time they were advised to visit the great Kubla Khan, a party of whose envoys were about to return to Cathay. The brothers joined them, travelling 'northward and northeastward' for a whole year before they reached the

THE PIAZZETTA AT VENICE

From the Bodleian Manuscript of Marco Polo

Khan's Court in Cathay. He received them kindly, asked them many questions about Europe, and especially about 'all that is done at Rome.' He then sent them back to Europe to ask the Pope for a hundred missionaries to convert the Khan's people to the Christian Faith. The return journey took three years, and on their arrival at Acre the Poli learned that the Pope was dead. They therefore decided to return to Venice to wait until a new Pope should be elected. They found that Nicolò's wife had died, and Marco, now a lad of fifteen, had been living for some time in the house of one of his uncles. At Venice they waited two years for a new Pope to be elected, and then felt that they must go back to the Great Khan and tell him why their mission had failed. They therefore set out again in 1271, taking Marco with them. Before they had gone far on their journey a Pope was elected, but he was not able to spare one hundred missionaries. He sent two, but they turned back when they reached the edge of the unknown. The Poli journeyed on for three and a half years and arrived at the Khan's Court, not far from Pekin, in the middle of 1275. He received them honorably and graciously, making much of Marco, who learned the speech and customs of the 'Tartars,' and was employed by the Khan as a visiting administrator to wild and distant provinces, where Marco noted carefully the strange customs, delighting the Khan with his tales of adventure when he returned.

Some seventeen years passed thus, and the Khan was growing old, so the three Venetians became eager to return home. At first, Kubla refused to allow them to leave his Court; but the Khan of Persia had sent to Cathay for a wife, and, as it was necessary for her to go by ship, Kubla entrusted the three Venetians, who were skilled mariners, with the care of the Princess, fitting out for the journey a splendid squadron of ships which was about two years on

the voyage to Persia, during which time the expedition lost six hundred men. The Khan of Persia was dead when his bride arrived, so the beautiful maiden was handed over to his son, who sent the Poli forward across country with troops of horse, and they arrived safely at Venice in the year 1295, having been gone almost a quarter of a century.

'There are,' says John Masefield, in his introduction to 'The Travels of Marco Polo,' 'some curious tales of their arrival at home. It is said that they were not recognized by their relatives, and this is not strange, for they returned in shabby Tartar clothes, almost unable to speak their native tongue. It was not until they had ripped the seams of the shabby clothes, producing stores of jewels from the lining, that the relatives decided to acknowledge them.'

Venice was at war with Genoa then, as she usually was; and in the year after their return Marco sailed away in command of a galley in the fleet of Andrea Dandolo, which was defeated and Marco was carried a prisoner to Genoa, where he languished for about three years during which time he seems to have dictated his adventures to a fellow-prisoner from Pisa who could write French. Marco returned to Venice in 1299, and probably married shortly afterwards. Little is known of his life from then on, except that on account of the extravagance of his stories he was nicknamed 'il Milione.'

'It is only,' Masefield reminds us, 'the wonderful traveller who sees a wonder, and only five travellers in the world's history have seen wonders. The others have seen birds and beasts, rivers and wastes, the earth and the local fullness thereof. The five travellers are Herodotus, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar, and Marco Polo, himself. The wonder of Marco Polo is this: that he created Asia for the European mind. When Marco Polo went to the East, the whole of Central Asia, so full of splendor and magnificence, so noisy

with nations and kings, was like a dream in men's minds. . . . The popular conception of the East was taken from the Bible, from the tales of old Crusaders, and from the books of the merchants. All that men knew of the East was that it was mysterious and that Our Lord was born there. Marco Polo, almost the first European to see the East, saw her in all her wonder more fully than any man has seen her since. His picture of the East is the picture which we all make in our minds when we repeat to ourselves those two delightful words, "The East," and give ourselves up to the image which that symbol evokes. . . . The Middle Age, even as our own Age is, was full of talk of the earthly Paradise. It may be that we have progressed in learning to talk of it as a social possibility instead of as a geographical fact. We like to think that the old Venetians went eastward on their famous journey half-believing that they would arrive there just as Columbus (two centuries later) half expected to sight land "where the golden blossoms burn upon the trees forever." They did not find the earthly Paradise, but they saw the splendors of Kubla, one of the mightiest of earthly kings. . . . The imagination is only healthy when it broods upon the kingly and the saintly. In Kubla the reader will find enough images of splendors to make glorious the temple of his mind. . . . He is like a king in a romance. It was the task of a kingly nature to have created him as he appears here. It makes us proud and reverent of the poetic gift to reflect that this king, "the lord of lords," ruler of so many cities, so many gardens, so many fish pools, would be but a name, an image covered by the sands, had he not welcomed two dusty travellers who came to him one morning from out of the unknown after long wandering over the world. Perhaps, when he bade them farewell, the thought occurred to him that he might come to be remembered "but by this one

thing" when all his glories were fallen from him and he lay silent, the gold mask upon his face, in the drowsy tomb where the lamp, long kept alight, at last guttered and died and fell to dust.'

This introduction of Masefield's seems to me so exquisite a thing, so worthy of Masefield and of the wonder-seer he commemorates, that I thought there could be few things you'd rather have in mind in Venice; so I have given it to you at some length, that you may stand here in the Piazza, which looks so much as Marco Polo knew it, and try to feel yourself one with him as he compared his native city with the splendors he had seen in the Far East.

On another occasion you must seek out the remains of his house close to where the Malibran Theatre now is, in a little court still called the 'Corte del Milione.'

The next story important to remember at Venice — next in point of time, that is — is that of Marino Faliero whose tragedy haunts the Doge Palace. In Marco Polo's day the Falieri were neighbors of his, but Marco had been dead some years when Marino Faliero, then a man of seventy-four, was elected Doge of Venice to succeed the saintly Andrea Dandolo, scholar, man of letters, and ardent patriot. Faliero had distinguished himself as a naval commander and as an ambassador, and when he was about to make his entry into Venice as Doge on an October Sunday in 1354, a thick mist arose and the air became so dark that he was compelled to land at the Piazza of San Marco on the very spot where, between the two columns, evil-doers were put to death. To the superstitious Venetians this was an evil augury, and when, just a month later, the whole of the Venetian fleet was captured by the Genoese, probably no one was surprised, although every one was plunged into mourning. Venice was still stunned by this blow when Faliero entered upon his plot to become Prince, or Lord, of

Venice. One of the conspirators disclosed the plan to a friend who was endangered by it, and the Council took steps to thwart Faliero's intention. He and his co-conspirators were arrested, tortured, and executed. The lesser among them were hanged on the red pillars of the balcony of the Palace from which the Doge was wont to look on at tourneys and bull-fights, and they were hanged with gags in their mouths. Faliero was given a more formal trial at the end of which it was decreed that he should have his head cut off and that the execution should be done on the landing-place of the stone staircase where the Doges take their oath when they first enter the Palace. On the following day, the doors of the Palace being shut, the Doge had his head cut off about the hour of noon, and when the execution was over one of the Council of Ten showed the bloody sword to the people, crying out with a loud voice, 'Lo, the doom that hath fallen on the traitor.'

In the vast Council Hall of the Doge's Palace, where Tintoretto's 'Paradiso' 'looms like a sunset mid thunder clouds,' the line of ducal portraits about the room is interrupted at one point with a black painted space and a sinister inscription in Latin, saying, 'This is the place of Marino Faliero, beheaded as a criminal.' Byron's 'Tragedy of Marino Faliero' has made this story a familiar one to English readers. It was after the death of Faliero, who had been his friend for many years, that Petrarch came to Venice, seeking a quiet home for his old age.

He probably lived here for about eight years, from 1360 to 1368, and during this time determined to bequeath to the city of Venice, which had shown him much honor, a portion of his rich library. Boccaccio was his guest here for many months, and together they talked and walked and sailed the canals and the lagoons in perfect sympathy, and there still exists a letter of Petrarch to Boccaccio asking the

latter to come again and to stay longer next time. The house occupied by Petrarch was called the Palazzo del Molin and it stood on the Riva degli Schiavoni, a short distance east of the Doge Palace. It probably was not the house now marked by the tablet and pointed out as Petrarch's, but the building on the corner of the little Calle del Dose, some forty or fifty paces to the east of the generally accepted spot. It had two towers from which Petrarch had a perfect view of the city and of the Adriatic and from which he could look at will over the navies of the then known world as they entered and left the harbor, or down upon the crowds of busy men beneath his windows. Laurence Hutton thought that Petrarch's life here must have been a happy one 'as must be the life of any man who brings to Venice some knowledge of its history, some idea of its art, some fondness for its traditions, and letters of introduction to some of its men of mind in all professions.'

It seems that at one time during this stay, when the Venetians held a famous festival in Piazza San Marco to celebrate a victory over the Greeks in Candia, the poet was seated in the place of honor at the right of the Doge in the gallery of the Cathedral and in front of the bronze horses, and he tells of the many youths decked in purple and gold, ruling with the rein and urging with the spur their horses in the then unpaved square and watched by a throng of spectators so great that a grain of barley could not have fallen to the ground.

I think you will like, as you look up at the balcony and the famous Quadriga of bronze horses (which probably once adorned the triumphal Arch of Nero, and certainly were sent by Constantine to Constantinople whence they were brought to Venice in 1204), to see Petrarch sitting there in the seat of honor at the Doge's right hand, reviewing this great spectacle. (Those horses, by the way, were

carried to Paris by Napoleon and set upon his Arc du Triomphe du Carrousel, and brought back here after his downfall. During the late War they were taken to Rome for safe-keeping and housed in the court of the Palazzo Venezia along with the Verrocchio 'Colleoni' and other treasures.)

The pigeons which are such a feature of the Piazza have their direct relation to that festival and to the victory it celebrated; for the tradition is that these are the direct descendants of the carrier pigeons which brought to Venice from spies in Candia information leading to the capture of the island. And if you like, you may, when you are feeding the pigeons to-day, imagine their remote ancestors being fed from the very hand of Petrarch. The poet was, however, not happy enough in Venice to end his days there; and left it for a more tranquil spot at Arquà, some forty miles from Venice on the way to Ferrara, where he built himself a house which we may visit if we are so inclined. Here, in one of the letters he wrote to Boccaccio, he expressed the hope that death might find him reading or writing, and the story told of his end is that he was found dead on July 18, 1374, with his head bowed over a book. Much of the Doge Palace is as Petrarch knew it, and the Great Sala del Maggior Consiglio had been enlarged to its present vast dimensions some years before he came to Venice.

A great many years of Venetian history flowed between Petrarch's withdrawal from Venice and the setting-up of the Aldine Press, but the connection between them is very close and we cannot, I think, do better than to follow it.

Venice, like several other great Italian cities which have given hospitality and inspiration to many great writers, has produced surprisingly little in what we might call native-born literature; but she played a notable part in the cause of the New Learning by favoring as she did the art of

printing at a time when it had scarcely begun to be an art. Early in the fifteenth century there had been printed at Venice, it is said, more books than at Rome, Milan, Florence, and Naples all together. When this new process made its appearance and first began to be patronized and talked about as a novelty, most of the books were so badly edited and so poorly printed that many a real booklover whose library was made up of exquisite hand-lettered and illumined volumes prided himself on not permitting a single example of printing to intrude among them. And this state of contempt for the new way of making books might have continued much longer had it not been for the labors of a man called Aldus Romanus, who settled at Venice in 1490 and seems to have lived in the parish of Sant' Agostino, not far from the church of the Frari. It is said that he had been a tutor and was discouraged by the careless transcriptions of classic literature that existed in textbooks. He dreamed of making careful books, and as a beginning toward this end he became, after he settled in Venice, a reader or lecturer on the classical tongues, 'reading and interpreting in public for the benefit of the noble and studious youth of the city, the most renowned Greek and Latin writers, collating and correcting those manuscripts which it was his intention to print.' He published Latin and Italian masterpieces in a type which he is said to have modelled on the handwriting of Petrarch as it was to be studied in the manuscripts left by the poet to the city of Venice.

The first book published by Aldus in this type was an edition of Virgil, and thereafter there issued from his Press a great number of beautiful books which are still the greatest treasures of all noted collections. The fame of his beautiful books brought so many visitors to the Press of Aldus that he was moved to hang out a sign which read: 'Whoever you are, Aldus requests you, if you want anything,

ask for it in a few words and depart, unless, like Hercules, you come to lend the aid of your shoulders to the weary Atlas. Here will always be found, in that case, something for you to do, however many you may be.'

According to tradition, a certain Hercules named Erasmus came in 1506 to lend his shoulder to the support of the load; and Laurence Hutton thought that 'Erasmus in the workshop of Aldus, printing, perhaps, his own Adages, is a picture for a poet or a painter to conjure with. Venice in all its glory never saw a greater sight.' And, while we are talking of printing, may be the best possible time to remind you that the first periodical ever published was made in Venice. It was a monthly magazine, and even after the invention of printing it appeared in manuscript. It was called 'La Gazetta,' perhaps from *gazzera*, a magpie or chatterer, or more probably from *gazzetta*, the small Venetian coin which was its price after it began to appear in type.

In Venice there are few historical personages of whom the traveller needs to be aware in order to enjoy and appreciate what he sees. There are practically no Venetian authors with whom he need chide himself for not scraping an acquaintance. There are few Venetian sculptors. As Thomas Okey has said in his 'Story of Venice,' 'Alone among the nations of Europe, Venice has given birth to no great literature. Save her crumbling architecture, all that she conceived of the beautiful is expressed in painting. . . . Through the millennial tale of her existence as a State, no great poet, no great thinker, no great dramatist meets us.' Among her architects there are few whose names are familiar to us for any works done outside of Venice; and even for those done in Venice the fame of the architect has not often survived outside the pages of books that are seldom read.

The earliest craftsmen of Venice were Byzantines, and the

beauty they brought from the Eastern Empire so stamped itself on this City of the Sea that no other type of loveliness has ever become thoroughly associated with it. San Marco was modelled on the Church of the Holy Apostles at Constantinople, and for its adornment there were brought from that city a number of mosaicists who wrought with such beauty that their art also became identified with Venice and has remained so throughout the centuries.

If you go, as I hope you will, into the workrooms of the Salviati Studios on the Grand Canal, you will see artist-artisans there employed on vast designs for mosaics some of which may be intended for use far off in America. I remember seeing there, once, mosaics in preparation for the chapel of Leland Stanford, Junior, University — thousands of miles away from the Grand Canal.

Venice, being rich, was always able to import for her beautifying the best artists of other lands; and as fast as Umbria and Tuscany and other provinces developed a notable school of art, Venice drew upon it without, however, seeming to displace the strongly Oriental in her individual type of beauty. Andrea Pisano is said to have worked at Venice, but the curious and characteristic thing about it is that we don't know what he did there. His work in other places is identified and is continually winning renown for him. What he did in Venice is lost in the sum total of her loveliness. The marked difference between Venetian Gothic and Renaissance architecture, and that of other Italian cities, is due to the fact that, whereas Tuscan architects drew their inspiration from ancient Rome, the Venetians, having much readier intercourse with Greece and the Eastern Empire, drew their inspiration mainly from that source.

Of all the architects who wrought at Venice, if you have an impression of two or three only you will not do ill.

Chief among these is the bosom friend of Andrea del Sarto whose name was Jacopo Tatti, although we know him only as Sansovino. He was a Florentine, who, while studying at Rome, attracted the attention of Bramante and of Raphael. After the sack of Rome in 1527, he came to Venice, and here his first employment was to strengthen the domes of San Marco, which he did so successfully that he was appointed chief architect and given a house and a handsome salary. In 1536, the Venetian Senate decreed the erection of a Library worthy to house the books left to the Republic by Petrarch and others, and Sansovino was given the commission to build this. His Library, which faces the Doge Palace, is one of the most beautiful buildings since ancient times. Sansovino lived to be ninety-three years old and was the friend of Titian and of every other great man of his time. Their testimony regarding him is that he was a most lovable person, ever ready with help and counsel, winsome in his youth and venerable in his old age. Vasari says that at ninety-three his eyes were still undimmed and he bore himself erect as ever. He was, like most great architects of those times, a sculptor as well, and executed the bronze doors leading to the Sacristy of San Marco, the six bronze reliefs in the Choir of that church, the lovely stone reliefs in the Chapel of the Rosary at Santi Giovanni e Paolo, and the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune at the top of the Giants' Stairway in the Doge Palace. To him, also, we owe the Loggia of the Campanile and many other beautiful things in Venice. Sansovino died in 1570, and was buried at San Gimignano in a church that he himself had built. When this church was demolished in 1807, his remains were brought to Venice and now rest in the Seminario della Salute, close to that gorgeous mass which dominates the outlet of the Grand Canal.

Andrea Palladio, who also wrought much in Venice, was

a native of Vicenza; and for Venice he built the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore and that of the Reddentore. Those palaces which he designed in other places, notably at Vicenza, in a style so distinctly his own, although so directly influenced by the classic, seem not to have pleased the Venetian nobles to the point of ordering anything like them here, although he designed many patrician villas on the mainland not far from Venice. His fame, and that of Sansovino, brought to Venice to study under them another native of Vicenza named Scamozzi, who became responsible in time for the completion of Sansovino's Library and for certain additions to the Procuratie Nuove on the south side of the Piazza.

Those Venetian painters to whom you will wish to pay your respects regardless of how brief your stay here may be are, first of all, in point of time and perhaps in point of loveliness, the Bellini, who came from Padua where their father had maintained a school of painting. The brothers Bellini, Giovanni and Gentile, came to Venice about 1460. Giovanni remained at Venice until his death in 1516, at the ripe age of ninety. (There must have been something in the manner of life at Venice conducive to longevity in artists; for Titian lived to be ninety-nine, and Sansovino to be ninety-three, and Giovanni Bellini to be ninety. But when we reflect that Michelangelo, most tempestuous of all artist souls, lived to be eighty-nine without having spent any appreciable time in Venice, we may conclude that perhaps it wasn't Venetian climate that was responsible.) Giovanni Bellini was the master of Titian and of Giorgione and many another great painter and, as Mr. E. V. Lucas says of him, he could 'paint like a Paduan, a Tuscan, a Fleming, a Venetian, and a modern Frenchman.' But although he is called the father of Venetian painting, 'his child only faintly resembles him, if at all.' Yet his crea-

tions, once seen, 'haunt us,' says Mr. Okey, 'like memories of beloved friends.' Ruskin thought that Bellini's altar-piece at the Frari and his other in Santa Zaccheria are the two finest pictures in the world. Gentile Bellini was less great than his brother Giovanni and lived not so long. It may be that you will not encounter in Venice any of his works except the three scenes illustrating the Miracles of the Holy Cross which are now in the Accademia.

Carpaccio was one of the painters trained under the influence of the Bellini. Little is known of his life except that he travelled in the East, that he was working in Venice in 1479, and that he died in 1525. Perhaps the best-loved of his pictures are those telling the story of Saint Ursula, including that one showing Ursula in her nice great bed in what Mr. Lucas calls 'perhaps the best-known bedroom in the world.'

And now we come to the romantic, almost mysterious, personality of Giorgione, of whom it has been said that 'he lifted Venetian painting to the highest sphere of poetic inspiration and technical perfection, and influenced the whole of its subsequent progress.' Yet he lived but a short time and left few works. Indeed, some writers assert that only one is beyond dispute, and that has been daubed over by a restorer. However, it's reasonably certain that he did the 'Gypsy and the Soldier' in the Giovannelli Palace, which I hope you will not fail to see. Access to this palace of Prince Giovannelli is usually possible on presentation of a visiting-card; and any gondolier will take you to it without further direction from you than saying the name. You will, of course, suitably reward the household servant who shows you through the palace and permits you to see this great work of art. Giorgione lived only a little more than thirty years and is said to have died of grief at the infidelity of his mistress. His whole soul was attuned to beauty; and with

him romantic, as distinguished from religious, painting leaped into being.

Titian, who was born in the same year, probably outlived Giorgione by more than threescore years — almost by threescore and ten. Titian was a native, not of Venice, but of a Venetian province, Cadone; but he came to Venice as a child and was placed under the Bellini for instruction in art. One of his earliest known works is the 'Visitation of Saint Mary and Saint Elizabeth' in the Accademia. Before he was forty, he was internationally famous and his brush was sought by kings and princes throughout Europe. Honors were showered upon him at home and abroad. He made vast sums of money and his house was the scene of almost regal entertainments. When you stand in the Church of the Frari before Titian's tomb, you will, I think, like to remember that among his last words as he lay dying were that he was almost ready to begin.

Next we have Palma Vecchio, Titian's junior by about three years, but dead long before the latter. You will probably feel not quite satisfied with your visit to Venice unless you have seen Palma's well-known 'Saint Barbara' in the Church of Santa Maria Formosa, which is called the most grandiose and majestic female figure in Venetian art.

Paris Bordone, a pupil of Titian's, is represented at Venice by what has been called the most essentially Venetian picture in the world, 'The Fisherman and the Doge,' the story of which is as follows: On a night in 1340, during a violent storm, a fisherman chanced to be anchoring his boat off the Riva when a man appeared and bade him row across to the island of San Giorgio Maggiore. Reluctantly the fisherman obeyed; and at the island there came aboard another man in armor, and orders were given to proceed to the Lido. There a third man joined them and the fisherman was told to make for the sea. They had not gone far when

THE FISHERMAN AND THE DOGE (DETAIL)

By Paris Bordone

they met a ship filled with devils which was on her way to Venice to unload this cargo; but when the three passengers in the fisherman's boat rose and made the sign of the Cross, the ship with the devils aboard instantly vanished. Thereupon the fisherman recognized his passengers as Saint Mark, Saint George, and Saint Nicholas. From Saint Mark he received a ring, and in the picture he is handing this ring, commemorating the deliverance of Venice, to the Doge. The magnificent architecture, the rich costumes, the romantic story told, all contribute to make this picture one of the most popular in Venice.

And now we come to Tintoretto, a painter who may be studied only at Venice where the Accademia and the Doge Palace are rich in his works and the Scuola of San Rocco is a veritable Tintoretto museum with sixty-two of his compositions.

Younger than Tintoretto was Veronese whom we know best through his Banquet compositions, 'The Supper at the House of Levi,' 'The Marriage at Cana,' and so on.

You will, of course, wish to recall Canaletto, who painted the Venice of his day for us so faithfully, his day being the eighteenth century. When you are lunching or otherwise refreshing yourself at Florian's Café in the Piazza, be sure to ask for the postcard which they distribute to patrons showing Francesco Guardi, who also painted Venetian pictures in much the style of Canaletto, offering his canvases for sale to the patrons of Florian's nearly two hundred years ago.

I shall not undertake to offer you any suggestions about seeing San Marco or the Doge Palace or the other outstanding sights of Venice, the particulars about which your guide-book gives you so fully and satisfactorily, nor to act as your guide in the Accademia.

With regard to the palaces of the Grand Canal, my sug-

gestion, humbly given, is that you enjoy them for their beauty without trying to tax yourself much with their history except in the case of those few which are associated with some of the great sojourners in Venice. Most of the guide-books give the names of the palaces on each side of the Grand Canal, and the majority of gondoliers call them out more or less unintelligibly on our every journey up and down this great waterway. But I find it confusing to try to identify more than the very few I have mentioned, and even of those only a few at one time.

So, suppose that you are making your first gondola ride down the Canal from the vicinity of the Piazzetta toward the Rialto and the railway station, and that you have decided to limit yourself to the left-hand palaces for that occasion. The first of the palaces to which I direct your reverent attention is the Rezzonico in which Robert Browning died. It was built by the same architect, Longhena, who built the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. It was on the 12th of December, 1889, that Browning died here, in the left-hand corner room on the top floor. And from here he had a municipal funeral which proceeded to the Island of the Dead, which was reached as the sun was setting on that short winter day. Later, his body was removed to Westminster Abbey. The tablet on the palace reads, 'Open my heart and you will see graved upon it, Italy.'

A very little farther along we come to the three Giustiniani palaces, in the first of which W. D. Howells wrote his charming book on Venetian life; and in the next one of the three Wagner wrote part of 'Tristan and Isolde.' The last of the Giustiniani palaces was bought in 1437 by one of the Foscari and has ever since borne that name. It was here that Henry III of France was lodged when he came to Venice on his way from Poland to assume the crown of France.

When you come back, direct your attention to the other bank and note, nearest to the railway station, the Palazzo Vendramin Calergi in which Wagner died on February 13, 1883. The tablet on the wall was composed by D' Annunzio, who wove the personality of Wagner and his associations with Venice into a novel which is called, in its English translation, 'The Flame of Life.'

I don't know that I would make an effort to identify anything else on this side until I came to the Ca' d' Oro, or golden house, which your gondolier will by no means let you miss identifying. It was built in 1425 and has no history of outstanding interest for most of us.

After you leave the Rialto Bridge behind you, you may want to note Palazzo Manin, now the Bank of Italy, because it was built by Sansovino. A few minutes more and you will be abreast of the three Mocenigi palaces with the blue-and-white striped posts in front. In the middle one of these palaces Byron settled in 1818 and wrote 'Beppo' and began 'Don Juan,' and, as Mr. Lucas says, 'did not a little mischief.' He was not new to Venice when he came here, this being subsequent to the time when he studied Armenian in the monastery on the island of San Lazzaro and when he wrote to Tom Moore, 'I have fallen in love; which, next to falling into the canal (which would be of no use, as I can swim), is the best or the worst thing I could do.' He was more or less of a tourist on that first visit, however, and it was not until he came here to the Mocenigo Palace two years later that he set up state with gondolas and an opera-box and many servants. And here, shortly after his arrival, he was visited by Shelley, who brought with him Claire Clairmont and her daughter, who was Byron's daughter, too. Shelley was so entranced with Venice that he wrote:

'If I had been an unconnected man
I, from that moment, should have formed some plan
Never to leave sweet Venice, — for to me
It was delight to ride by the lone sea;
And then, the town is silent — one may lie
Or read in gondolas by day or night,
Having the little brazen lamp alight,
Unseen, uninterrupted; books are there,
Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair
Which were twin-born with poetry, and all
We seek in towns, with little to recall
Regrets for the green country.'

It was in the next palace, with dark-blue posts, which also belonged to the Mocenigi, that Giordano Bruno was staying as a guest when he was betrayed to the Inquisition by his host and taken to Rome to be burned as a heretic. The Palazzo Moro-Lin, just beyond the Mocenigi palaces, was the house of the Venetian of high degree who seems to have been the model for Shakespeare's Othello. This man returned in 1508 from Cyprus, where he had been for several years and had probably acquired a coat of tan as well as a stock of adventure stories; but he certainly was not a Moor or black man, although the Venetian gondoliers insist that he was; taking Shakespeare's word for it above that of their own historians.

If you proceed toward the Iron Bridge (which is such an eyesore, although doubtless a great convenience to Venetians), you pass the Casa Falier, from whose windows Howells made many of the observations which he subsequently wrote into 'Venetian Days' when he had moved across the Canal. In what is now an annex of the Grand Hotel, Ruskin did most of his work on the 'Stones of Venice.' And from here on, the palaces of other days are all become the hotels of to-day. Of the three comprising the Grand Hotel, two are of the fourteenth century and one is of the seventeenth.

Next, comes the fourteenth-century palace known as the 'house of Desdemona,' which has no known connection with any character who might have furnished Shakespeare with a suggestion for that unhappy heroine, but is interesting to many of us because Duse once lived in it. The Hotel Europe was a Giustiniani Palace; but I doubt if it would interest you to give names of the families who once lived in state in all those palaces wherein now the visitors to Venice camp during their brief sojourn.

Much time should be spent afoot in Venice and much in the small out-of-the-way canals wherein one sees the Venice that is to-day going about her business in apparent unconcern with the tourists who hover around the Piazza.

The only churches I urge upon you beside San Marco are Santi Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari. Beside the former you will find Verrocchio's superb equestrian statue of Colleoni, and within the latter you will find Titian's 'Madonna di Pesaro' and his 'Assumption,' and that Bellini altar-piece which Ruskin held to be one of the two finest pictures in the world. Titian is buried in the Frari, and so is Canova. Three churches seem to me to be enough for the traveller with few days for Venice. These, and the Doge Palace, and Venice in general.

Such time as there is to spare beyond these and the Accademia, or even omitting the latter, may best be employed in journeys to Torcello and to Chioggia and over to the Lido. See the suggestions in our Appendix.

PART IV
VERONA AND MILAN

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VERONA AND MILAN

VERONA, being on the main railway line between Venice and Milan and so accessible for a glimpse *en route* between those two cities, I am briefly including her because I think she yields a great deal in return for the simple effort of getting off the train there and getting on another later in the same day. Five or six hours in Verona suffice to give the average traveller some impressions for which he will, I am sure, be grateful on many and many an occasion as he pursues the rest of his way through life.

There is no small city of Italy (that is, if one may call the capital of a province, a garrison of many thousand men, and a city of more than ninety thousand inhabitants 'small') which more richly and in a greater variety of ways rewards one for a visit. Of the early history of Verona one need not be especially conscious except to remember in a general way that there was a great deal of that early history even long before the time when Verona became a Roman colony in the youth of Julius Cæsar. Our interest in it goes for the most part no farther back than the time when Dante came here and was given hospitality after his exile from Florence. The Scaligers were the rulers of Verona then; and of all that they did, during more than a century of magnificent supremacy, there is little of which general literature takes much note except for this gracious gesture of princely hospitality to an exile.

It was about the time that Dante came here that the tragedy in the Montague and Capulet families probably occurred; and it is a little surprising that Dante made no reference to this in the 'Divine Comedy.' It is barely

possible that these two young persons never lived at all; but, thanks to the genius of a great English dramatist and poet, they are the most ever-living of all the Veronese, and Verona would be well worth a visit were it for nothing else than to realize what the power of the pen is. Juliet's house is shown to the visitor and also her tomb; and I can testify that, whether or not she ever lived in the one and lay in the other, having seen them and other things in Verona makes a great difference in our enjoyment as we read or witness the play or hear the opera. At the Grand Opéra in Paris the production of 'Romeo and Juliet' is so superb a thing pictorially as well as histrionically (when Muratore sings Romeo, especially) that one who knows Verona is best able to appreciate the splendid fidelity with which it is done.

The Piazza Erbe and Piazza dei Signori of Verona are two of the most picturesque and beautiful public squares in all Italy. There are several churches of great interest and beauty, and the Arena, or Colosseum, is in excellent preservation. There is a Roman theatre of unusual interest; and the Giardino Giusti is one of the most beautiful gardens in Italy, with many superb old cypresses four and five hundred years old and one hundred and thirty feet or more in height.

These are a few only of the reasons for that stop at Verona. I am sorry that I cannot recommend Verona for a longer stay; but if it is possible to be decently comfortable there, I haven't found out how to do it, though I have tried three hotels.

From Verona to Milan is a journey of some two and a half hours, which may be made by a train passing through Verona from Venice after dinner-time and reaching Milan not too late for a comfortable night's rest.

The story of Milan in the 'Mediæval Towns Series' is by Ella Noyes, who begins her Preface thus: 'Everybody has been in Milan, but who knows Milan?' I echo her question.

Most travellers are satisfied with a glance at the Cathedral, a drive out to see Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' and a walk through the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele. But to see these is not to know Milan; and, indeed, it is not easy to know the Milan which charms and satisfies, for that is rather heavily overlaid with the modern, commercial city which is more un-Italian than any other place in Italy. Yet, not even the modernness of Milan could have developed under any other than Italian skies and from any other than Italian temperament.

Edward Hutton says that Milan is the only town in Italy which in the modern sense is a great city at all. 'She alone is as thoroughly alive, as full of business, as miserable and as restless as the great cities of the North. She alone is wholly without a sense of ancient order and peace. She alone is inexhaustibly a monstrous confusion of old and new, of wretchedness and prosperity, of vulgar wealth and extreme poverty. She alone, in her hurried success, her astonishing movement, her bewilderment and her melancholy, has given herself without an afterthought to the modern world.'

This is the first impression Milan makes upon the traveller, and yet those who know how to seek out her remaining glories of another day find not a little here to help them re-create the Milan of other and far different days.

Of the Roman city, Mediolanum, very little remains except the sixteen columns of white marble which may have belonged to the great Baths of Mediolanum or to the palace of the Emperor. But of the early Christian city there are reminders not a few, and the oldest of these is the Church of San Lorenzo which stands close to those sixteen Roman columns. San Lorenzo is important for us to see because it was studied to such great purpose by nearly all the greater architects of the Renaissance. Another very

old church which no one should neglect to see is Sant' Ambrogio, founded by Saint Ambrose who was Bishop of Milan in the fourth century. Before the western façade of this church is a vast Atrium, very like a cloister with roofed walks on the four sides — such an atrium as used to stand before the old Saint Peter's at Rome.

Concerning the Cathedral, it does not seem necessary to say much of anything, since your guide-book has such detailed information about it; and Santa Maria delle Grazie you will see when you go on your visit to Leonardo's 'Last Supper' which is in the former Refectory of the Abbey, of which the church was one of the finest in Milan; the choir and the fine dome are by Bramante.

Milan has at least three galleries which should be seen by even the most hurrying visitor. The Brera is the largest and has the greatest number of important pictures; but if something in the way of art had to be sacrificed for lack of time, I should make the sacrifice at the Brera rather than at the Poldi-Pezzoli or the Ambrosiana. The former of these is a collection made by a wealthy Milanese gentleman who died in 1879 and left his house with all its treasures to the city. I know few other places in all Europe more satisfying to visit. The Ambrosiana Library, rich in priceless manuscripts and rare books, has, also, a collection of pictures some of which are supremely interesting.

And, now, with this suggestion, in outline only, of what the principal sights are at Milan, let us review briefly a few of the chapters of Milan's history which most largely enter into general literature and art. And in this I think we need not go back a great way nor tarry a long while; for the personages who have most largely entered into world literature from Milan are most of them concerned with the fifteenth century or with the years immediately preceding and succeeding it.

We hear more or less, in years earlier than these, of the Visconti, one of whom proclaimed himself perpetual Lord of Milan about the time that Dante was born. And for more than a hundred and fifty years thereafter he and his descendents ruled Milan as Vicars of the Emperor, with unimportant intervals, extending their dominion far and wide and creating a sovereignty more powerful than any other in Italy. One notable thing about the Visconti rule was that they employed mercenary troops for their wars, and the Milanese, not being trained to arms, were not only less dangerous to their tyrants, but considerably more profitable to themselves. All classes, noble and plebeian, engaged in commerce and industrial arts, and the general security of life and property in the Milanese State was greater than anywhere else in Italy. Milanese merchants travelled all over England, France, and Flanders, buying fine wool for the very beautiful cloths which were woven and dyed at Milan. Silk began to be an important manufacture at Milan as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. Another craft for which the Milanese were famous was the making of very fine armor. This was chiefly for export, as the Milanese did a minimum of fighting. For themselves, with the money earned in breeding war horses and manufacturing armor for peoples who engaged in fighting instead of hiring it done for them, the Milanese went in for luxurious living, for richly ornamented dress, and, too, for the finest arts of peace. No other capital in Europe had such splendid palaces, 'such comely-paved streets, such fair fountain gardens and plaisaunces trodden by beautiful exotic beasts and birds.'

The Visconti, although self-constituted rulers, of rather humble birth, gradually assumed the dignity and estate of royalty, and began making alliances with the sovereign houses of Europe. One of the Visconti youths married

Isabella de Valois, and his sister was given in marriage to the Duke of Clarence, the son of Edward III of England. This last marriage, celebrated in 1368, was attended with unprecedented magnificence. The young bridegroom brought with him a train of two thousand Englishmen, and the cavalcade which went forth to meet him was splendid in the extreme. At the head of it came Galeazzo Visconti himself, the ruler of Milan, who was said to be more beautiful in person than any other man in Italy. He was wearing on his flowing golden hair a wreath of roses and was attended by a great company of his principal vassals. With him was his wife, Bianca of Savoy, and his daughter-in-law, the young Isabella de Valois, followed by eighty damsels apparelled in scarlet with sleeves of white cloth and jewelled girdles. At the marriage feast the very meats were gilded, and with each of the sixteen courses the guests were served with splendid gifts such as highly bred hounds with velvet and silken collars and leashes of silk; falcons with chains of gold and hoods of velvet; richly ornamented saddles and other trappings for horses; suits of armor fashioned by the most famous Milanese armorers; brocades of gold and richest silk; silver flagons with enamel; silver-gilt basins; mantles and doublets thickly sown with pearls; and splendid coursers and war horses, each more gorgeously caparisoned than the one before. It is said that Petrarch, the poet, occupied a place of honor at this feast and I'm sure we all hope that the poet got something of everything that was passing. Indeed, I know that many of us, if we could have our way, would like to see our poets similarly entertained more than once in a lifetime.

It may interest you to know that the Visconti, although lavish with their private guests, did not set tables in the street for the common people as the Romans had done on the occasion of triumphs. No oxen were roasted whole, no

wine vats were broached for all who liked to drink. Rather were the people more heavily taxed than before to meet the cost of all these presents to the royal relatives of the Visconti. And it may as well be admitted, first as last, that the Visconti had to pay lavishly for their distinguished alliances, not in feasts alone, but in cold cash and rich estates. And although they had been obliged to buy their way into high society, so to speak, they became very haughty, with their new royal relations, and increasingly unpopular, therefore.

In their determination that their subjects should not be rent by partisan feeling for either of the two great factions between whom the rest of Italy was then divided, the Visconti forbade any one to call himself either a Guelf or a Ghibelline on pain of having his tongue cut out; and by way of forestalling those crimes which darkness favors, they decreed that any one who was found abroad in the city at night for any reason whatever should lose a foot and thereby be aided in home-keeping at all hours. Yet, tyrannical as they were, the Visconti had such high regard for the attainments and ideals of Petrarch that they are said to have felt as great a triumph in being his hosts for several years as they could have felt in the conquest of a province. It was under inspiration that his companionship provided, doubtless, that they founded the University and Library at Pavia, and in many other ways took great pains to advance learning and culture in their dominions.

The sovereignty of the Visconti was vested, not in one member of the family at a time, but in several, and in 1378 we find one of them who had been Petrarch's patron dying and leaving his share of the rule to a delicate and studious young son — the bridegroom of Isabella de Valois, who was now dead. This Gian Galeazzo is entitled to our very respectful remembrance since he was the founder of the

Cathedral of Milan and of the Certosa at Pavia, and it has been said of him that 'there is nothing more dramatic in all the sensational stories of mediæval Italy than Gian Galeazzo Visconti's sudden spring to power.' His uncle, with whom he shared the rule, was the most tyrannical of their race and felt great scorn for the young man who was hardly ever seen outside of his palace at Pavia.

But one day Gian Galeazzo set forth from Pavia for Milan, accompanied by four hundred men-at-arms, to visit — so he said — a holy shrine near Varese and to embrace his dear uncle on the way. Laughing at his nephew's weakness in setting forth on a peaceful errand with so formidable a guard, the elder Visconti sent two of his sons on ahead, and, swinging himself into the saddle, galloped off, with two or three servants only, to meet his nephew. They had scarcely exchanged greetings when nephew made a sign to the captain of his guard, and in a moment uncle found himself a prisoner. His sons were seized at the same time and all three were hurried into a near-by castle at the gate of Milan, which had been built by the father of Gian Galeazzo. The latter, thereupon, rode triumphantly into Milan and was received with great joy, which found its supreme expression in the General Council unanimously conferring upon him and his male heirs forever the sole and absolute dominion of Milan. This was treacherous conduct, but his excuse for it was that his uncle and cousins had been intriguing against him and that they had been oppressing the people.

And now, the former recluse of Pavia began to show, not only his own subjects, but all Italy how little they had understood him or his studious pursuits. The chaotic state of Italy at the time made many things possible to him, and, although he was himself no soldier, he knew how to choose his generals and how to make them fight furiously in his

interests. So extraordinary was his success in arms that he came to be regarded as something almost diabolical. He conquered Verona and overthrew the Scaligers; he captured Padua and sent its ruler to die in a dungeon; he acquired Pisa without a blow, and became master of Perugia, Siena, and Assisi. Finally, he was able to negotiate with the Emperor that his conquered cities should be constituted a Duchy and he himself be made Duke of Milan with the power to transmit this title to his male heirs forever. The ceremony of investiture took place in the Piazza of Sant' Ambrogio where, upon a great throne, the new Duke was crowned in the sight of as many of his people as could crowd about it, while in the Basilica afterwards, the Bishop who was destined to become Pope Alexander V preached the coronation sermon and praised the new Duke for his beauty of person and virtuous tranquillity of mind.

Whatever we may say for Gian Galeazzo's way of getting what he wanted, he was indisputably an able administrator and statesman. By wisdom, economy, and the wise supervision of finances he lightened the burden of taxation which his predecessors had rolled up to wanton waste, and put the State upon a sound financial basis. He conquered by force of arms, but he held his conquests by virtue of his excellent government. A quite horrible phase of this strangely compounded man was that while he seemed to shrink from deeds of wanton violence, he had an apparent passion for subtle plots which led his enemies to grievous ends. The same spirit which had made him enjoy being taken for a weakling when he was preparing himself for a treacherous seizure of the absolute power, caused him to undertake many other surprises of a nature no more benevolent. Yet, with all, he did not doubt his own righteousness, was assiduous in his devotion to all holy practices, and not only invoked the aid of Heaven on all his enterprises, but felt quite assured that he enjoyed it.

He surrounded himself with the greatest scholars of the day and made them his councillors and familiar associates. With them he read and discussed the poets of antiquity, so that his castle was called a temple of wisdom. 'There was,' it has been said, 'no sort of human activity which he did not seek to stimulate for the advantage and glory of his State.'

His time was the time of the formation in Italy of great States which were being evolved as the greater tyrannies swallowed up the lesser. In this he was the leader, and it seemed that under him there might develop a great Italian kingdom such as the poets and dreamers of Italy had long looked forward to. In 1402, Gian Galeazzo was at the summit of his power. Bologna had surrendered to him; and his bravest and most obstinate foe, Florence, lay virtually at his mercy. His armies had been instructed to close round the city on the Arno, and he had his mantle, sceptre, and diadem prepared for his coronation as King of Italy.

The plague was raging at Milan, so he withdrew from that capital to his villa at Melegnano, eleven miles from Milan on the road to Parma; and there, on the 10th of August, he was seized with the deadly contagion of which he died a few days later, at the age of forty-nine.

From Miss Ella Noyes's chapter on the Visconti in 'The Story of Milan,' to which I am much indebted for the foregoing outline, I quote the final paragraphs in which she ably sums up what the cause of human liberty lost and won in that defeat by death of Gian Galeazzo's kingly purposes.

'Who can tell the thoughts of the man as he lay on his death-bed, in his hands at last all that he had labored for day and night without ceasing, and they powerless to close upon it? Who can measure the passion of that defeated brain? His death caused infinite joy in Florence, and in Italy generally. Yet there were many who with an anony-

mous poet of the time wept for the loss which had deprived the country of one who might have healed it of its worst disorders.

'Their lament was justified. The direct result of the tyrant's death was the release of all the elements of disorder and reaction in Italy, the revival of angry factions, the break-up of a great organized State among a host of greedy and warring pretenders, and the terrorism of military adventurers over the whole country, ending in the establishment of a dynasty in Milan destined to sell Italy to her final shame and ruin. What if Gian Galeazzo had lived a few years longer? Florence would probably have fallen before him, Florence whose incurable spirit of individualism had been the one barrier between him and his ambition. But was that single little torch of liberty, which itself was soon to waver and be spent, worth the sacrifice of a united and peaceful Italy, strong enough to resist all outward foes, forward enough to lead all Europe in the path of progress?

'Yet if that noble fruition of art and civilization which glorifies the fifteenth century in Florence was conditional on her independence, then Italy through all the tears of her after centuries of sorrow and humiliation might well answer Yes.'

This man, and all that he was and all that he aspired to be and was not, is distinctly, it seems to me, a personality we should have in mind as we stand looking at that amazing structure, the Milan Cathedral, which with its sister church at Pavia, the Certosa, remains an ever-beautiful monument to his immeasurable ambition for the State of which he was the head. His bones lie, now, beneath a magnificent monument in the right transept of the Certosa, which I would that every appreciative visitor might see.

Gian Galeazzo's three sons by Isabella of Valois had died in infancy, leaving him with one daughter only, Valentine, whom he had married to the Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI of France. About this loving and enduring woman there clings an air of romance not often matched in all the annals of French history. You will recall the murder of her husband by the minions of the Duke of Burgundy; and her great grief for him; and the fact that she was the mother of Charles, Duke of Orleans, the royal poet who was so long a prisoner in the Tower of London and whose son ascended the French throne as Louis XII.

There is much that is most interesting to reflect upon at Milan and elsewhere when we recall that Louis XII was the great-grandson of Gian Galeazzo. By a second marriage, with his cousin (whose father he had entrapped, deposed, and imprisoned), Gian Galeazzo left two young sons, fourteen and ten years old respectively at the time of his death.

The consanguinity of their parents was fatal to the mental and physical health of these two lads, the elder of whom succeeded to the dukedom and the younger of whom was created by his father's will Count of Pavia. The young Duke was not merely incompetent, but was a madman of terrible ferocity, who delighted in having state prisoners torn to pieces under his own eyes by dogs trained for the purpose. 'The story of Milan during his reign is like some dreadful dream, in which, when sleep has fallen on the incessant riots of fighting, through the darkness of the night stalk the awful figures of the maniac prince gloating in his sport, and his huntsman, Squarcia Giramo, beside him, with their terrible hounds in leash, on the scent of human blood. The Duke's appetite for blood was rewarded with Dantesque fitness. He died in 1412, suffocated in his own blood, in the precincts of the palace, under the daggers of

three Milanese nobles who had sworn to rid the world of a monster; and his body, lying in its blood in the Cathedral whither it had been carried and left alone by the general horror, had for its only pall blood-red roses strewn upon it by a harlot.'

During the ten years which had elapsed since Gian Galeazzo's death, much that he had upbuilded had fallen again into its component parts. So that the dukedom which fell to the younger brother, Filippo, was very far from being the extensive and forcefully united dukedom that his father had left on the eve of its becoming a kingdom. The new Duke had many of the qualities which might have restored what his brother had lost, but they were offset by his mental afflictions which made him supremely fearful and superstitious. So great was his dislike and distrust of practically all men that he tolerated few persons around him except his astrologers. He was seldom seen by his subjects, and it is said that they shuddered when they did see this pale fat man who increased their horror by condemning his own wife to death in 1418.

And now we come to the period of Milan's story which plays a greater part in romance, in the chronicles of art, in those popular phases of history that we all know, than all the rest of her annals put together.

It is a short period — little more than half a century — but it is the most fascinating, most thrilling half-century in the story of mankind; and in Milan it was more colorful, more eventful, more amazing, even, than in most places. I mean the last fifty years of the fifteenth century, the effulgent morning of the Renaissance.

In Milan, the story may be told as the story of a family — the Sforza. And if you will imagine yourself, when you go out to the Castello, to be visiting it in the person of a Milanese who was an octogenarian in 1525, you will be able

to recall as the memories of your long lifetime most of the events which made it notable. Thus:

When you were a very little boy, the stories you loved best were those of the Condottieri (conductors, or leaders, of the roving bands of foreign mercenaries, or soldiers-of-fortune) who were so dashing and daring, so dreaded and yet so admired. There was a time when most of the Condottieri were foreign, like the troops they led. But latterly, there had been some great Italian captains, too; and you tingled and thrilled at the tales told you of Gattamelata (whose superb equestrian statue Donatello wrought for Padua) and of Colleoni (whose not less superb equestrian statue Verrocchio is going to model for Venice) and of Francesco Sforza (whose equestrian statue, modelled by Leonardo da Vinci, you are going to see set up in front of the Castello — the clay model of it, only — and then shot to pieces by the Gascon archers of the King of France).

Colleoni and Sforza, with their companies, fought now for Venice and now for Milan, in the days when your daddy was a young man; and what tales of them he told you!

How you loved the story of the first Sforza (Francesco's father) who, when he was a peasant boy of twelve, flung his woodsman's axe into a tree, and ran away to join one of the fighting companies! And how you used to weep when you heard of his death from drowning in a swollen river into which he had plunged, one day, under the arrows of the enemy, to save a boy of his company.

That happened when your daddy was a baby, and Sforza's son, Francesco, was only twenty-two. Young though he was, Francesco soon showed that he was a great soldier; and so brilliantly did he serve that fat, pale, fear-ridden Visconti, Filippo Maria, that the latter offered Francesco the hand of his only child, Bianca Maria, the daughter, not of either of his wives, but of his mistress,

Agnese del Maino. Bianca was a child of eight when she was solemnly and gorgeously betrothed to the young Condottiere of thirty. She was the apple of her unworthy father's eye, and was given a brilliant education by his orders. But Bianca's father was so weak a ruler that he realized his only hope of holding the power lay in playing the Condottieri off one against another and never allowing any one of them to feel secure in his strength. So, no sooner had he brought about this betrothal than he began humiliating Francesco who, thereupon, betook himself and his company off to fight for Pope Eugenius IV who had been chased out of Rome and taken refuge in Florence. And for a while, after Francesco deserted the fortunes of Milan, the cowardly Duke was surprisingly fortunate in war; but for some reason he did not bestow on any other favorite the hand of Bianca, and presently there came a day when Francesco, fighting for the Pope and Florence and Venice against Milan, was so victorious that Filippo thought best to propitiate him by offering him his bride and a rich dowry of land and gold. But the wedding was not yet. There was more playing fast and loose on the part of the Duke and more triumph and prestige on the part of the Condottiere. At last they were married at Cremona when Bianca was seventeen and her bridegroom was almost forty. The Duke did not live long after the marriage, and with his last breath expressed a wish that after his death everything might fall to ruin.

For a while his wish was fulfilled. There was disruption and almost anarchy, and out of it all came a brief-lived Republic whose first act was to tear down the old castle of Porta Giovia where this Castello now stands. You were too young to know anything about that old castle and its destruction, but your father used to tell you how the thoughtful people in Milan were far from exultant to see it

destroyed, knowing as they did how many of these predatory companies were wandering about with covetous eyes upon the rich city of Milan.

He told you, too, when you were old enough to comprehend, how the Republican leaders had quarrelled with one another and how many claimants there had been for the Duchy that had not ceased to exist because some of the citizens declared it a Republic. It was in these troublous times that Francesco came forward with his power of command and his devoted followers and laid siege to Milan with the purpose of entering it as conqueror and dictator. That siege was in the year when you were born and it lasted a long time, reducing the city to grievous straits through the suspension of trade and through famine.

At length the Republic fell, the gates were opened to Francesco, and as he entered in triumph he was followed by his soldiers wearing around their necks and shoulders strange garlands of loaves of bread which the starving people snatched from them as they passed, and devoured voraciously. That day was Francesco Sforza, son of the peasant lad, proclaimed Duke of Milan by general consent of the citizens.

Francesco was gratified by the enthusiastic reception given him, but he did not place too much confidence in its lastingness; so he began to rebuild the destroyed castle and to fortify it with enormous walls and with two huge round towers frowning down upon the Milanese and warning against rebellion. When you were a very little boy your father used to bring you here to watch the new Duke's new castle rise, and you can remember your father's comments which he didn't expect you to understand, expressing satisfaction, on the whole, with the new rule, with the return of commercial prosperity, and with all that Francesco was doing to beautify the city of Milan and bring to it learned and gifted men.

The young Duchess Bianca Maria was not only beloved by all, but was admired for her abilities. She bore her husband six sons of whom you used to hear many stories, when you were a little boy, extolling their excellence in the studies which their mother so carefully superintended, and all those habits of courtesy and chivalry in which she had them trained. You were a lad of sixteen when Francesco died, and old enough to comprehend very well the action of the Duchess Bianca when she rose from her mourning and put the great castle into a state of defence as a precaution against rebellion.

Her oldest son, Galeazzo Maria, was in France fighting for Louis XI in his war against the Barons. To come back to his Duchy he had to pass through territory bristling with castles of those who were the enemies to what they called the pretentions of his House. And to get by these, he came disguised as a travelling merchant; which, however, did not preclude his having many hairbreadth escapes, all of which you learned about when he had got safely back to his inheritance. He was just twenty-two, the same age that his father had been when he succeeded to the tasks of the first Sforza.

But in spite of his good mother's careful education of him and his father's many admirable traits of character, the young Duke was more like his maternal grandfather, the last of the Visconti, than like his paternal grandfather, the sturdy peasant who died to save a young lad of his company. You can remember how your father used to shake his head sadly and say that too much had been done for the young Duke and not enough left for him to do for himself. Probably you were too young to share these opinions of your father's, and yet you must have had a healthy, hearty, young fellow's contempt for the Duke's inordinate vanity and love of luxury. He was a tall and rather

splendid-looking young person, but decidedly effeminate in his love of decking himself in costly fabrics and blazing gems, and in his almost idolatry for his beautiful white hands.

You were a young fellow of twenty-one when he set off on that visit to Lorenzo de' Medici, recently become head of the Florentine Republic. With him went his consort, the beautiful Princess Bona of Savoy, whose sister was the wife of Louis XI of France; and never had been seen such a train of luxury. [See Part I, Chapter III].

Bianca was far from approving her son's course of life, but he resented her attempts to exercise in his reign anything like the influence which his father had gladly yielded her, and it was not long before she withdrew to her dower city of Cremona whence the young Duke took her and shut her in the Castle of Melegnano. Here, after a few months, she died, probably of grief and chagrin, but some said of poison administered by her son's orders.

He was a strange compound, was Galeazzo Sforza, and many the tales you could tell us of the extraordinary events during his reign; but time passes and there is much else that you must wish to recall. And after all, it wasn't a long reign — only ten years. And then, three young men who believed that by striking down Galeazzo they could bring back the Republic, assassinated him in the Church of Saint Stephen, in 1476. He was a far from praiseworthy ruler and a far from admirable man; and yet those young assassins who believed they were acting in a great cause were no less stupid than assassins nearly always are. You didn't realize it at the time, and you were surprised when you heard that the cynical Pope, Sixtus IV, when told of the murder, exclaimed, 'To-day is the peace of Italy dead.' You couldn't realize all that was involved when those daggers flashed to their gaudy mark; but the Pope had not been too fearful.

Galeazzo left three legitimate children, the eldest a little boy of ten; and three illegitimate children, the youngest of whom was that Caterina destined to make so much vigorous history as the Lady of Forlì.

The widowed Duchess at once assumed authority as regent for her little son, Gian Galeazzo, with a Sicilian named Simonetta as her chief minister. The murdered Duke's brother, Lodovico, who was destined to play so great and spectacular a part in history, was then absent in France, as was also another brother, the Duke of Bari. Immediately on hearing of their brother's death, however, they hastened back, and were joined by a younger brother, Ascanio, who had been in Rome. And with what adherents they could muster they made ready to oust Simonetta and seize the government.

Their first efforts were unsuccessful; but there came a day when Lodovico found his chance. Duchess Bona had a lover, a handsome young secretary, to whom she could deny nothing, and when this lover sought to overrule Simonetta, there was a clash which created two parties at Court. Those Milanese nobles who hated Simonetta because he was a Sicilian and shared none of their interests, joined with the young lover in urging the Duchess to dismiss her chief minister. And somehow or other news of all this got to Lodovico in exile at Pisa, and he came stealing into the gardens of the Castello one day, in defiance of the decree of banishment pronounced against him, made his way into the Castello itself, and presented himself before Duchess Bona, who received him joyfully. Simonetta, realizing what was about to happen, turned to her and said, 'Most illustrious Duchess, I shall lose my head, and you shall lose your State.' Three days later, he was arrested and carried to the Castle of Pavia, where a year later he was tried, tortured, and beheaded.

Then came stirring days, indeed, at the Castello. When Francesco Sforza rebuilt, here, he raised, on the site of the old Visconti Castello di Porta Giovia, a stronghold called the Rocchetta, and to the east of it a palace called the Corte Ducale, with a wide passageway between them. It was the Rocchetta, the inner keep of the Castle of Milan with its strong garrison and impregnable defence, which made its commander able to impose his will upon the city. And, knowing this, the young lover of the Duchess persuaded her to appoint his father as castellan of the Rocchetta. But the commander her husband had named refused to surrender the keys, and one day when most of the attendants of the little Duke were off duty, the old commander of the Rocchetta and a fellow-conspirator crossed the narrow bridge which led from the palace to the donjon, snatched up the little Duke, carried him to the fortress, and delivered him to the custody of his uncle, Lodovico.

In possession of the Duke's person and of the stronghold, Lodovico was in a position to dictate terms to the Duchess, who had no alternative but to surrender to him the regency and the guardianship of her son. Now, Lodovico was the Lord of Milan. He was just a year younger than you and had barely attained the age of thirty when he made himself master of Milan.

Besides being a man of singularly handsome and commanding presence and remarkable abilities which practically everybody recognized, he was reputed to be the richest Prince in Italy. It was about this time that he presented his suit for the hand of Isabella d' Este, the elder daughter of Duke Ercole of Ferrara; but Isabella had just been betrothed to the heir of the Marquis of Mantua, so her father offered in her stead her sister Beatrice, a year younger. Beatrice was at that time five years old and was living at the Court of her maternal grandfather, King

Ferrante of Naples, whither she had been taken by her mother on a visit a year or two before. Lodovico accepted the hand of this baby with great willingness, since the arrangement suited his purposes admirably. He was deeply in love with his accomplished and charming mistress, Cecilia Gallerani, who was installed in great state in the Castello at Milan, and treated by Lodovico's Court with practically all the deference due to a Duchess. He would have been happy to marry Cecilia, but realized that it would bring about grave complications among his courtiers; so he contented himself with making the formal alliance with the little daughter of the proud House of Este, and enjoying the companionship of Cecilia who was a highly learned lady, the centre of a brilliant literary and artistic coterie, and well fitted in many ways to be the Egeria of a man like Lodovico.

For five years more the little Beatrice stayed on at the Neapolitan Court of her Spanish grandfather, and then she returned to her father's house at Ferrara and resumed her long-interrupted association with her immediate family, including her sister Isabella. During all this time Lodovico had never seen his affianced bride and continued to content himself with the companionship of Cecilia and with his busy patronage of all those arts that both he and Cecilia so ardently loved.

It was at this time that Lorenzo de' Medici sent Leonardo da Vinci to Milan, which then became his residence for the next sixteen years, during which time he modelled the colossal equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, painted the 'Last Supper' for the monks of Santa Maria delle Grazie, filled numerous portrait commissions, and did an almost infinite variety of work in engineering, architecture, and other manner of services for a great princely patron. You can remember him well: the noble figure so familiar about

the Court and other high places of Milan; and you can remember Bramante, too, who also spent many years at Milan, transforming the old mediæval city into a stately Renaissance capital. Perugino was another of those whom Lodovico brought to labor at Milan. He favored poets and lesser versifiers, too, and not infrequently took a hand in the sonnet-making. And you remember that it was with a silver lute, shaped like a horse's head, that Leonardo first commended himself to the notice of Lodovico.

Thus the years went by, and little Beatrice was growing to an age when it might have been expected that her betrothed would begin to press the matter of their marriage. But when her father made suggestions to that end, Lodovico, you will remember, had excuses to offer for further delay. You at Milan knew well the reason, and probably they at Ferrara knew it as well; but still the bridegroom tarried.

Meanwhile, the little Duke of Milan, the kidnapped little Duke, grew older, but scarcely grew up. He was frail in body and undeveloped in mind, and horses and dogs were the only things in which he took any interest. All outward respect was paid to him as the Duke of Milan. He lived in great state, surrounded by regal pomp on public occasions, but nobody was deceived as to where the sovereignty really lay. When the young Duke was in his twentieth year, he was married to the Princess Isabella of Aragon, the first cousin of little Beatrice, his uncle's betrothed. And so frail was he that the festivities of his own wedding exhausted him to the point of obliging him to keep his bed for some weeks afterwards. His young wife had strong character and deep feeling and did her best to rouse him to assert his sovereignty, but without success.

When, however, a son was born to them, Lodovico seemed to feel that it would be well for him to think of his own

marriage. His position might need some strengthening, now that there was another heir. So wedding preparations were set afoot at Ferrara, which must have been taxed, indeed, at that time, since Isabella's marriage preparations were going forward at the same time, and also those of the young brother of Isabella and Beatrice, Alfonso, who was to be married to Lodovico's little niece. (This Alfonso it was who was later to become the husband of Lucrezia Borgia.)

You remember, as if it were yesterday, the magnificence of the fêtes with which the fifteen-year-old Beatrice was welcomed first to Pavia and then to Milan. You could tell tales of them for hours on end if you could find listeners with time to hear them. You remember how admirably the young bride bore herself and how readily she won the affections of her husband and of his Court. You remember how gorgeously Lodovico had prepared the Castello for her coming, and what was her pleasure in all the sumptuousness and pageantry of her new life, until she learned that beneath the same roof with her there dwelt that brilliant woman who had been her husband's comrade for more than a decade, and to whom he still turned for companionship of a sort the girl bride could scarcely be expected to give him. It was told freely throughout the household of the Castello, and beyond that through Milan, how the young Duchess was heartbroken when she learned that Cecilia, at the time of Lodovico's wedding, was on the eve of bearing him a child; and how the young bride so vigorously and yet so lovingly expressed her sense of outrage at this situation that the Duke, her husband, put away Cecilia and devoted himself wholly to his young wife. Cecilia was richly dowered, however, her son was acknowledged as Lodovico's son, and her old lover remained her loyal friend even after he had secured for her a marriage with one of his loyal courtiers.

The situation between Beatrice and her cousin Isabella was one which was sufficiently difficult and, but for the sweetness of Beatrice's disposition, might have been much more so. Isabella was the Duchess of Milan and the daughter of a king-to-be, and entitled to the highest honors in everything; whereas those honors seemed to go to the young bride of the Regent. Unable to stir her husband to any assertion of those rights of his which he was so far from fitted to maintain, Isabella brought bitter complaints to her grandfather, who liked Lodovico not at all and was glad of this excuse and opportunity to proceed against him.

Lodovico's power was now so great that, as is the way with human nature, there were many who wished to see him humbled. So many were the Italian rulers who were willing to league themselves against Lodovico that it became expedient for him to make some strong alliances in case of need; and looking beyond Italy for these, he formed one with Charles VIII of France, promising to support the latter if he invaded Italy to claim the Neapolitan kingdom of his ancestors; and at the same time an alliance was formed with the Emperor Maximilian I of Germany by giving him in marriage the sister of the young Duke of Milan, Bianca Maria, with an enormous dowry. You remember how Milan buzzed with gossip over this strange brace of alliances; for Charles VIII of France had broken his long-standing troth to Maximilian's young daughter Margaret, in order to marry Maximilian's own fiancée, Anne of Brittany.

Then came the eventful year of 1494, when Lodovico openly invited Charles to invade Italy, and at the same time openly proclaimed himself the true Duke of Milan on the ground that he was the first-born son of Francesco after the latter became Duke, whereas Galeazzo Maria had been born the son of a great Condottiere only. Furthermore, he an-

nounced that Maximilian had promised to invest him with the ducal title. These were bold steps for Lodovico, both of them; and you remember well the sensation they caused. You recall, too, that Lodovico was far from reassured when he heard that Savonarola regarded the expected advent of Charles as the scourge of God upon Italy for its sins.

Only too well do you recall that summer of 1494 when Charles arrived in Italy with his fifty thousand men, and was met by Lodovico and by his father-in-law, Ercole of Ferrara, and by Beatrice whose beauty and vivacity made a deep impression on the uncouth Charles. You remember the gorgeous reception at Milan which the young Duchess Isabella refused to attend. And how, when Charles arrived at the Castello of Pavia, she threw herself weeping at his feet and implored him to renounce his designs against Naples where now her father was king. But Charles, although embarrassed by her plea, said that he could not now give up what had cost him so much trouble and money. So he and Lodovico went on their way, and had gone only so far as Piacenza when news reached them that the young Duke of Milan was dying; and before his uncle could reach his side, that youth's feeble and ignoble spirit had fled.

Many there were who believed that his uncle had had him poisoned; but this was an undeserved aspersion upon Lodovico, who was probably incapable of such a crime. Indeed, you were often told by those who were with the young Duke at the last that he never wavered in his affectionate devotion to his uncle and never resented the burden of sovereignty being lifted from his inadequate shoulders.

Then Lodovico went back to Milan from his nephew's death-bed, and had himself invested with the ducal sceptre in the midst of great pomp.

And now Charles, in the south, was too successful; and those who feared the too-great power of one were willing

to combine against him as they had been to combine against Lodovico; so that when he left behind him his conquered kingdom of Naples and started back for France, he learned that the new Duke of Milan had joined with the Emperor, the King of Spain, and others to oppose him.

All that happened in the diplomatic shifts and rearrangements is too intricate to recall in detail, but you all knew that somehow the Duke of Milan, brilliantly aided by the young Duchess Beatrice, had negotiated the withdrawal of the French King's army, so that it seemed to all that Lodovico had saved Italy. His prestige was then at its height, and you all believed as much as he did what the astrologers told him — that he was the grand arbiter of Italy's destinies. It was his jester, probably expressing Lodovico's own sentiments, who voiced the unfortunate vaunt, 'The Pope is my chaplain, Venice my treasurer, the Emperor my chamberlain, and the King of France my courier.'

And then, when everything seemed to indicate that Lodovico was one of the greatest favorites of Fortune, Beatrice died in childbirth before she had completed her twenty-second year. Will you ever forget the pall that Milan wore in mourning for the young Duchess? The Duke sat for nine days in a darkened chamber, alone, refusing all comfort; while in Santa Maria delle Grazie the monks chanted incessant masses for Beatrice's soul. Before that, Lodovico had been heavily afflicted in the death of his illegitimate daughter Bianca whom he loved exceedingly and who was very dear to Beatrice also. But great as was the father's grief for this oldest child of his, he bore it with some fortitude while he was still companioned by that bright young spirit who was his wife. When Beatrice went, his courage seemed to go with her and his belief in his good fortune.

This was at the beginning of 1497, and all Milan seemed apprehensive as well as sorrowful. Never can you forget how at the close of a short winter's day the long procession of mourners bore Duchess Beatrice by the light of a thousand torches to her last resting-place under Bramante's dome, in the church of that abbey in whose refectory Leonardo's 'Last Supper' was nearing completion. Such grief, every one agreed, had never before been known in Milan. And now, the church where she lay sleeping became the chief object of Lodovico's thoughts. Every day he went to visit it and to weep and pray beside her tomb. It was a Tuesday on which she died, and every Tuesday thereafter Lodovico fasted, and also on Saturday, which was the day the tomb had claimed her. His tall, commanding figure, which used to be so gorgeous as it moved about in the Castello, and elsewhere, was hung with a sable cloak now, and the shoulders beneath this cloak had begun to droop.

Nor was this any time to fail in spirit, for a second French expedition threatened Italy, and Milan in particular. For a time it was held in abeyance by the sudden death of Charles VIII; but scarcely had his cousin of Orleans ascended the throne as Louis XII than he announced his intention of invading Milan to claim the Duchy which he felt was his by right of his descent from his grandmother, Valentine Visconti. At the approach of this French army, Lodovico's courage and belief in his great destiny suddenly failed him, although the Castello was the strongest fortress in Europe with a garrison of three thousand men and cannon to the number of eighteen hundred. The Duke, instead of defending it, seemed to have no thought but that of flight.

He took affecting leave of his two infant sons that Beatrice had given him, and sent them to Como, followed

by twenty mules laden with baggage and a large chariot bearing Lodovico's most precious jewels and two hundred and forty thousand gold ducats. All the rest of his treasures he left in the Castle, and drew up a last deed by which he disposed of his vast properties. While he was engaged in this, a deputation came to tell him that the provisional committee of public safety had decided to admit the French.

They were still speaking when the tumult broke, and shops and houses were hastily closed and barricaded. Terror and confusion reigned everywhere as Lodovico took leave of his servants in the Castello and, mounted on a black horse, rode away from it toward the Porta Vercellina. There he turned to his companions and with a noble and dignified air thanked them once more for their faithful services. 'May God be with you,' he said, and with a last wave of his hand, put spurs to his black charger and rode off. The sun was setting in the western sky and the sorrowing courtiers thought that their master had gone to Como; but he alighted before the gates of Santa Maria delle Grazie and entered the church where Beatrice was buried. There he knelt long in prayer, and when at last he rose to go, three times he turned round while the tears streamed down his pale face, to look back at the resting-place of what had been dearest to him in the world.

After he had left Milan, a report came back that he had been captured; but it was not true. He had reached Innsbruck and the hospitality of his niece, the Empress. You recall what was your indignation when you heard that the governor left in command of the Castello had surrendered it to the French for a large sum of money and how the treasures of the Sforza were divided up among the invaders and scattered to the four winds.

When word of this reached Lodovico, lying ill of asthma

MADONNA AND SAINTS AND, KNEELING, THE DONORS
LODOVICO SFORZA AND BEATRICE D' ESTE
WITH THEIR TWO SONS
By Bernardino di Conti

in the castle at Innsbruck, he remained silent for some minutes and then he said, 'Since the day of Judas there has never been so black a traitor.' And all the rest of that day he never spoke again. When the new French King made his triumphal entry into Milan, there were all about him men who only a few days before had been fighting under Lodovico's banner and eating at his table.

When Louis XII returned to France, he left as his viceroy one whose rule was so tyrannous and rapacious that the people of Milan soon turned against him and were glad to welcome back Lodovico, with the Swiss and German mercenaries he had collected. But it was a short triumph; and soon Lodovico was conquered and captured and carried away into that pathetic captivity in France where he languished and died in the dungeon at Loches. He was forty-nine when his career was over and he entered upon a living death which lasted for eight years; and with his downfall Milan lost her independence forever.

Those restorations of the Sforza in the persons of his and Beatrice's two sons were mere puppet shows wherein greater powers pulled the strings. So far as sovereignty in Milan was concerned, it was shot to pieces by the assaults first of France and then of Germany, as effectively as the Gascon archers shot to fragments Leonardo's great clay model which was to have brought Francesco Sforza down through the ages as Gattamelåta and Colleoni have come. Lodovico had been for seventeen years in his grave, whose location no one knows, when the successor of Louis XII was taken prisoner after the defeat of his forces at Pavia, and Milan passed into the empire of Maximilian's grandson, Charles V.

If you, reader, have been visiting the Castello in the presence of that old man who was Lodovico's senior by only a year, you have been seeing it through eyes which

may be full of tears for the passing of Milan's glory, but which, of course, cannot have any pre-vision of how long that eclipse will be. Through all these four hundred years since Pavia, multitudes of people have lived at Milan and many of them have prospered, and much human history has been enacted there. But of great events there have been almost none at all with the exception of those associated with Bonaparte, to which it may be that generations succeeding ours will add those events associated with the rise of Mussolini, whose home is here.

So that it does not seem too much to say that for your probably brief stay at Milan you will have no great need to recall much more than a scant century of her past, nearly all of which you may review at the Castello.

PART V
THE ITALIAN LAKES

PART V

THE ITALIAN LAKES

THERE is no possible approach to these that does not seem a fitting approach to Paradise.

You may come to the western lakes from Switzerland's greatest glories, without feeling the smallest anti-climax.

You may come to Garda and Iseo from the Tyrol, the Dolomites, or from Venice, without a regretful backward thought for what you have left behind.

If you come to the lakeland from the cities of Italy, you cannot feel other than that a tenderly wise Providence set this glory-strip on the hither side of the Alps so that, before climbing over them (or burrowing beneath them, as the case may be) and leaving Italy behind, you may pause, in beauty and calm ineffable, and reflect on what you have seen.

As an introduction to Italy, the Lakes are exquisite. But as a farewell to Italy, they are divine; they make the parting doubly difficult — but who wants to leave Italy easily? The very thought of going willingly seems a sort of sacrilege.

One thinks of the Lakes quite differently, depending on whether they are Introduction or Farewell. I have tried to choose between those two possible ways of considering them, not with any regard to my personal preference, but solely as to what may be your best guidance.

How do the majority of travellers who use my little books as friendly counsellors 'experience' the Lakes? Probably as their farewell to Italy.

Certainly this is true of those who come from Naples

north — whether they have sailed to Naples from New York or down from the Riviera and Genoa.

Those who come into Italy from the north by way of the Simplon, or by way of the Saint Gothard, expecting to return northward by one or the other of those routes, may choose as to whether they will stop at the Lakes first or last. My choice, in such circumstances, would depend largely on the season. I would see the Lakes in the greatest possible loveliness, whether I had them as prelude or postlude. All things being equal, I'd have them as postlude; I'd spend my last days in Italy among them, reflecting on all I had seen and *felt*.

I shall assume that, through choice or in the inevitable course of your journey in Italy, you are making your Lakes visit last.

You have probably been at Venice. Perhaps you went thence up into the Dolomites, and are coming down toward Lake Garda by the route that Goethe followed. No one was ever more mightily quickened by Italy than was he.

It was early September, 1786. He left Carlsbad at three o'clock in the morning, by diligence, travelling under an assumed name, his route a secret from every one but his secretary. He was exhausted, physically, mentally, spiritually, by his political services which left him with this conclusion: 'Whoever devotes himself to governmental administration, without being the sovereign, must be either a Philistine, or a rascal, or a fool.' Toward Italy he looked for his Renaissance. And there indeed he found it.

So eager was he to set foot on Italian soil that he could scarcely give any notice to what lay in the path of his flight.

'What do I not neglect,' he wrote back to the woman of his heart, 'for the sake of carrying out the one thought which has grown almost too old in my soul!'

He would have liked, in other circumstances, to tarry at Innsbruck. 'But I had no rest within me.' So, after only three hours there, he was on his way to the Brenner. 'From here the waters flow toward Germany and toward Italy. I hope to proceed in the latter direction to-morrow. How strange that twice before I stood on such a spot, rested, but did not cross over! Even now I shall not believe it, until I am down there.'

On to Bolzano, and to Trent. At Trent he got a breath of Italian atmosphere. Politically outside Italy, it was inside by situation, characteristics, impulse.

'The people remind one of the dearest pictures,' he wrote home: 'It seems to me as if I had been born and reared here and were just returning from a whaling voyage to Greenland.'

From Trent he went to Torbole, by way of Rovereto.

You will see a tablet to his memory on the house in Torbole which sheltered him. But if he wrote, there, any part of 'Iphigenia' (as I have seen stated) it must have been a small part, penned because he was too excited to sleep. For he seems to have spent no more than a night or two there. 'This morning I left in a two-oared boat. The weather was fine, although a little cloudy; a favorable wind allowed us to set our sail.'

'Does it not,' asks Gabriel Faure at the very end of his delightful book on 'The Italian Lakes,' which appears in 'The Picture Guides' issued by The Medici Society, 'sound like Ulysses telling the story of one of his voyages on the cerulean sea? And is it not wonderful to think that it was from this little harbor of Torbole that Goethe received his first impression of Italy, and that his eyes opened to all its beauty as the eyes of his Faust beheld the vision of reconquered youth?' See him, on that misty September

morning as he proceeded to Bardolino, on the east shore of the lake, whence he took carriage to Verona.

'I have,' he wrote thence, 'finally arrived here, here where I should have been long ago; many of the hard places in my life would have been made easier.'

He was pleased when at Rovereto he no longer found any one who understood German, so that he was obliged to speak Italian, 'the beloved language.' At Verona he put on Italian dress and manners. 'He desires,' says Bielschowsky, his biographer, 'that he shall nowhere be recognized as a northern bear; he wants to associate with Italians as an Italian. Probably no traveller from the north has ever embraced Italian life with greater enthusiasm.'

Although Torbole was not in Italy when Goethe knew it (nor indeed until after the late War), it was Italian in effect, and was his gateway to the glorious lake which led to Verona and Vicenza and Venice, and thence to Rome and Naples and Sicily.

Garda is the largest of the Italian lakes; not much longer than Como (a little over thirty miles) and less long by several miles than Maggiore; but eleven miles wide, in places, as compared with Como's maximum width of two and three-fourths miles, and Maggiore's of three miles. Its area is more than two and a half times that of Lake Como.

Before the War, Lake Garda was little frequented by English-speaking travellers in Italy. The upper part of the lake being Austrian seemed to cut off the whole of this lovely little inland sea to a degree that is the more inexplicable when we reflect that Lugano seemed to suffer little, if any, in popularity with the general traveller, though it is Swiss, and has always necessitated a rather bothersome amount of frontier formalities, changing currencies, and the like.

At any rate, be the reason what it may, Lake Garda is only beginning to be known to more than a semi-occasional traveller from overseas.

If you have but four or five days at your disposal for all that lies between Venice and Switzerland, and this is your first voyage in Italy, I'd say that you would better postpone acquaintance with Garda and give what time you have for lakes to Como and Lugano or Maggiore. (Those who can see but one lake should see Como.)

But if you are motoring between Venice and Milan, the ideal break in that run, which is fairly stiff for a day, with so many temptations to lingering by the way, is on the shores of Lake Garda — either up at Torbole or Riva in the narrow northern 'neck' or down at Gardone or thereabouts, on the western shore near the wide south end.

Or, if you are travelling by train, between Venice and Milan, nothing could be easier than stopping off at Desenzano (on the main line of rail communication) and seeing the superb castle of Sermione, which is said to have sheltered Dante; then taking boat or carriage or motor up as far as Salò or Gardone or Moderno — a matter of thirteen to sixteen miles, depending on which of them you choose. Desenzano is twenty-three miles nearer Milan than Verona is, on your westward way; and you could have a good glimpse of Verona, and of the southern end of Lake Garda, in one energetic day. But this rate of travelling doesn't leave any room for that dreamy reflection and retrospection which the Lakes so wonderfully induce if we give them half a chance.

The more I travel and deal with travellers the more I marvel at the degree in which *seeing* has been overemphasized at the expense of possible *feeling*. You can look at photographs and see how places *look*. It is to experience what they make you *feel* that you go thousands of miles.

When you have felt them, they have become forevermore a part of your mental and spiritual wealth (that is, a part of YOU!) secure, by the most beneficent of laws, against all bankruptcy or other form of inner poverty. But it is *feeling* which transmutes, in this alchemy; so it is feeling that we must count, as we make our travel plans.

For our purposes, in these little books, I may not think of leisurely sojourners in any place or region. I must always think of travellers snatching glimpses; and to serve them, I must be selective rather than attempt to be comprehensive. But I never, except under protest, make an itinerary for any one, no matter how brief his time and immense his desires, that does not allow for occasional intervals when he may rest and invite his soul.

And, though I dare not imagine you to be unhurried, I am going to assume that you are not quite scampering across this lovely northern Italy: and that, whether you approached it from Verona or from the Trentino, you have gone to Torbole.

Torbole was severely damaged in the Great War, and only in 1925 or thereabouts got itself sufficiently repaired to be able to invite guests once again. What it may be like when its 'season' is on, I cannot imagine; for I have seen it only when I was one of a possible dozen guests at the Grand Hôtel — of whom, truth to tell, I saw only two besides ourselves, a German bride and groom very deep in the throes of hand-holding. I'm not sure I want ever to see Torbole otherwise — hand-holding included. I dare say that by this time, or long ere this, the prosaic actualities have enmeshed that bridal pair. But how can poetry ever be more than in abeyance with any who have passed their honeymoon in such a spot?

The very young comrades with me, who passed in a continuing ecstasy from one divine spot to another, in-

cline to the opinion that Torbole was the most beautiful place they saw. As for me, I cannot make comparisons. But I know that I wouldn't for a very great deal have missed our too-brief stay at Torbole.

The lake is very narrow, there, and much like a Norway fiord in effect, with sheer mountains rising from the water's edge at either side. Monte Baldo, on the eastern shore, is a range more than twenty miles long which separates the lake from the Adige Valley. The lakeward side is precipitous, but the slopes toward the valley are a Paradise for botanists.

Seldom have I known anything quite comparable to the restfulness of Torbole, nor to its loveliness. In the deep silence of that little bay, we could hear the faint pulsings of a lake steamer so distant that it was scarcely visible. The velvety dusk was spangled with twinkling fireflies — as big and as bright, each one, as the pricks of light on the mountain-sides that shone from the homes of men.

Doubtless our sense of peace there is the more wondering because we know how frightful this corner of the world was a very short while ago, when Italian and English guns roared from the high northern peak of Monte Baldo, and Austrian guns answered from the opposite heights, above Riva.

When you leave Torbole, follow the road that skirts the north edge of the lake, to Riva. Soon after quitting Torbole you cross the river Sarca, coming out of the Tyrol to flow right down through the middle of the lake from north to south, emerging at Peschiera, and continuing (as the Mincio) till it joins the Po below Mantua. The current is very perceptible when crossing the lake. (I hope you had trout from the Sarca while you were at Torbole.)

Riva, which is eight miles from Torbole, is an attractive old town with a number of hotels and pensions and a pic-

turesque little harbor. It lies at the base of a precipitous mountain, the Rochetta, and is the starting-point of the famous Strada del Ponale. You might like Riva better, for a stop, than Torbole. The Lido Palace Hotel at Riva is very pleasant and well-equipped, has a lovely garden and a private bathing-beach, and its rates are moderate. There are other hotels even less expensive which also looked as if one might be exceedingly comfortable in them. But the Lido Palace is the only one I have tried.

Poor little Riva has had many vicissitudes. Not to speak of her Roman, Lombard, Frankish, and other early history, she was Bavarian (by treaty) in 1805, Italian again in 1809, Austrian in 1814, and became Italian once more after the late War during which only ten houses in the town escaped damage by shell fire.

Near Riva (not quite three miles) is the Ponale Cascate, or waterfall, where the overflow from an aqueduct bringing water from Lake Ledro forms an imposing cascade.

The Ponale Road, by which you will (I hope) leave Riva, has stretches which easily vie, in magnificence of view, with the Amalfi Drive, the Grande Corniche, or the Corniche de Biscaye on the north coast of Spain. A more superb feat of engineering would be hard to imagine. It follows the western edge of the lake for a very short distance, then turns inland toward Lake Ledro, following a deep cleft between the mountains which was the old frontier. High above your head were the front-line entrenchments of the Austrians, where they had their well-hidden mountain batteries. And across the ravine were the first-line trenches of the Italians. At Biacesa is a cemetery where some two thousand soldiers who fell here are buried.

Your road leads you along the shore of Lake Ledro (less than two miles in length) which lies more than two thousand feet above sea level, at the west end of the valley you've

been following. And soon you turn south, through the Val d'Ampola — in places so narrow a gorge, between almost perpendicular crags, that there is room only for the stream and the road. The fortress of Ampola was built by the Austrians in 1860 and destroyed by Garibaldi six years later. There you turn west by a lovely winding road to Storo, which long ago was a tiny Republic in the midst of feudal territories, and in 1866 was Garibaldi's headquarters.

As you continue south, toward Lake Idro, you pass close to the superb Val de Caffaro walled by mountains eight and nine thousand feet high down which tumble many white waterfalls.

Lake Idro is about six miles long, a lovely turquoise blue in color, and shut in by high mountains on both sides — little more than a mile apart. From here to Gardone it is about an hour and a quarter by motor, and a most beautiful drive, full — like almost every foot of the way from Riva — of pictures for the photographers and for those who use no other sensitive plate than their memory.

Gardone is the chief place on the ten-mile stretch of coast known as the Brescian Riviera. It is a sort of collective name — Gardone — for eight little villages which lie so close together that if any one knows where one leaves off and the next one begins, it is not I. The Riviera begins at Salò and ends at Gargnano where the mountains come down into the narrowing lake so as to leave practically no shore between there and Riva.

Salò has a street called Via de' Violini, commemorating Gasparo Bartolotti, better known as Gasparo da Salò, who was the inventor of the violin. You may see the house where he was born, and a sculptured portrait of him in the entrance portico of the Palace of Justice.

If you love Italian gardens, do not neglect those of the Palazzo Martinengo whose present chatelaine is, I believe,

an English-born contessa. Nowhere else that I know of, has a stately sixteenth-century formal garden a more incomparable outlook. The palace is between Salò and Gardone. Offshore, a trifle south of Salò, is Isola di Garda, with its giant cypresses, which once belonged to Saint Francis of Assisi, who founded a monastery there. Dante, 'tis said, was a guest of the monks here, and spent many an hour in discussing with them their theories of life and service. A Borghese prince has a fine modern palace there now.

Where shall you stop hereabouts? Well, the Grand Hôtel at Gardone is a very great favorite with me. I can commend it heartily, for a 'bivouac' or for a sojourn; it has every conceivable creature comfort, opulence of beauty and of sunshine, and sufficient amusements. There is also Hôtel Savoie, nearer to the Martinengo Palace, and the Hôtel Bella Riva, a stone's throw up the lake, which is patronized almost entirely by English sojourners.

At the south end of the lake is Desenzano, on the main line of railway between Venice and Milan, and the starting-point of the principal steamer service. I say 'on' the main line; literally it is *not*, for the Desenzano on the railway is merely a station for the lakeside town to which a branch line, two and a half miles long, descends. Desenzano's history goes so far back beyond mere Roman times that you may (if you can!) sit on her shore and review mankind since the Stone Age. The castle, now a barracks, was built in the comparatively modern times of the tenth century on the relatively modern site of a Roman fortress. In the Middle Ages Desenzano was considered the chief grain market of northern Italy and it is still an important market town — market day being Tuesday.

The peninsula of Sermione is two and a half miles long and varies in width from about three hundred and fifty to

six hundred feet. At its north end is the superb castle, one of the most impressive and best-preserved in Italy, which I hope you will not fail to see if you love castles. (And who doesn't?) Dante was a guest there, it being a possession of the Scaligers of Verona whose greatest fame, now, is that they gave him hospitality. Magnificently picturesque, it is, with its great moat, its three drawbridges, its hundred-foot towers, its crenellated walls, and its reflections in the surrounding water.

The ruins called the Grottoes of Catullus may or may not be those of his father's villa. But if you like to believe them such, I doubt if anybody can prove you too credulous. Certainly it is more interesting to regard them as the probable place where the young poet (he died in his thirtieth year) spent parts at least of those feverish years when he was racked with passion for the worthless Lesbia (Clodia of the Palatine — see 'So You're Going to Rome,' page 91) and then tortured with realization of her unworthiness. If that is not the phase of Catullus's life that you like best to think about (though it is the one he did most to perpetuate), it may be that you'd prefer to believe it was at Sermione that Julius Cæsar forgave the young poet — then nearing his untimely end — for some scurrilous verses which Catullus wrote against him. The father of the poet was an intimate friend of Cæsar and frequently was Cæsar's host, at Verona (where Catullus was born) and at his country house — which may well have been at Sermione. There is a tradition at Sermione that Cæsar stopped there — which, indeed, he may well have done more than once as he came and went over this main-travelled road to Transalpine Gaul whereon Sermione was an important way station — and a certainty that Catullus lived there; we know he loved Sermione and wrote of it with rapture; so, who may deride you if you choose to picture the chagrin of

Father Catullus when he learned that his son (whom he probably thought quite mad, as substantial men of affairs usually think poet sons) had written insulting and calumniating verses against the great pro-consul; to wonder what pressure, of wrath or reason or of fear or sorrow, the father brought to bear on the rash young man, to wring from him an apology; and to pretend yourself present when Cæsar not only accepted the apology, but invited the young man to dine with him that very day.

Virgil, Catullus, and Cæsar, Saint Francis, Dante, and Tennyson are in the shades at Sermione, ready to step forth for your companioning. Surely, you don't want to miss a place like that!

I'm sure you'll want Tennyson's lines on the place. So here they are:

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sermione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed — 'O venusta Sermio!'
There to me through all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the Poet's hopeless woe,

Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
'Frater Ave atque vale' — as we wandered to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive silvery Sermio!

Tennyson wrote the lines at Sermione in 1880. He liked the place, Hallam Tennyson says, 'the best of anything we had seen in our tour.'

A day's motoring of about seventy-five miles will enable you to see the gardens at Barbarano (the Martinengo Palace), Salò, Desenzano, Sermione; the ancient fortress town of Peschiera, at the southeast corner of the lake, where the erstwhile Sarca emerges as the Mincio, and where the Romans had a school of navigation; then, go on (five miles) to the magnificent castle of Lazise on the east bank of the lake at its widest part; beyond Lazise (four

miles) is Bardolino, famous for its wine and its luscious fruits, where Goethe left his bark to take carriage for Verona, eighteen miles distant; and a little over two miles farther, you come to Garda, concerning which Mrs. Lonsdale Ragg has this to say in her very able and helpful little book called 'Things Seen in the Italian Lakes':

'No more proper setting for tales of medieval chivalry and crime could be imagined than this "city" with its ancient circuit of walls, and its dark, narrow, tortuous main street, broken by downward trending alleys which disclose here and there a lovely vista of the lake. Nothing in this shrunken and decayed remnant of the once capital city would seem to have been changed for eight centuries. So mediæval is the atmosphere, it almost seems profane to mention that Garda is to-day linked to Verona by a light railway, and that an old inn, La Locanda, at the point of the bay called after the missionary and martyr bishop, San Vigilio, has recently been brought up to date, as regards sanitation and management, without detriment to its logge overhanging the lake and its generally old world character. Close by are the delightful grounds of Villa Brenzano, which are open to the public.'

I don't know La Locanda; but I shall certainly look it up when I am in that vicinity next time. Helena L. Waters, who has published a very detailed guidebook of 'Lago di Garda and Neighborhood,' which I commend to all who are able to make an even fairly extensive stay thereabouts, says that the 'Locanda' is 'a very quaint place, now in the hands of an Irish-American, who receives paying guests, and English visitors will find themselves in comfortable quarters, with good food and cooking. Mr. Walsh has a motor boat in which he can fetch guests from Desenzano, Salò, or Gardone, and by which excursions can be made. The postal town is Garda-Veronese.

'The fishing boats from Torri and Garda are always passing backwards and forwards, close under the windows, and you can lie in bed and watch the sails go by and fancy yourself at sea. . . . The east windows give a good view over Garda, with the sun rising behind the mountains at the back of the little town, and also of the tiny harbor, which usually shelters a few boats with their many-colored sails.'

This headland, or cape, of San Vigilio, with its little church bowered in tall dark old cypresses, is one of the most be-pictured spots on all the lovely lake of Garda. Perhaps, instead of motoring there and back, you would like to have Mr. Walsh send his boat for you, to Gardone; visit Salò, Desenzano, Sermione, Peschiera, Lazise, Bardolino, and stop the night at La Locanda. If you do, I hope you can take time on the following day for a journey up the lake toward Torbole — perhaps as far as Limone, where lemons were first grown in Italy, by the Franciscans, or where (according to another tradition) they were found growing when the first people set foot on the banks. Only from mid-lake can you get the impression you should have of its fiord-like upper reaches.

Take three or four days for Lake Garda, if you can. You will never regret it, and will doubtless find yourself drawn back there, and back again, for longer and longer sojourns. The splendid mountain excursions which may easily be made from there are almost infinite in number. And there are resorts for every need, pleasures for almost every taste.

When you leave Lake Garda to go toward Milan, you come (at about nine miles from Desenzano, or less than fourteen from Gardone) to Brescia, which has been noted since Roman times for its manufacture of weapons and for the valor of its inhabitants.

For a time, in the early years of the sixteenth century, Brescia was by treaty ceded to the French. And there the

Chevalier Bayard was so badly wounded, defending his King's rights against the Venetians, that he had to be carried into a palace where a noble matron whose home it was trembled for the safety of her two beautiful daughters. But the Knight 'without fear and without reproach' protected them, and gave back to them for their dowries the gold ducats their mother offered as their ransom. This palace is believed to have been the Palazzo Cigola, which you may see to-day if you stop long enough in Brescia to visit some of her 'sights'; it is not far south of the Mediæval Museum.

If you are motoring from Lake Garda, you will enter Brescia by Via Venezia and Piazzale Arnoldo da Brescia (with a monument to her famous reformer monk, pupil of Abélard, and like Abélard 'downed' by Saint Bernard; Arnold was hanged at Rome in 1155), whence you proceed along Corso Magenta, following the tram line, till you come to Via Mazzini, where you turn north (right) toward the Cathedral. The new (seventeenth century) cathedral may not engross you, but the Rotonda or old cathedral is one of the sacred edifices of northern Italy that no lover of Romanesque architecture should miss if he can help doing so.

From Piazza del Duomo, you pass beneath a clock tower very like that at Venice, with its two metal figures which strike the hours on a big bell, and find yourself in front of La Loggia to which many of the finest architects, sculptors, and painters of the Renaissance contributed to make it the lovely thing it is.

And a stone's throw from there, north of the Cathedral, is the Broletto, or communal palace of 1187-1234, with its Torre del Popolo which has stood high above the vicissitudes of Brescia for more than seven centuries — longer, even, than Arnolfo's has soared above Florence. And close at hand, to the east, is the National Museum of Roman

Antiquities superbly housed in the ruins of a great temple or basilica built by Vespasian about the time he built the Colosseum at Rome. By all means halt there for long enough to enter and see the magnificent gilded bronze Victory, found there in 1826. 'It stands there,' says Edward Hutton in his 'Cities of Lombardy,' 'like a Deity; may it be the Divine Genius of a restored Italy.' This he wrote more than a decade before the restoration of Italy began.

The Mediæval Museum is on the same road, a little farther east, with much in it to reward the lover of beautiful handicraft.

The Castello, lying north of the Roman Museum, was built by the Visconti of Milan in the fourteenth century — about the time of Valentine Visconti whose grandson, Louis XII of France, came with his troops (including the chivalrous Bayard) to possess it.

Before you leave Brescia, see the Torre della Pallata, a massive, crenellated tower of the twelfth century, whose bell calls together the citizens of Brescia in cases of emergency. It stands, west of the Loggia, where Corso Goffredo Mameli crosses Via Giuseppe Verdi.

Now, if you left Lake Garda in the morning, and have tarried at Brescia long enough to see something of it, you would better lunch before leaving there — at the Igea Terminus, near the railway station — on the Piazzale Stazione.

And if you mean to explore Lake Iseo, you would do well not to linger too long over luncheon. This lake, fifteen miles long and three miles wide, has in it the largest island in any of the Italian Lakes — the Montisola, two miles long, with a mountain peak two thousand feet high. It is not a fashionable lake; there are no hotels on it of the resort type; it is 'milder' than any part of Lake Lugano, and the

mountains are grand that line its shores. The motor journey up the east shore to Pisogne, then across the head of the lake to Lóvere, and from Lóvere to Bérgamo, is about sixty miles. And from Bérgamo to Milan is over thirty miles more. To rush through Bérgamo is nothing less than tragic. Yet it is not a tourist town, and hotel accommodations there are rather plain. Those who are in haste, or who dislike simple lodging and strictly Italian fare, must go from Brescia straight through to Milan, a distance of about sixty-two miles.

But if Bérgamo is not impossible on your schedule, I urge you to see it. In my gallery of recollections are few that are finer than those of Bérgamo.

On your way to Bérgamo from Brescia I would have you see the great castle of Malpaga, the favorite abode of Bartolommeo Colleoni. 'No castle in all Italy,' Edward Hutton opines, 'is more splendid than this, or less spoiled by the hands of fools. It is worth almost any trouble to see.' It is, indeed.

The lower town of Bérgamo is not very interesting; but there, for all I know to the contrary, is where you must seek your inn — probably the Moderno, close to the station on Viale Roma, or the Concordia, a few doors farther along the same street, and which Bertarelli says is 'well spoken of.' (Here I cannot guide you, for I have tried neither, having gone on, once to Brescia and another time to Milan.)

The upper town is your destination — Bérgamo Alta! — the old Etruscan hill-town, where 'everything is old and beautiful, full of honor, virility and endurance. Unsuited to the modern restlessness and hurry, unapproachable by the railway, the true Bérgamo still dreams on her fair hill-top of all we in our foolishness have forgotten; and, deserted by the Gadarene herd, who long since have rushed down her steep hillside into the mire of the plain, she still

keeps her dreams about her, content to wait every even the curfew from the Torre Communale, and to ask for the protection of her two patrons, Sant' Alessandro and the Blessed Virgin, at sunset.'

This is Edward Hutton, who continues:

'I have said enough to tell the traveller that something unique and lovely awaits him in Bérgamo, but no amount of description can hope to convince him of the virile beauty of the place, the magical beauty of the Piazza Maggiore to which all those steep, narrow, winding ways lined with great palaces seem to lead, the picturesque and virile beauty of the grand old tower that rises over it, the charm of the Broletto built upon arches through which one has glimpses of the splendor beyond. Here in Bérgamo there is nothing frowning, miserable or unhappy; she is gay and yet stately, bright, noble and sure of herself. There is nothing in all Lombardy better and lovelier than she.'

A funicular will take you from Bérgamo Bassa, the lower town, to Bérgamo Alta. But a more satisfying approach is by the Porta di Sant' Agostino, on the east — which you may reach by the Viale Vittorio Emanuele or by Via Pignolo. The walls and bastions of the old town are still in perfect condition, and the top of the walls, planted with walnut trees, forms a wonderful promenade from which the views, as one circles the city, are infinitely varied.

To the north, you have the picturesque chain of the Bergamesque Alps, approached by three gorges wherein green sloping pastures alternate with darker forestration. 'To the south, the wonderful plain of the Adda extends as far as the eye can reach, green and smooth as a vast pacific sea. Fields of maize and cereals, meadows, rice-grounds, mulberries and fruit trees cover it with a luxuriance unknown in any other part of Europe. I can think of no land-

scape which gives such an impression of wealth, abundance, and fertility. [It is Gabriel Faure who speaks, in his 'Wanderings in Italy.'] Each crop here yields a double harvest, and the hay is cut several times in one season. The Alps work this recurrent miracle with their melting snows and overflowing lakes. The fat soil is nourished by constant moisture. . . . It was in the kindred plain of the Mincio, like the Adda a tributary of the Po, that the elegiac soul of the Mantuan awoke. Never have I felt closer to him. The same atmosphere bathes me, that atmosphere of joy and plenty. At the foot of the ramparts, on the sunny terraces, peasant women are gathering the grapes in large baskets, singing and chattering gayly, just as, two thousand years ago, the women must have made their vintage on the land of Æneas.'

When you have feasted your soul on the views from the lovely ramparts, turn your attention then to the treasures of the ancient city which has sat tranquilly, broodingly, above all this beauty for so many mellowing centuries.

From the Piazza del Mercato delle Scarpe (or the Square of the Market on the Cliff) you take a narrow street called Via Gombito, past a twelfth-century tower of the same name, and come to Piazza Garibaldi. There you have, on your right, the Palazzo Nuovo, once the town hall, but now a Natural History museum. In the southwest corner of the piazza is the Torre del Comune, Roman in its lower part and twelfth-century above, from which the Angelus rings at noon and the curfew at 10 P.M. Beside it is the Palazzo Vecchio, built on Gothic arches beneath which you may pass to the Piazza del Duomo, in which the cathedral is almost completely eclipsed by its neighbors.

One of these is the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, which is famed for its lovely apse of mounting tiers of arches; for its two fine porches, particularly that on the

north; and for its magnificent choir-stalls with the tarsia-work (inlaid wood) of Fra Damiano.

Adjoining this church is a small chapel which was once the sacristy, but was rebuilt in 1470 by Bartolommeo Colleoni as a mausoleum for himself.

Bartolommeo's family, who were Guelphs, had been driven out of Bérgamo by the Visconti, and he was born not in the old hill town that should have been his cradle, but at Scolza, near by. This was in 1400. His father and elder brother were murdered, and Bartolommeo spent his early years between dungeons and a liberty scarce more enviable. He became a page, and presently a trooper. And when he was fifty-five, he succeeded Gattamelata as General-in-Chief of the Venetian Republic, an office which he retained until his death, in 1475.

(Now, here is a slight instance of how accounts may differ. For one book on my table says he retired from active service eighteen years before he died; another says he died in harness; and it becomes necessary to 'check up' — as, indeed, it always is! Luigi Villani says 'he remained at the disposal of the Republic in time of war until his death.' And the weight of evidence is with Villani. I mention this because it may be that you have also with you the book which says that Colleoni spent his last eighteen years in retirement. And it really matters not a little, I think, whether the personality that Verrocchio made immortal was an active captain to the end, or an ageing man 'surrounded by learned men and artists, in whose society he delighted.')

Colleoni was the last of the great *condottieri* or captains of free companies who fought where the pay was best. He changed sides often before he settled with the Venetians, but his record is free from treachery, and though he amassed great wealth he seems to have done it without

rapine. It is said that when the Venetian senators visited him on his death-bed, he cautioned them: 'Never give to any other General the power you have entrusted to me; I might have turned it to worse account than I have done.'

When he was threescore and ten, Colleoni lost a tenderly beloved young daughter, Medea, sixteen years old; and he commissioned Giovanni Amadeo of Pavia, one of the many architects of Milan Cathedral, to design a tomb for her; she was buried in the Dominican Monastery of Santa Maria of Basella, and her tomb was not brought here to rest beside her father's until 1842. But so pleased was Colleoni with Amadeo's lovely work that he commissioned him to convert the sacristy of Santa Maria Maggiore into a mausoleum for himself, and to design a tomb for it.

You may feel, as some do, that the chapel is too 'sugary' for a warrior. But of its kind it is certainly fine; and it may have been his commission to do this that helped young Amadeo (he was only twenty-three when he did Medea's tomb) get the opportunity to work on the façade of the Certosa at Pavia.

Mass for the repose of the souls of the Colleoni is said every morning in this little chapel.

Be sure to see the lovely tarsia-work here.

The charming Baptistery, constructed to stand within the Cathedral and removed thence in the seventeenth century, is another of the treasures of this remarkable old piazza, where the dignity 'of a day that is dead' reigns so serenely.

To Bérgamo, in his 'Città del Silenzio,' d'Annunzio (who, by the way, lives at Gardone, on Lake Garda) dedicated the verses which describe this square:

'Before the great south gate the deserted stones are green with grass, almost enough to serve as food for the two old lions.'

I would make a very considerable effort and almost any necessary sacrifice to hang in my memory some pictures of a sunset or a lovely morning on the ramparts at Bérgamo, and of the apse and campanile of Santa Maria Maggiore, and of the resting-place of Colleoni, whom Verrocchio has made every man's acquaintance, and his lovely daughter.

If enough of my readers feel similarly inclined, it may be that in course of time we may find that Albergo del Sale, on Via Colleoni, close to Bartolommeo's house which he left to the city to be used as an orphanage, has been raised from its present classification as 'plain' to another that promises comfort for the traveller. In which case, I believe that a night up in the old town will come to be one of the choicest experiences of many lovers of Italy.

Now, when you leave Bérgamo, you may be bound for Como; or you may be going into Milan, by way of Monza if you're travelling by train, or by way of Gorganzola if you're motoring. The Autostrada [see below] has an arm to Bérgamo, now.

At Monza is the Autodromo, built in 1922, where the motor races of Milan are held — Milan being, as you doubtless know, one of the great centres of automobile manufacture in Italy, along with Turin.

The race-course may be Monza's attraction for you, or it may be that you would love to see the celebrated 'Iron Crown of Lombardy' which is in the Treasury of the Cathedral.

This crown owes its great interest to association of two sorts. It is said to have been given by Pope Gregory the Great to Theodolinda, the good and beautiful Bavarian Princess who became the Queen of the Lombard King and made herself so beloved by his people that when he died they accepted her as their sovereign. She built a palace at Monza, and a church, and is buried there — venerated

these thirteen centuries, as the one 'who brought light and strength to her Kingdom.'

The Crown consists of an inner circlet of iron beaten out of a nail said to be one of the nails of the Cross. The iron band is enclosed in gold and jewels. With it was crowned, as time moved on, Charlemagne, conqueror of the last Lombard King; Frederick Barbarossa, Charles V, and Napoleon.

King Humbert, the second King of United Italy, was assassinated at Monza in 1900, and a commemorative chapel marks the spot. Twenty years later, his son, Victor Emanuele III, presented to the nation the imposing royal residence at Monza with its fine large park; and this is now used for a School of Decorative Art, and for exhibitions of the same.

Should you be bound direct for Como, your road leads through Lecco, which is the chief town of Como's east leg.

Como, you know, is shaped like a man striding westward. The town of Como is at the toe of his forward or west foot; Bellagio is at the groin. Most of what concerns the tourist lies along that west leg. The east leg, called the Lake of Lecco, is another world. And so is the 'body' above the waist, which is Menaggio.

Between the two legs lies a mountainous district called the Brianza, with five considerable lakes and a lot of tarns and streams; with rich forestration, riotous vegetation, picturesque farmsteads, fine villas. This has been called the most delicious corner of all Italy; but the hurrying traveller is little likely to see it, although, since the fine road from Bellagio down to Asso and Erba was pushed to completion during the War, this Brianza district is infinitely more accessible than it used to be. I suspect, however, that its exploration is for the thrice-fortunate so-

journer rather than for the majority who glimpse the Lakes in a day or two.

On no account would I have you make your first approach to Como other than by the marvellous Autostrada, which seems to me one of the most impressive of the many wonderful things wherewith renascent Italy has recently signalized her deathless ability to lead the world.

North of Milan lies a Paradise without peer. Milan loves that Paradise for her own sake (thousands of Milanese have villas there, wherein they make their homes for many months of the year) and she appreciates what the love of all the world for that Paradise means to her as the gateway to it. All the world, Milan included, is pressed for time, these days. The nearer that lake and mountain district can be brought to Milan, the more it can be enjoyed. The mountains won't come to Milan, and Milan can't concede, like Mahomet, and go to the mountains. But there is something Milan can do. The descendants of those Romans whose road-building fervor was one of the bases for their World Empire, see that no amount of road-perfecting will solve the communication problems of to-day and to-morrow, unless ——!

Stupendous, staggering thought! But it has got to be faced. And who should face it with more hardihood than the sons of ancient Rome?

What impedes traffic? Strangles motor communication? Slow-moving vehicles — corners to turn — road-intersections. Very well! Those must be eliminated.

Take, for instance, that splendid highway, greatly broadened, on which England has lately expended a fortune to expedite access to Oxford, Southampton, Bath, and the southwest. One makes but snail's pace on it, Sundays or holidays, on account of the fleets of bicycles and motorcycles. Take many and many a fine road on which a gaso-

line engine of the highest type is not much more useful for cutting down running-time than a one-hoss shay, on account of crawling hay carts and produce wagons every one of which calls for separate 'negotiations' in the way of honking and signalling and waiting for a turn-out so the swift-moving car may pass. Think of the droves of sheep, the herds of cows, these and other farm animals, who take possession of highways and whose movements are so impossible to calculate. Think of the chickens and the dogs in whose behalf the considerate motorist is perpetually courting death for himself in the swerves he makes.

(What touches me almost to tears, as I motor up and down the big and little roads of many countries, is the wisdom, or the obedience, or both, of the children. It is the rarest thing in my experience to have a shock of fear for a child darting into the road. How so many fall victims in the United States, I cannot think.)

If the perfection of motors and tires and other things in the auto industry is to continue, there must be more scope for the perfected locomotion. It must have a highway of its own!

If this little book continues to be read when a decade or so has passed by, there will doubtless be many who will smile indulgently to think that I found the Autostrada thrilling. They'll have long since taken such roads for granted, I doubt not. But when I went over this one in the late spring of 1927, I had a feeling of anticipating the future. I'm no lover of speed. Every transit in Italy is too quickly made, for me. But I couldn't help exulting for the Milanese when I realized what this road does for them.

They enter it from their own boulevards. They leave it at Como, or Varese, or at Arona; twenty-five, or thirty, or thirty-eight miles as the case may be; and in all that distance of smooth rolling at whatever decent speed may be

their preference, they need not honk nor hoot nor halt nor swerve. No traffic crosses their path. No pedestrians contest it with them. No farm carts nor live stock, no bicycles. All intersecting roads run beneath this one; there is no ingress to the Autostrada except at its ends. But it has filling-stations for the improvident, and possibilities of repairs. It is the very apotheosis of road-building for present-day and near-future purposes. At least, so it seemed to me. And its counterpart is soon to run from Milan to Venice!

I am now supposing that you have followed it to Como; and that you will make a stop of some length in the town of Como, which has some forty thousand inhabitants and is a great centre of the silk-weaving industry. But I hope you won't do as M. Faure says Taine did:

'When he left Milan, he threw his cap in the air: "After three months passed in front of pictures and statues, one is like a man who has dined in town every day; give me a pineapple and some bread. One boards the train with a light heart; knowing that at the other end there will be water, trees, real mountains, and that the landscape will no longer be three feet long and framed in four gilt bars," and the next day, after having made a tour of the lake without leaving the steamer, he dedicated a brief page to the marvels which had passed before his eyes and for which he had apparently longed so fervently; then, unable to resist the temptation to pay a visit to the Duomo, he wrote a whole chapter in which he expatiated on the happy mixture of Italian and Gothic in the works of the Renaissance.'

The Cathedral at Como is indeed a most beautiful edifice, and the Municipal Palace, or Broletto, has been pronounced one of the finest brick and marble buildings in all Italy. But the loveliest lake in all the world lies at their thresholds!

There isn't much in the town of Como that the Plinys would recognize; but the Classical School (near the massive Porta della Torre built in 1192) incorporates some Roman columns, and contains a Natural History Museum, which the elder Pliny would find engrossing! And a youth of to-day, in Como, may walk in five minutes from this place to the house wherein Volta lived — Volta, whom Italy has just (as I write) honored with an international exhibition commemorating the centenary of his death. There were boys in Como, not so *very* long ago, who studied physics under Volta and were in contact with him when he was making his epochal experiments in 'measuring' electricity.

On either side of the central doors of the Cathedral are seated figures of the elder and the younger Pliny, under exquisite canopies. Beneath the figure of the elder, you will see a sculptured representation of that eruption of Vesuvius in which Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed and he, Rome's admiral hastening thither from Misenum, lost his life. It is Mrs. Lonsdale Ragg who reminds us what the surprise of the younger Pliny would be to find himself there — he having, when Governor of Bithynia (whither Paul and Timothy had essayed to go, 'but the Spirit suffered them not' — Bithynia being where Constantinople now is), and describing the absurd but harmless practices and rites of the Christians in the province, declared that 'this superstition if left alone would doubtless soon die out.' And now, more than eighteen hundred years later, he sits, as he has been sitting these three centuries, beside the main portal of a great sanctuary dedicated to that 'superstition.'

The tapestries (fifteenth-century) of the Cathedral are superb; and there are some lovely Luini Madonnas — Luini was a child of these lakes; on their borders he was born, lived, and died. And if, since being in Perugia, you have a special interest in pictures of the 'Marriage of the

Virgin,' you have one here, by Luini's pupil, Ferrari, in which the disappointed suitors are doing uncommonly 'wiolent' things with their wands.

Should you feel inclined to make Como your headquarters while in this vicinity, I think you will find the Plinius Grand Hôtel a comfortable and pleasant place to stay. I have not stopped there since before the War. It was a prison for Austrian captives during the War, and was not reopened as a hotel until about 1924 or so. My recollections of it in pre-War days are delightful.

It was in 1859 that the Austrians, to whom Como had by treaty belonged for a period, fled through the Porta della Torre as Garibaldi 'pushing on victoriously from Varese with three thousand volunteers, marched into the city by the neighboring entrance.' So, their associations with the place have been varied!

It was for Charles V when he visited Como in 1541 (eleven years after his coronation at Bologna) that the native historian, Benedetto Giovio (who, three years later, was borne to his tomb in the Cathedral on the shoulders of noble youths) wrote the history of Como for fifteen hundred years, in forty-three Latin words. Translated, they are:

'A Greek colony of Orobii were its first settlers. The Gauls took possession of it. The Rhaetians, alpine folk, destroyed it. C. Scipio, Pompeius and Caius Cæsar replanted it. The Milanese, in war, burnt it. Frederick I restored it. Civil war twice destroyed it. Princely dissensions afflicted it. Charles V raises its hopes of felicity.'

If you want to know what Spanish domination did to those hopes of felicity, you have a vivid picture of it in 'I Promessi Sposi' by Manzoni, the Milanese novelist and poet, to lament whose passing (in 1873) Verdi wrote his noble 'Requiem.' Italy mourned Manzoni much as France

was, a decade later, to mourn Victor Hugo. 'I Promessi Sposi' was published in 1822, the year after Manzoni had written his powerful stanzas on the death of Napoleon ('Il Cinque Maggio' — The Fifth of May), which are perhaps the most popular lyric in the Italian language.

When you leave the town of Como to begin your exploration of the lake, you have a very considerable choice of destination and of transportation.

Should you be bound for Madame Dombré's distinguished hospitality at Hôtel Villa d'Este, Cernobbio, the hotel motor bus or one of its cars or of its fleet of motor boats will come to fetch you. Should you be desirous of getting to Villa Serbelloni, at Bellagio, more quickly than the steamers go (which is between two and three hours), you may have a fast motor boat sent down for you which will whisk you up there in fifty minutes; or you can motor up the east shore of that western 'leg' in about an hour and a quarter or so. Less expensive than a private motor is the motor bus which plies between Como and Colico. (Colico is up on the 'shoulder' of our man-shaped lake, and from there one goes east toward the Stelvio Pass, or north toward the Splugen Pass.)

Other favored stopping-places on the western 'leg' of Como are Tremezzo and Cadenabbia, between which lies Villa Carlotta with its magnificent grounds and its famous sculpture gallery; and Menaggio. All three of these places are within three miles, all have excellent hotels, and there is an eighteen-hole golf course back of Menaggio, which is sufficiently accessible to them all.

If you are to make a sojourn on the lake, you may do well to visit all five of its principal sojourn points before making a choice among them. But if you have only a very few days for Lake Como, I'd say, 'Divide your time between Cernobbio and Bellagio if you can stay at Hôtel

Villa d'Este'; if your budget won't permit that, I think you'll be best satisfied if you go to Bellagio, where there is a wider range of choice in the matter of hotels, and from there visit the three other places across the lake.

What I learn in talking with travellers (and I talk with a great many!) leads me to believe that a majority of those who visit Lake Como on a budget that can in any wise be made to admit it, regard a stop at Hôtel Villa d'Este as an indispensable experience. For that is just what it is — an 'experience'! Not just an elegant hotel — because many a time, many a place, the difference in charm, in satisfaction, between an elegant hotel and a simpler one, may not be at all worth the difference in price — but a sort of Aladdin-like interlude, when we seem to have rubbed our magic lamp with complete success, and found ourselves transported from a world of balancing budgets into one like the Arabian Nights minus the menace of eunuchs' flashing scimitars. (The only dread at Villa d'Este is the dread of having to 'move on.')

The villa which the hotel occupies was built in the mid-sixteenth century for a Cardinal Gallio whose native place Cernobbio was. Queen Caroline of England, wife of George IV, resided here for four years, when she was still Princess of Wales. Her profligate husband separated from her after a year of marriage. For eighteen years she lived in England. And although her husband tried by every means (mostly foul) to get her convicted of a single instance of misconduct matching his own infinite number and variety, he failed to do so. The commission appointed to inquire into her conduct found no serious fault, but certain improprieties for a Princess of Wales living in such difficult circumstances. And these they pointed out to her, and censured.

In 1814 Caroline left England: and from 1816 to 1820 she

The Villa d'Este the late Residence of Her Majesty as the Duke of Como.

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resided here, at Villa d'Este. In 1820, her husband (who had been Regent for nine years since his father's hopeless insanity had been acknowledged) succeeded to the throne, and one of the first things he did was to issue orders that Caroline should not be recognized as Queen at any foreign court. He also had her name omitted from the liturgy. Thereupon, Caroline made known her intention of returning to England to claim her rights. George offered her £50,000 a year to stay away and forget her rights. She declined; packed up, bag and baggage, and departed hence, arriving in England on the 6th of June. A month later, a bill to dissolve her marriage with the King on the ground of adultery (*her* adultery!) was brought before the House of Lords. The trial began August 17th. Public excitement was intense, in Caroline's favor. On the 10th of November the bill, after passing the third reading, was abandoned, and Caroline was permitted to assume her title of Queen. She was, however, excluded from Westminster Hall on coronation day (July 19, 1821) and died, more or less from chagrin, about three weeks later.

I devote some space to this sordid story, here in the midst of all this loveliness, because it is the one outstanding 'association' of Villa d'Este which everybody knows, vaguely; and I find that most persons are more than a little hazy about Caroline's vicissitudes. It was she who named this place Villa d'Este, probably because some features of its gardens remind one of Villa d'Este at Tivoli.

Cardinal Gallio, who built it, was a poor urchin of Cernobbio, the child of fisher folk, who rose from one dignity to another until he became Secretary of State to the Holy See. Six days were required, in his time, for the journey between Rome and Como; and he could make it without ever stopping under any other roof than his own.

Moreover, when he had reached Como, he had still three

splendid estates among which to choose. The grandest was at Gravedona, away up the lake, opposite Colico. He was forty-one when he began this villa at Cernobbio; fifty-nine when he employed the same architect to build the greater palace at Gravedona; and seventy when he must have craved the fun of building another before he died, so he (being one man who, evidently, did not quarrel with his architect) again employed the designer of other Como residences (Pellegrini, better known as Tibaldi) to make him yet another, midway between the first two and on the same, western, shore: the villa sometimes called Arconati, sometimes Balbianello, is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Butler Ames, of Boston.

Opposite Cernobbio is a villa that once belonged to the famous ballet dancer, Maria Taglioni, who, after extraordinary triumphs in many countries, supported herself in her old age by teaching young and not-so-young ladies in London how to curtsey to Queen Victoria and how to back out without catastrophe.

Ristori, the great tragédienne, also had a villa near there, as did Pasta, the noted coloratura for whom Bellini composed 'Norma' and 'La Sonnambula' to enable her to display her astonishing facility.

But, apart from noting these things and the possibility of your visiting Villa Pliniana, you are little likely to concern yourself with that eastern shore of the western 'leg,' until it reaches Bellagio. If you can make the journey between Como and Bellagio but once, you must, of course, do it by water — steamer or motor boat. If you do it twice, I think you would enjoy motoring one way. Motoring up the west shore enables you to stop at Balbianello, at Lenno, Tremezzo, Villa Carlotta, Cadenabbia, and Menaggio; but then you must cross, by boat of some sort, to reach Bellagio. Going up the east shore takes you to Bellagio direct,

and leaves you to make your west-shore visits on an excursion from there. There is no way that is not lovely.

Villa Pliniana is near Torno, about five miles from Como, on the eastern shore. The man who built the villa had helped to put a violent end to the loathsome Pier Luigi Farnese, one of those sons of Pope Paul III who were such a scourge to Italy; and he lived here in mingled fear of vengeance and remorse for the murder.

Pliny's description of the mysterious intermittent spring here has caused his name to be associated with the place, though it is not thought that he ever had a villa there.

'You may lie near it,' wrote Pliny of this spring, 'and eat your food and drink of the spring, which is intensely cold. . . . Suppose you place a ring or some other object on a dry spot. The water reaches it, at last covers it, and then again slowly retires and leaves it dry. If you watch longer, you may see a repetition of the process.' You may, indeed — to-day, as when Pliny did it eighteen hundred years ago, and as many another notable has done since. Shelley is one of a multitude who have found this place enchanting.

In the days of the struggle for Italian independence it was associated with the 'Jeanne d'Arc of Italy,' the beautiful Princess Cristina Belgiojosa whom Disraeli described as Theodora in his 'Lothair,' and Meredith had as his inspiration for Laura Piaveni in his 'Vittoria.' She and her daughter and granddaughter all gathered round them in this place the spirits that flamed most purely for Italy's 'Resurrection.' All are with the majority now.

'So,' says Mrs. Lonsdale Ragg in that charming little book of hers ('Things Seen on the Italian Lakes'), 'the generations come and go and have their temporary quarters within the great old houses they fancy they possess; while the mysterious spring continues, without haste or rest, to

mark the passage of the hours with its punctual ebb and flow.'

Of Balbianello I have spoken. At Lenno there are ruins believed to be those of the villa Pliny called his 'Comœdia,' because it lay low as contrasted with the high site of that other one at Bellagio where Villa Serbelloni now stands and which he called his 'Tragœdia,' because tragic actors wore the high buskin and comedy actors wore the low sock.

Beneath the parish church at Lenno are two crypts said to belong to the time of Constantine and to incorporate the remains of pagan temples. And there is also an octagonal baptistery which the Lombards built, perhaps under the direction of good Theodolinda to whom Gregory the Great gave the Iron Crown hammered from a nail of the True Cross.

The only island in Lake Como is here — Isola Comacina — and the simpler natives of these shores believe that on it was once an important city with nine churches. This may be a good deal to believe of a strip three hundred feet wide and a half-mile in length. But it must have been a place of strength and importance disproportionate to its size, since it and Ravenna were the last spots in Italy to preserve allegiance to the Roman Empire, and six months' siege was required before Theodolinda's husband, the Lombard King, was able to bring this defiant wee place to submission. And then, from it emerged the men, cherishing Roman architectural traditions, whom Theodolinda employed to build her cathedral at Monza.

In the twelfth century the independent islanders, ever loyal to the Empire, sided with Milan against Como, in some scrap, and was sacked and destroyed. Since then it has been a grass-grown grave of the past. But in 1919 it was presented to King Albert of Belgium — perhaps in the hope that he would build a villa there and become a more

or less frequent visitor to these parts. He, however, handed it over to the Academy of Milan, as a place of sojourn for artists.

Villa Carlotta, one of the best-loved glory-spots on the lake, was built in 1747, belonged in the early nineteenth century to Count Sommariva, and was sold by his widow to Princess Charlotte of Prussia — all but the little chapel in whose vaults rest the members of the Sommariva family. Princess Charlotte gave the property as a wedding present to her daughter, and renamed it Villa Carlotta.

'At Villa Carlotta,' Gabriel Faure reminds you, 'visitors can see two marvels: first the gardens, with their tropical vegetation, their cedars, camelias, magnolias, and huge myrtles, their hedges of rhododendrons and azalias, their groves and grottoes between which amazing glimpses may be had of the gleaming lake; secondly, at the entrance to the Villa, a marble hall, in which there is a collection of wonderful sculpture.'

This sculpture includes Canova's much-reproduced 'Cupid and Psyche' and 'Repentant Magdalen,' and Thorwaldsen's great frieze, 'The Triumph of Alexander the Great at Babylon,' ordered by Napoleon for the throne-room of the Quirinal Palace at Rome, but not yet completed when Napoleon's Empire was a thing of the past. Count Sommariva told Thorwaldsen to go on with the work. But before it was finished, he, too, had passed on. His portrait and Thorwaldsen's are in the two figures bringing up the rear of the procession.

Villa Melzi and Villa Giulia, on the eastern shore at Bellagio, are two other Como villas that I hope you may see.

Concerning these places beside this lake that nothing but lyrics can describe, Edward Hutton asks:

'Who is there that knows Como that has not floated at

evening under those balconies heavy with roses, those terraces stately with cypresses and myrtles, those hanging gardens of azaleas and lilies and geraniums, where the magnolias shine in the twilight and the night is heavy with sweetness?'

Yes! and where the fireflies flash in the scented dusk, and the lights on the mountains twinkle, and the stars spangle the heavens that canopy all this ineffable loveliness.

Please, please, don't neglect to spend at least one evening in a rowboat along these shores!

Bellagio is a delightful wee town of fewer than a thousand inhabitants who scramble up and down its hillside or serve in the exceedingly tempting shops along the arcaded waterfront. Don't spend all your allowance for Italian shopping before you reach Bellagio!

The terraces along the lake at Bellagio are beautiful indeed. The view from them seems as fine as any view could be. You might sit there and believe that you had reached the most exquisite spot on earth. But up above you, on the headland that commands all three reaches of Lake Como, stands Villa Serbelloni upon which the lyric writers, the word-colorists, the impressionists in landscape language and the etchers in prose, the masters of line and of light and shade, have expended such an outpouring of effort that I am abashed at the thought of inviting myself into their company.

'You tell me,' the younger Pliny wrote, 'that you are building. That is well, and gives me the countenance I wanted, for I shall be able to justify my building now that we are both in the same boat. Moreover, there is this, too, that while you are building by the sea, I am building by the Larian Lake. I have several villas on its shores, but there are two that are especially my favorites, and at the same time exercise my mind a good deal. One is situated on a

rocky spur and overlooks the lake, like the villas at Baiæ; the other is on the margin of the lake. . . . Each has its own charm, and each seems more delightful in turn by reason of its difference from the other. The one has a close, the other a wide view of the lake; the one commands a single gently curving bay, the other, perched on its lofty ridge, lies between two bays; the one never feels the waves, the other breaks their progress; from the one you can look upon the people fishing, from the other you can fish yourself, even from your bedroom, and almost from your bed, as though you were in a small boat.'

'A rocky spur' this Punta di Bellagio was indeed, in Pliny's day, and for long afterwards. Its luxuriant vegetation is a comparatively recent thing; the first references we have to its gardens being of the mid-sixteenth century. There were eight hundred granite steps from the lake level to the top, in those days.

But before then, there were pirates in possession — quite ferocious and terrifying pirates who did a thriving business waylaying the merchants and rich travellers who came this way between Milan and the north. There was a kind of Lady Bluebeard, too! A countess 'who arranged that bygones should be bygones, by dropping discarded lovers from the overhanging summit into the profundity below.' Most summary was this for the out-o'-luck gentlemen; but perhaps they were as well off below as they had been above. I'm told that the rector of San Giacomo, the parish church of Bellagio, has found records which tend to substantiate the Lady Bluebeard tales; and I'm hoping that his research will develop at least one rather definite ghost, and may even make us more personally acquainted with some of the pirates. I hope that some time I may stay long enough at Villa Serbelloni to feel on terms of intimacy with all its ghosts from Pliny on.

Mrs. Lonsdale Ragg offers a vote in favor of early February at Villa Serbelloni, 'when winter still reigns upon those glistening heights above the Splugen, which are glimpsed through a lovely flame of naked boughs, while spring already breathes through the violets at our feet. The darkness of conifers and of thickets of evergreen shrubs — laurel, arbutus, and laurestinus — is relieved by the permanent silver of the olive; the lake is a burnished mirror till the *breva* ruffles it to incandescence: the villages on its shores, and the gay little pink and yellow villas on the hill slopes, seem to smile, content with the precious noonday sunshine. We, too, raised far above them, bask like the lizards against the hot stoves of a sheltered wall, while we breathe a pure invigorating air and a peace upon which no tourist breaks. The great umbrella pines on the summit lift themselves darkly against a sky which is of pale but cloudless blue, until that hour when their stems redden in the light of a descending sun. Then pearly mist veils the blackness of the bare chestnut woods, and warns us to turn our steps homeward.'

But Gabriel Faure says: 'To feel the full charm of the place you should at the close of a September afternoon, wander down walks planted with all kinds of creepers, with camelias, magnolias, myrtles, pomegranate trees with knotty, twisted trunks, like huge plaited cables, with citrons, with cacti, brandishing their blue-stained blades, with gigantic aloes with heavy, fleshy leaves. From the flower beds and the overheated earth rise scents more intoxicating than the must of vats, odors as potent as those exhaled in spring time in the saturated atmosphere of Mercato Nuovo at Florence. . . . At every step, across the confusion of greenery bordering the path, there are magnificent glimpses of the shores of the lake, of Bellagio, a diamond contrasting brilliantly with the sapphire of the

three lakes in which it is set, and of the hamlets nestling beside the water, like animals dazed and lazy in the sun. . . . In the walks the honey-bees suck the flowers and pass on heavy laden. Pigeons strut on the gravel-paths, lazily, without the strength to fly away, like those doves of the Borromean Islands of which Barrès speaks, who, half drunk with the swarming perfumes of the terraces at Isola Bella, rose on so slow a wing that it would have been possible to catch them in the hand. A golden vapor hangs about the tips of cypresses, which vibrate in the metallic air. The Virginia creeper draping the trees looks like blood, and others, covered with ivy or starred with climbing rose, recall the flower-clad porticos of Mantegna. . . . Few scenes are so moving. Florence, indeed, seen from Fiesole or San Miniato, and the sweet Umbrian Valley viewed from Giardino di Fronte, at Perugia, stir the feelings more profoundly; but there is certainly no vision more enchanting than this . . . nowhere else can the saying of Flaubert be better understood: "There are some places in the world so beautiful that you want to clasp them to your heart."'

I have not seen Villa Serbelloni in February, nor yet in September. But I can say that in May and June (which is the time I have made all my visits to the Lakes) it is as near Paradise as anything I can conceive.

Before you leave Bellagio, I hope it may be your good fortune to see at least a little of the Lecco 'leg,' if only by way of contrast, and to sail northward as far as Gravedona where the grandest of Cardinal Gallio's estates is, and there are two ancient and interesting churches. The road thither from Menaggio is the Strada Regina made for Theodolinda. And on it, some distance south of Gravedona, is the stronghold of Il Medeghino, the almost impregnable Rocca di Musso which Francesco Sforza granted Il Medeghino as reward for murdering Sforza's rival, Visconti.

Il Medeghino was a child of one of the Serbelloni women and of a father of humble birth. One of their sons became Pope Pius IV, and one of their daughters married a Borromeo and became the mother of San Carlo Borromeo.

You doubtless became somewhat acquainted with San Carlo Borromeo at Milan Cathedral, and will be further conscious of him on Lake Maggiore. His uncle, Il Medeghino, is also buried in Milan Cathedral, in a very beautiful tomb in the south transept.

Uncle, having dispatched the Visconti whom Francesco Sforza found superfluous, was given an open letter to the castellan at Musso, telling him to acknowledge Il Medeghino as master of the fortress. But also there were sealed letters, ordering that the new master's throat should be slashed at the first opportunity. Sforza was so indiscreet as to entrust both sealed and open letters to Il Medeghino. But the latter was discreet enough to read them both. And when he remained in possession of the castle and of his life, Sforza knew himself outwitted — so he used Il Medeghino (since he could not lose him) making him perpetual governor of the Lake of Como and of all he could wrest from the mountaineers to the north of it.

An excessively rapacious and totally unscrupulous gentleman, Il Medeghino appears to have been; and I'm glad 'tis his ghost and not himself that haunts the upper reaches of the lovely lake to-day.

When you leave Bellagio, if you are bound for the other and more westerly lakes, you will probably cross by steamer to Menaggio, and take the little train to Porlezza on Lake Lugano — which, though it is but eight miles distant, requires nearly an hour of travel.

From Porlezza, most travellers go direct to the city of Lugano, a matter of eleven miles, which the steamers cover far too quickly in an hour and a half. This narrow arm of

the lake runs east and west and is known as Lake Ceresio. Its north shore, with sunny south exposure, contrasts strikingly with the south shore, which is sparsely inhabited.

Admirers of Antonio Fogazzaro's novels and poems will be tempted to leave the steamer at its second stop en route to Lugano, and explore the villages of San Mamette, Castello, and Oria. But the majority will go on, past Gandria rising in terraces from the lake, round the point of Castagnola, and into the beautiful bay of Lugano, one of the loveliest inland bays in the world. Here, at the Lugano wharf, the hurrying traveller will trans-ship to another steamer for Porto Cerésio and Ponte Tresa, taking an electric railway thence to Luino, and a fourth steamer to Stresa or other point on Lake Maggiore.

The more leisurely and more fortunate visitors to the Lakes will certainly make a stay at Lugano which is a delightful place for sojourn — charming in itself and an excellent centre for excursions.

There, too, the hotels are fine, the shops tempting; the old town is picturesque and the new town handsome.

My 'Jinx,' usually in abeyance when I'm travelling, has been mischievously active three out of the five times I've been at Lugano — without clouding my recollections of the place in any degree. So I'm sure its attractions are eminent.

Once I entered Lugano under arrest! A peasant with a load of hay encountered on our road in to Lugano from the Saint Gotthard Pass had the happy thought of overturning the hay (carefully) into the ditch, after we had passed him, and telephoning in to Lugano that we had upset him. This insured us a police reception, and an escort to the city jail. There must have been some lack of originality in his charge; for an adjustment was not difficult to make — albeit a bit expensive. Another time, a particularly 'dumb' Swiss soldier at the Ponte Tresa frontier post, stood ob-

durate about something he didn't comprehend in the matter of our visas, until the train for Lugano (we were not motoring that time) had left without us. It was soon after the War, boat service was not yet normal, and this was the last train of the day; there wasn't a place in Ponte Tresa that we could consider lodging in; there wasn't a conveyance to be hired; there was no telegraph or telephone operator at the station, which closed when the tiny train left and would not reopen till next day.

Never shall I forget the dear little old man who was the station porter. He knew where there was a telephone, and he took me to it — in a wineshop which was like a setting for a robbers' drinking-scene in a play of mediæval times. There I 'got' my hotel proprietor at Lugano (at the Splendide) and he dispatched a limousine to fetch us. But that blessed little old man stayed by us until he had loaded our last 'belonging' on the rescue car and seen us safely on our way.

If you love Luini Madonnas (as I do) you will feel that were there nothing else in all Lugano to lure you, the Madonna in the Franciscan church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, next to the Palace Hotel, were more than enough. There, too, is his huge fresco of the 'Crucifixion,' and a 'Last Supper' by him.

We know next-to-nothing about Luini, except that he was probably born at Luino on the east shore of Lake Maggiore. We don't know when he was born, or when and where he died. Yet he, whose contemporaries took so little notice and left so little record of him, painted many pictures which have been ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci. Luini seems to have spent most of his life around these exquisite Italian Lakes. Milan has many of his pictures; Saronno (which is where the Autostrada to Como turns north from the trunk road to Arona) has some, but they are

rather eclipsed by its fame for macaroons, and there are these at Lugano. The picture of Saint Roch, in the Crucifixion fresco, is said to be Luini's portrait.

Be sure to visit the Historical Museum in the Parco Civico. The rooms arranged as peasant interiors of the eighteenth century cannot fail to interest you.

I have never had half enough of wandering in the streets of Lugano and observing its interesting admixture of Italian and Swiss characteristics. It has been Swiss for more than four centuries; and yet there are many things about it 'as Italian as they make them.'

The time to see Lugano at its best is in winter, spring, or autumn. It is too hot in summer; the thing to do then is to make your stay at one of the hotels on Monte Generoso to which you ascend by rack-and-pinion railway from Capolago.

An excursion for lovers of Leonardo is that to Ponte Capriasca (near Tesserete, north of Lugano), where there is a copy of Da Vinci's 'Last Supper' made by one of his pupils who was, nevertheless, sufficiently (and justifiably) conscious of his own abilities, so that he made certain alterations which we do not resent. At any rate, the original is now, as some one has said, 'only a faded stain on a decaying wall'; and the copy is as fresh and fair, almost, as the day it was painted.

If you are going to the Saint Gotthard from Lugano, you will find this only a stone's throw off your main route.

Should your destination be Lake Maggiore, you will (unless Locarno be your first objective) go to Ponte Tresa, whether you are motoring or travelling by train and boat. From Ponte Tresa it is eight miles by electric railway to Luino, where you take a steamer for Stresa or other point on Maggiore's western shore. Or, the more attractive way is by steamer, fifteen miles, past Campione which gave so

many eminent sculptors and architects to Italy in the fourteenth century; below the causeway; round the point where Morcote is perpetually having its picture taken, across to Porto Ceresio, and up another arm of Lugano (which is like half a crayfish) to Ponte Tresa, which is a village half Swiss and half Italian with (when last I saw it) a chain across the frontier.

Those who are making the journey by boat and train doubtless will not turn south at Ponte Tresa for Varese; but for motorists this is, happily, imperative.

The town of Varese is not on the lake of the name, of which John Addington Symonds said that 'in some picturesque aspects Varese is the most perfect of the lakes.' (Not many persons agree with him. But, unless you see Lake Varese, how can you know that you have not missed the lake you might have liked best of all?)

The little city of Varese offers much that is pleasant to see and pleasant to think about. It is ancient — so ancient that nobody seems to know its beginnings — and it is very, very modern; it is urban, with fine shops and gay amusements; and suburban, with villas and gardens and neighborliness; it is residential, an accessible summer home for many Milanese; and industrial — though its biggest brewery is often taken for an elegant hotel, and its smokeless factories, equipped with the most up-to-date electrical power devices are architecturally handsome and stand in attractive gardens. Some of the people who live in those pretty homes are 'city folks' whose winter residence is in Milan, and others are citizens of Varese with the same tastes and interests as their Milanese neighbors.

The district in which Varese stands is, as Mrs. Lonsdale Ragg reminds us (her chapter on Varese is the best I have found in any book on the Italian Lakes), 'one of the richest and most assiduously cultivated districts in Europe; a land

of maize and flax, of mulberry trees, of fruit and vegetables — all scientifically produced, and systematically worked up and distributed; a land of breezy hill pastures with artificial and natural irrigation, exploited in conjunction with coöperative dairy farms. Every walk we take increases our appreciation of the Shakespearean tag "fruitful Lombardy," and of the modern Lombard's engineering skill, business capacity, industry, and thrift.'

There is a supremely good hotel, in an interesting mansion of yesteryears, at Varese, its proprietor perhaps the best-known restaurateur in Italy. There are the gardens of the Corte, which was the palace of Francis II of Este, Duke of Modena, to whom Maria Theresa gave Varese; the palace is now the Municipio, and the gardens which rank among the loveliest in northern Italy are open to the public.

Fortunate you are if you may spend a sunset hour on that garden's hill, revelling in the view.

An excursion from Varese which many make is to the Sacro Monte, two and a half miles from the city. There is a Pilgrims' Way of ascent, with fifteen chapels en route, in which to pray. And there is a cog-wheel railway for the less penitential or less aspiring. Other travellers will prefer another eminence, that of the Campo dei Fiori, which commands an even more magnificent panorama. Six lakes are in sight; innumerable grand peaks; and grand stretches of Lombardy's illimitable plain. An excellent hotel is open at Campo dei Fiori from May to September.

The Autostrada has a branch running to Varese, from Gallarate, as Como has one running from Bozzenta. At Gallarate you turn into the Autostrada's western reach, for Arona and the west shore of Lake Maggiore.

Ruskin called the Lake Maggiore district the Eden of Italy. Stendahl preferred the Simplon route to any other

between Paris and Italy, 'because it leads more quickly than any other to Lago Maggiore opposite the Borromean Islands.' Many are the travellers who feel with the one and with the other of those lovers of Italy. I don't prefer Lake Maggiore to Lake Como; but that does not mean that I don't enjoy the 'Lake of May' almost as much as it is possible to enjoy anything.

And when I find myself a little satiated with superlatives which are, after all, inadequate (even when they make comparisons with Eden and with Paradise — which are none too definite standards for any of us), I like to recall what a very eminent and very picturesque personage of letters once said to me about Stresa.

'When it's June,' said he, 'and the roses are in bloom; and night, and the moon is shining; and you stand in those scented gardens, looking over toward Isola Bella and the lights of the farther shore, and listening now to the nightingales and now to the people who are singing on the lake, you just shake your head and say: "Gosh! there *ain't* no such a place!"'

I pass that on to you, feeling that there will be times when you'll prefer it to any other.

San Carlo Borromeo was born in a castle at Arona, and his family had another at Angera, directly across the narrow arm of the lake from Arona. Up above the latter town towers a colossal statue (seventy-five feet high, on a pedestal of forty feet) of the good man, who seems none too suitably honored thereby.

Stresa is the most fashionable place on the lake, with Kursaal, sports clubs, bands, shops, tourist offices, and all the appurtenances of a gay resort. It has elegant hotels, and much social activity. From it you may take the cog-wheel railway up Monte Mottarone. Also, Stresa is the nearest point from which to visit Isola Bella, whose gardens

MONUMENT TO SAN CARLO BORROMEO ON THE MONTE D'ARONA
LAKE MAGGIORE

and palace you ought by all means to see, even though you may find the gardens too artificial for your taste and the palace too baroque. You may like Isola Madre, off Pallanza, much better.

Baveno is a great favorite with visitors from the British Isles. From it you may visit Isola dei Pescatori, the fishermen's isle, in striking contrast to the pleasure palaces near by.

Pallanza, with its south exposure, is perhaps the warmest place on the lake. This headland, of which Pallanza is the prow, is by many considered the most incomparably fine of all Maggiore's glories; and, in addition to its marvellous views, is rich in famous gardens.

Lake Maggiore is almost twice as large as the Lake of the Four Cantons, more commonly called Lake Lucerne. The northern end of it (perhaps a fifth of the whole, or less) is in Swiss territory, with Locarno its principal attraction for the traveller. Locarno has a very mild, soft climate in winter and spring, with a temperature averaging even higher than that of Lugano. Its magnolias and camellias thrive all winter, so that it has come to be called the 'Nice of Switzerland.' It has many hotels, some of them luxurious; a Kursaal; and other resort features. The best hotels are not open in July and August. The 'high seasons' are March, April, and May, and September and October.

From Locarno you may take the Centovalli electric railway to Domodossola (thirty-two miles) in two hours, enjoying one of the most beautiful rides imaginable, en route to western Switzerland. Or you may take the same railway's eastern stretch of thirteen and a half miles to Bellinzona and go via the Saint Gotthard to Lucerne.

Much remains to be said about the Italian Lakes (oh! very much!), but all that I may take space for here is a mention of Lake Orta, which you may most conveniently

visit from Stresa or Baveno. Orta, beloved by painters, is among the least-frequented by tourists of all the Italian Lakes. Many of the Milanese aristocracy have villas there; but they are those who love serenity. The island (Isola San Giulio) whereon they live is believed to have been purged of serpents by San Giulio in the fourth century — before Saint Patrick carried his similar ministrations to Ireland.

If you have wished you might have seen the other lakes before they became so popular with all the world, you have still (as I write; but who can say for how long?) Orta, Varese, Iseo, and parts of Garda in which to find tranquillity. There are, though, unfrequented places on all the lakes. But I write for the traveller and not for the sojourner; and the traveller, if he longs to get away from other travellers, probably must do it for brief intervals only; although he can usually manage quite well if he avoids places at the season when they are most sought.

PART VI
THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

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THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

FROM VENTIMIGLIA TO PISA

THERE is an increasingly large tide of travel which approaches or leaves Italy by the Riviera and Genoa.

To do this on your northward way, if you have landed at Naples, means to sacrifice the Lakes and Switzerland, or to do this: Venice, Verona and the Lakes, then Milan, and down to Genoa (ninety-four miles) and along to Nice, and up to western Switzerland by the Route des Alpes in summer, or by train to Lyon except in summer months, and from Lyon to Geneva, and thence via Interlaken to Lucerne, and from Lucerne to Paris.

A great many travellers now go south toward Italy by way of Avignon and Nice, and then come north by way of the Lakes and Switzerland.

In winter and early spring, when Venice and the Lakes seem less alluring than the Riviera, many travellers go from Florence to Pisa, and from Pisa to Genoa, and either stay on the Italian Riviera or pass on to the French coast, and thence up the Rhône Valley through Old Provence toward Paris.

I shall try to make this chapter serviceable for you whichever of these routes may be yours. And as my experience leads me to believe that the greatest number is that which proceeds from France into Italy, I shall follow that direction in these pages, leaving you to reverse it if need be.

From Nice to the Franco-Italian border station at Ventimiglia is twenty-one and a half miles; and from Venti-

miglia to Genoa is ninety-three and a half. The time changes to Central European (one hour later) at Ventimiglia where the customs examination takes place.

Why it takes all day to motor one hundred and fourteen miles between Nice and Genoa, I understand; because the road crosses and recrosses the railroad an infinite number of times and one spends an aggregate of incalculable minutes waiting for the gates to be raised. But why the major part of a day must be devoted to the journey by express train, I have not yet fathomed. However, the best time that may be made between Nice and Genoa, at this writing, is six hours; whereas between Rome and Naples a considerably greater distance is covered in two hours and fifty minutes. In the winter season when the demand for such transport justifies it, the C.I.T. runs a motor-car service between Nice and Genoa, stopping at San Remo for luncheon, which is a very pleasant way to make the journey if you cannot do it by private car. But even the train ride is a delightful one.

Ventimiglia is noted for its flower market; but you are little likely to see it. About three and a half miles before you come to Ventimiglia (which is the frontier station, but not the actual frontier, that being five miles nearer Mentone) are the sixty-acre botanical gardens of the Hanbury estate, open to the public from noon till dusk on Mondays and Fridays, on payment of two lire. But those you may have visited from Mentone. There is some magnificent scenery in the gorges north of Ventimiglia on the route to Turin by way of Tenda and Limone. At Tenda (or above it, rather) is the electric power station which utilizes the 'white coal' of the Roja Torrent and supplies 56,000 horsepower for industry. The Tenda Tunnel through which the railway passes is 3445 feet above sea-level, and is five miles long. Should you have time to explore this section,

even as far as Limone (a matter of four-and-forty miles), I think you will feel well repaid.

Three miles east of Ventimiglia is Bordighera, which is a delightful place to stay in, should you be tempted to linger and explore this vicinity, or to rest and enjoy the sunshine and the Winter Gardens. It has a large English colony in winter, and it might happen that you'd be there to see the cutting of palms for Palm Sunday in Rome, in pursuance of the grant to the sailor who yelled 'Wet your ropes' and kept the obelisk in front of Saint Peter's from falling. Bordighera has an English Church.

Three and a half miles farther is Ospedaletti, another winter resort with many excellent hotels, and English Church services in one of the hotels from January to May.

San Remo comes next, three miles nearer Genoa. And here we have the largest winter resort of this Italian coast, a larger place than Mentone, almost as large as Cannes, with a casino, two English churches, most alluring shops, and a variety of pleasant things to do.

After San Remo, there is not much to call for comment until you come to Alassio, thirty miles beyond San Remo, which has many fine villas and gardens, a number of excellent and inexpensive hotels and pensions, an English Church, a British club, a lawn tennis club, a good shore, and is a place to consider if you are thinking of a winter sojourn.

Savona is an ancient town where Columbus once lived, plying the family trade of wool-combing and weaving, when he was a young man of twenty-two or thereabouts. He says he became a sailor at fourteen; but that was evidently 'on occasions,' or for certain voyages, for he seems to have worked at other things, too, and to have attended (as his son says) the University of Pavia where he studied astronomy, geometry, and cosmography. (Pavia

is seventy-one miles north of Genoa.) Columbus gave the name of Savona, where his ancestors had lived before going to Genoa, to one of the first islands he discovered in the New World.

Savona in Liguria (the original Savona) is now a thriving commercial port and one of the chief seats of the iron industry in Italy, besides doing a brisk business in shipbuilding, railway equipment, and other things. A vast amount of British coal enters Italy by this port. And if you have a treasure-hunting turn of mind, let me remind you that Mago, Hannibal's young brother, is said to have stored his booty here, in the Second Punic War; and I've never heard of anybody finding it. Another thing that may make Savona interesting to you is the Della Rovere Palace (now the prefecture, post-office, and law courts) erected by Pope Julius II when he was still Cardinal della Rovere; and the tomb of his grandparents in the Capella Sistina, across the way — the tomb erected by Sixtus IV to his parents, with figures of Sixtus and of his nephew Julius II. Julius was born at Albissola, three miles along the shore, and Sixtus at Pecorile, two miles farther on your way to Genoa. At Cogoleto, six miles beyond Pecorile, is a house with an inscription saying that there Columbus was born. But I would not be too much moved by it; for there is the house in Genoa for which the same claim is made. And there are, now, the Spaniards who feel that they have discovered excellent evidence that Columbus was not an Italian at all, but an Iberian. You probably know the explanation of some saint's two skulls — one being his skull when he was a young man! — but if there is an equally convincing explanation of an explorer's three birthplaces, I can't give it to you.

The towns and villages are practically continuous, now, all the way to Genoa. Ten miles from Cogoleto there is

Pegli, another resort place, with a casino and an English Church, and some fine villas. And then, five miles more and you are at Genoa.

Genoa is about the age of Rome, but its history for some eighteen or more centuries could be written — so far as we know it — in a few paragraphs, whereas Rome's cannot be contained in many volumes. Mago, Hannibal's younger brother, destroyed it. And about the beginning of the Christian era it was rebuilt. But, though millions of people must have lived there and died there, carrying on in some sort the human story, either they lacked good chroniclers or did little that made matter for chronicling until they, with Pisa, repulsed the Saracens from Sardinia, early in the eleventh century, and then started quarrelling with Pisa as to who had done most and should be most recompensed. For more than two centuries the rival republics of Genoa and Pisa warred one against the other for the naval and trade supremacy of the west Italian coast. And when Pisa was finally put out of the struggle, then began the bitter and bloody competition between Genoa and Venice. (It was during the early part of this strife that Marco Polo, fighting for Venice, fell a prisoner to Genoa and was brought to languish in a Genoese prison, where he told his adventures to beguile the tedium of his fellow prisoners, and a French prisoner who could write set them down for the everlasting enchantment of posterity.)

The Genoese were good mariners and good fighters, but unfortunate in their rulers; so they fell under the power now of the German Emperor and now of 'the Pope's man,' Robert of Anjou, King of Naples, and presently of the Visconti and the Sforza of Milan, and then of Louis XII of France.

This condition of servitude made Genoa unable to furnish the greatest of all her navigators with the ships he

earnestly entreated of her, and thus was she deprived of the brilliant destiny that might have been hers had she, through Columbus, become the first mistress of the New World.

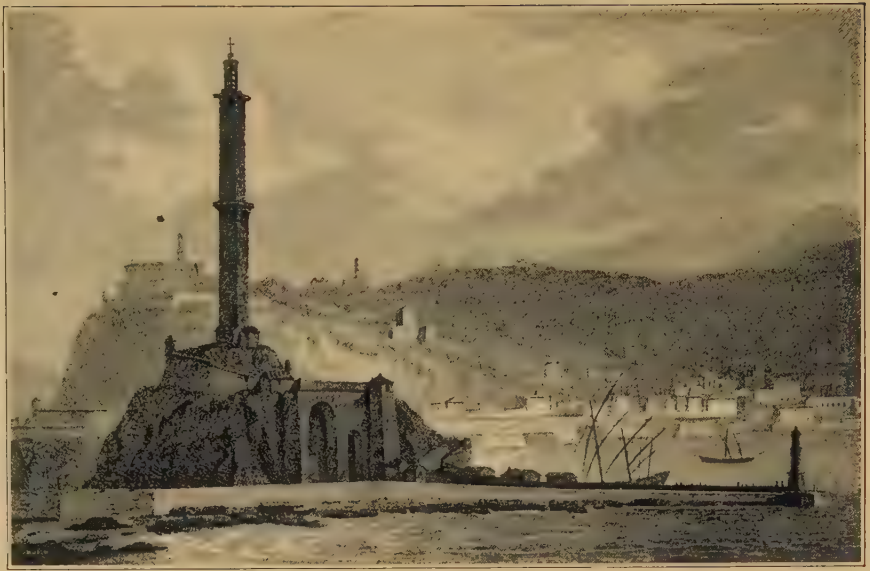
Columbus lived long enough to know Ludovico Sforza a prisoner of Louis XII at Loches, but not long enough to know anything of the rise of Andrea Doria who was to liberate Genoa and make her prosperous if not great.

Columbus almost completely fills Genoa for me, although we know so little of him there. I seem to see him, an urchin, playing around a harbor vastly different from the magnificent one of to-day. I imagine him hearing tales told of Marco Polo, once a prisoner in Genoa (in Columbus' boyhood it was still too soon for printed books to have been accessible to him — there were so few yet in circulation), and discussing with some of Genoa's hardy mariners the probabilities of the sphere. In 1474, 'tis said, he wrote to Toscanelli, the Florentine cosmographer. (See page 123.) In 1476, he seems to have set out from Genoa for the last time, on that voyage, probably to England, where his ship was attacked by a privateer and put in, for a time, at Lisbon before resuming its voyage to England.

Columbus said that, after a short stay in England, he visited Iceland. There is now some interesting evidence that he studied the charts and documents of Leif Ericsson. And there are traces of him at Bristol and Galway and among the islands west and north of Scotland.

Curious! that both he and his fellow townsman, contemporary, and co-discoverer, John Cabot (Giovanni Caboto when he played about the streets and ships of Genoa), should be identified with Bristol.

After that, Columbus has no connection with Genoa, except that one cannot help fancying what Genoa said and thought when she heard of his discoveries.



GENOA

I know no more interesting letters reflecting contemporary interest in his voyage of 1492 than those which reached Isabella d'Este, the sister-in-law of Ludovico Sforza, in her court at Mantua.

It was March 15, 1493, when Columbus landed at Palos on his return from that first voyage. And the Marquis of Mantua heard thus, from Florence, about it:

'Your Highness may have heard that we have had letters here telling us that the King of Spain sent some ships over the seas, which, after a voyage of thirty-six days, discovered certain islands, amongst others a very big one lying east, with broad rivers and terrible mountains, and a very fertile land, inhabited by handsome men and women, who go naked or only wear a cotton leaf round the waist. This country abounds in gold, and the people are very courteous and liberal of their property, and there are quantities of palms of more than six different kinds, and some wonderfully tall trees. There are other islands, five of which have been given names, and one which is nearly as large as Italy.(!) And the rivers there run with gold, and there is plenty of copper but no iron, and many other wonders, and you can neither see the Arctic nor the Antarctic poles.'

Another letter came from Cadiz, from two of the Marquis of Mantua's servants who had been sent to buy horses in Spain, and read: 'A Savona sailor named Columbus has landed here, bringing thirty thousand ducats in gold, as well as pepper and other spices, and parrots as big as falcons and as red as pheasants. They found trees bearing fine wool (!) and others which produce wax and linen fibres, and men like Tartars, tall and active, with long hair falling over their shoulders. They eat human flesh and fatten men as we do capons, and are called cannibals. . . . It is certain that these sailors have brought back a great quantity of

gold, sandalwood, and spices, and what I myself have seen — sixty parrots of variegated colors, eight of them as big as falcons — as well as twelve Indians, who have been sent to the King. And in that land they found great forests in which the trees grow so thickly you could hardly see the sky, and if some men had not climbed to the top of the trees they would never have got out again.'

These letters, which must have been representative of hundreds that were written whilst the marvel was still new, give us some clue to that wherewith the waterside all along here must have buzzed in the days when that 'Savona sailor' brought a New World to the Old World's ken.

Andrea Doria was a young man of twenty-seven when he heard of the discovery of the Savona sailor. Doria was a native of Oneglia, forty miles farther west than Savona on this Italian Riviera you've been skirting.

Like many, if not most, able fighters of those days, Doria fought wherever the pay was best. He helped to chase the French out of Corsica and out of Genoa, and then he took service under Francis I against the Emperor Charles V. Becoming dissatisfied with the rewards he could wring from Francis, he went over to Charles and helped him drive the French again out of Genoa. Then Doria reëstablished the Genoese Republic, under imperial protection, and developed a form of government which, with certain modifications, remained unchanged for nearly three centuries during which the Genoese made vast profits as the bankers of the Spanish Crown and outfitters of the Spanish fleets and armies in the Old World and in the New.

If your hotel in Genoa is the Miramare, you'll be living on part of the site of the Doria Gardens. The palace built for Andrea, wherein he entertained the Emperor, lies below you, a little nearer to the harbor.

Genoa is famed for her palaces, most of which were built

in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the prosperity that Doria inaugurated. His was the greatest gain, but he allowed others to make their fortunes, too. If you have a fancy for palaces, you may indulge it there. The Via Garibaldi, for example, is lined with them. The Palazzo Bianchi houses the Museum of Genoese History (on the plan of the Carnavalet, at Paris) and a Gallery of Painting and Sculpture; also a museum of Italian Independence, and an American Ethnographical Collection. The Palazzo Rosso, opposite, likewise has a picture gallery where you may see some fine frescoes and those canvases which the Duchess of Galliera decided *not* to leave to the city of Paris along with her palace there and its tapestries.

Next to the Palazzo Rosso is the Palazzo Municipale, originally a Doria palace, where you may see Paganini's violin (he was a native of Genoa) and copies of three letters of Columbus. The courtyard here is notably fine.

What I find much more interesting are those quarters of the Old Town which lie about the Cathedral. I do not urge the latter upon your time and attention except, perhaps, for association's sake. But go south from its façade, and wander in those narrow old streets (there is a good itinerary for this in your Blue Guide on Northern Italy, page 56), and, when you have rounded back to the east end of the Cathedral, have a look at the Ducal Palace, built for the Doge of Genoa in 1291, but much rebuilt; and at San Matteo, the ancient church of the Doria family and Andrea's place of sepulture. The small piazza on which the old church (early twelfth century) stands, is surrounded by mansions of the Doria family, including the one (number 17) presented to Andrea by the city in 1528.

This stroll in old Genoa, a tour of the docks in company with some one who can explain the achievements of modern Italy there to be seen, the drive through the newest quar-

ters of Genoa and along the Circonvallazione a Monte, and the visit to the famous Campo Santo, are the chief features of a visit to Genoa for most travellers. But if you are not motoring south, I very strongly urge that you extend your Genoa stay by at least one day, and devote it to a visit to Portofino, Santa Margherita, and Rapallo, on the Riviera di Levante.

At the cemetery you will see Mazzini's tomb, and monuments commemorating members of that gallant 'Thousand' wherewith Garibaldi sailed from Genoa on May 5, 1860, to drive the Bourbons out of Sicily.

Inquire about opera at the Carlo Felice Theatre, or about other possibilities in the way of entertainment suitable for those who do not (perhaps) know enough Italian to enjoy a play.

I used not to care so much about Genoa — being too completely ravished by other Italian cities, perhaps, whose history I find more absorbing; but latterly I have thoroughly enjoyed my brief stays there, and I trust that you may enjoy yours.

If you are motoring toward Rome, your route must be studied in some such wise as this:

From Genoa to that idyllic group of Riviera resorts, Rapallo, Santa Margherita, and Portofino, and their neighbors, is a mere matter of eighteen or twenty miles. The next stage of the journey, to Spezia, is about fifty miles in length. Then comes the stage to Pisa, a little over fifty miles more.

To those who have no special reasons for lingering along the way, Genoa to Pisa is a leisurely day's motor journey. But there are the places of the Rapallo neighborhood, through which it is a shame to hurry. There is much, at Spezia Bay where Shelley had his last home, to repay his lovers for a stop of two or three hours there. And there is

Viareggio (sixteen miles before you reach Pisa) with its beautiful beach and its pine-woods and its many excellent hotels and other 'resort' attractions.

Suppose that, after a fairly full day of sight-seeing at Genoa, you were to 'strike your tent' there about 4 P.M. and pitch it for the night at Portofino or Rapallo or Santa Margherita. Then, next morning, were to cover your fifty miles to Spezia, lunch there, see Shelley's home at Lerici, and saunter along to Viareggio for the night. The third morning you could see Lucca and get on to Pisa for the rest of the day; or visit Pisa and be in Florence that night; or have Pisa and Lucca that day and the night at Montecatini; or see Pisa, lunch there, have a very satisfactory glimpse of Volterra or San Gimignano, and be at Siena for dinner and the night. And the following day lunch at Orvieto and reach Rome for dinner. This would enable you, when coming north, later, to take a more easterly course — from Rome to Perugia via Narni, Terni, Spoleto, instead of Viterbo and Orvieto. If you wish Urbino, Ravenna, and other places on or near the east coast, I'd consider going from Pisa to Florence; then south to Rome, by way of Siena, so that you can go northeast from Perugia or Arezzo, to Urbino and Ravenna; then back to Bologna, and up to Padua and Venice, or from Ravenna to Ferrara, and on to Venice.

Travelling by electric train, you have a ride of only a little over three hours from Genoa to Pisa. But if you are bound for Naples, to come north, I'd go by steamer if you are not travelling by automobile.

The Ligurians, the very early dwellers along the lovely Italian Riviera, are believed by some to have been of the same Iberian stock, unrelated to any other in Europe, whereof the Basques are the present descendants in western France and northern Spain. The Ligurians were cave-

dwellers, and were famous as slingers of stones; and to this day, the boys of Rapallo and vicinity use stones and slings with an almost unerring aim at birds on the wing. Their ancestors offered stubborn resistance to Roman domination, and sided with Hannibal when he marched against Rome. They were not finally subdued until the reign of Augustus.

I incline to think that the people of Rapallo and vicinity, and their pursuits, will interest you much more than their history. They are a handsome folk, of great muscular strength, frugal-living, thrifty; full of dramatic, poetic, and artistic instincts.

The chief cultivation is that of the olive, the harvest of which begins about November and often continues well into the spring. There are two pressings of the ripe fruit — the first for the olive oil we know, and the second for a quality of oil used for lubricating and for soap. The olive stones are burned in braziers, and even the squeezed pulp is used to make a kind of bread.

I have a guide-book of more than two hundred pages on Rapallo and its immediate vicinity, written by some one who does not give his or her name — only initials — from which I cull this charming passage for you:

'As the seasons revolve, bringing with them their work and the outcome of it in harvests, a thousand beautiful sights are prepared for our enjoyment all through the year. When autumn begins and the chestnuts are being gathered, the hills are touched with flecks of gold, and here and there columns of smoke rise from the funeral pyres of chestnut husks and useless plants. These blue garlands curl up amongst the mellow trees, whose already diminished wealth of leaves will soon go to swell the daily growing shroud of mother earth.

'The chestnuts give way to the oaks, which now turn to

a ruddy gold. Their leaves will only be pushed off by the young shoots of spring, and will still be a rich red in February, when most of the trees are thinking of budding. The peach and the cherry make a patch of scarlet amongst the gray olives; the tamarisk has turned to old-gold and begun to drop, as also the bright bronze leaves of the pomegranate. A carpet of brown-red needles is laid in the pine-woods and down the cliffs, and there is gold and copper everywhere.

'With all this autumn richness of color is the springlike appearance of certain bushes at this time of year. The eupatorium display feathery blossoms, the nespolo tree sends forth bright green shoots, the daphne her pink flowers. And whilst the arbutus are shedding their crimson fruit, they frequently show off their tiny bell-like blossoms at the same time. From now onwards, the eye is gladdened by that yellow glory of the Riviera, the acacia (mimosa), of which one species succeeds another all through the winter.

'Some of the trees may look bare during these winter months, but we have always with us the cypresses, evergreens, and olives — each a complement to the other. The cypress stands up strong and reliant-looking amidst the ever-changing olives; and the olives, whose leaves are turned by the breezes from gray to green and green to silver, bear when at rest an indescribable bloom of their own in certain lights and shades. Close to, they form the daintiest mesh of tangled twigs and leaves to veil a sky of periwinkle blue and a sea of sapphire; and the valleys take on a purple hue when seen through this lacework.

'Here amongst the olives some of the first sights of real spring will appear. The peach, almond, and cherry blossoms show pink and white in turn upon the terraces, and the budding trees add their fresh young green to that of the deep-tinted pine and ilex.

'The early primroses and violets in the woods and valleys are followed by squills and orchids, hepatica, dog-tooth violets — and cowslips on the hills. The tiny richly scented jonquil called San Giuseppi never fails to make an appearance long before that saint's day on March 19th, and presently rambles can be taken through long stretches of Mediterranean heath all fluffy with creamy whiteness.

'The fig-leaves soon thrust forth like little hands upstretched; the wistaria hangs fragrant flowers from wall and pergola; and the air is redolent with orange-blossoms.

'A succession of nature's blues and purples now adds enchantment to the scene; the tall columbines and other wild flowers toss their heads amongst the long grass, and one kind of iris after another appears. Quite a snow-like effect, too, is lent to some gardens by the numerous bushes of Spiræa, called Italian May, whose branches are weighed down by a wealth of sweetly scented white blossoms.

'But who can foretell the precise month in which each of Spring's beauties will appear? For plants and shrubs blossom or bud according to their position, and vary each year; and much of the pleasure of gardens here lies in the erratic growth and unpremeditated behavior of their denizens. Perhaps Spring — or rather early Summer — is in her fullest glory when the nightingale is pouring forth his melodies (regardless of passing vehicles or voices) and the fireflies are twinkling amidst the bushes. Then are seen everywhere roses, roses, roses — trailing, spreading, climbing over house, wall and pergola, having worked hard all winter for our pleasure and only resting in the very early spring before they make this, their final effort.

'And not the least of Nature's boons to us during this sunny Riviera winter are the wonderful effects and afterglow of sunset, followed by clear star-lit nights when the

constellations seem quite close and shine down on us without any of the aloofness they show in England.

'The sun, when he dips behind the western hills, leaves the sky and sea all radiant with his parting touch; the water turns to liquid gold and silver, or from pink becomes ruby, from ruby, sapphire. The hills loom large and purple against the gleaming sky, and the eye turns wonderingly from an east of alluring opal tints to the fading strength of an amber west.'

The houses all along this stretch of the Riviera of which Genoa is the centre, incline to a great deal of decorative painting on their exteriors, the most interesting feature of which is the simulated windows — especially those which perpetually frame a lady peeping forth, or a servant shaking a carpet, or some such tableau.

The women and girl children of Rapallo make large quantities of the beautiful pillow lace for which they have been famed for centuries. Many of the men go down to the sea in ships, either as fishermen or sailors; and their boats with the picturesque lateen sails are a feature of the seascapes which give a never-ending beauty and interest.

Far be it from me to make a choice between Rapallo, Santa Margherita, and Portofino, for a stopping-place. They are all idyllic. They all have more-than-excellent hotels. From any one of them the others are easily accessible. Rapallo has seven thousand inhabitants, Santa Margherita has fewer than half that many, and Portofino is but a village above which, on a sunny promontory, stands the Grand-Hôtel Portofino Vetta, with superb views over the broad expanse of the Gulf of Genoa, on one side, and over the Gulf of Rapallo on the other.

Portofino has a natural harbor which has known many sailors: Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Lombards, Saracens, Genoese, and others. Pliny, Antoni-

nus Pius, and Ptolemy refer to it. Richard Cœur-de-Lion on his crusading way put in here seeking shelter from a storm. If you are thereabouts on the Sunday succeeding April 23d, you will see a beautiful and impressive celebration of Saint George's Day, with an illuminated harbor and a procession ablaze with candles, tapers, and lanterns. And all along the road that the procession follows are the first fireflies of the year 'twinkling like so many stars among the trees, intent by their illumination — who knows — on doing honor to the champion of chivalry, the vanquisher of darkness and evil: Saint George of Portofino — and of England.'

On the lovely road from Portofino to Santa Margherita is the monastery of Cervara where Saint Catherine of Siena stayed on her way to Avignon; where Pope Gregory XI, heeding her entreaty to reëstablish the Papacy at Rome, took shelter when his fleet had to put in at Portofino; where many famous persons were guests, and Francis I of France spent a night as prisoner of Charles V, on his way to Madrid in 1525 after the defeat at Pavia.

Santa Margherita has the best port between Genoa and Spezia, and is a delightful old town not 'overlaid' by its fine hotels and villas and sojourning colony. I know few places more attractive than its water-front. Here, for instance, is a spot only seventeen and a half miles from Genoa, on a lovely sheltered day, where one may live in a supremely good hotel, like the Imperial Palace or the Continental, or any one of a number of others which are all far above the average, and yet be close to this delightful colony of fisher-folk and lace-makers in their charming little town, and in a perfect centre for interesting excursions.

The road from Santa Margherita to Rapallo, two miles in length, passes the picturesque fishing village of San

Michele di Pagana and the Villa Pagana belonging to the famous Spinola family of Genoa — one of the four great Genoese families, the others being the Doria, the Fieschi, and the Grimaldi.

Stop at San Michele di Pagana at the Gallery of Umbrian Art, containing furniture, tissues, leather-work, majolica, wrought iron, and many other things beloved by the collector of antiques and copies from the antique. See the Umbrian Tea Room — and patronize it, if you can. (No! I don't know the proprietor. I just 'have a feeling' that enterprises of this sort do a great deal to add interest to our way as we go; and I like to see them succeed — unless they show a disposition to gouge the wayfarer! I don't know the disposition of this place, but, when next I'm there, I mean to find it out. One thing I bought in this neighborhood lately that has excited much admiration is a collection of corks with hand-carved wooden tops containing figures of local 'types' quite amazing in their craftsmanship and most interesting as a study in personalities. I got mine at Portofino.)

Rapallo has a bridge — a very picturesque one in a fine old ilex avenue — by which, the natives believe, Hannibal crossed a river which no longer flows beneath it; so they call it Ponte Annibale, in his honor.

It was at Rapallo, in November, 1916, that the Allied leaders of state and arms met for those discussions which resulted in the Supreme Allied Council (to meet once a month, if possible, at Versailles) and the Versailles Military Council which was to sit permanently. Then it was decreed that Cadorna should be appointed Italian military representative at Versailles, and that Diaz should succeed him in command of Italy's armies in the field.

Four years later (the War having been over for two years) Rapallo was the scene of the signing of that Treaty

which D'Annunzio so bitterly resented, whereby Italy surrendered Fiume and nearly all the Dalmatian coast, but acquired not only Istria and Trieste and Gorizia and the Trentino, but also the whole of the Tyrol up to the Brenner Pass and the main chain of the Alps. (In 1924, however, a new agreement between Italy and Yugo-Slavia assigned Fiume definitely to Italy.)

From Rapallo your southward way goes on to Chiavari, a shipbuilding town, and Sestri Levante, a summer and winter resort at the foot of magnificent hills. The climate is exceptionally agreeable there, as the place is sheltered from the wind, yet full in the sun, and free from dampness. The Grand-Hôtel Jensch, standing in its own fine gardens and on its own beautiful beach, the mountains behind it and the sea in front, is a most restful, pleasant place to stay, and not expensive. If you stop there while motoring, take the delightful walk to Villa Piuma, near the end of the little peninsula.

Some twenty-five miles and you reach La Spezia, the great military port and naval base of Italy, and one of the greatest in the world. The natural harbor there is among the finest on the Mediterranean, sheltered from all except southerly winds. The idea of making it a great naval centre was first broached by Napoleon.

The chief interest of most English-speaking visitors in La Spezia Bay is its associations with Shelley and Byron.

If you are a lover of their works and an eager reader of that great and ever-growing body of books for which they and their group furnished an apparently inexhaustible fund of material, I urge that you go to Lerici. I am sure it will not only interest and impress you at the time, but give you a background, an 'extra illustration' for many a choice book, wherefor you'll be profoundly grateful all your life.

You may follow the curve of the bay by motor, or by

tramway, to Muggiano. The train stops there, and you'd have to walk the rest of the short way to San Terenzo, the little fishing village near which is the Casa Maccarani, Shelley's last home. Also, there is a little steamer which goes from La Spezia to Lerici in about a half-hour, and you can then walk from Lerici to San Terenzo, about a mile and a quarter. Ask at the Hotel Reale Croce di Malta about the schedule of the steamers. Before the construction of the remarkably engineered road along the coast from Lerici to Genoa, travellers from Tuscany had to embark at Lerici, carriages and all, on feluccas in which they sailed to Genoa.

I have not been at Lerici since just before the War (although I have several times since been at La Spezia and thereabouts), so I do not know how much Shelley's house may be visited nowadays. But when I went, I got the impression that visitors to it were practically unheard of. My requests for 'la casa di Shelley' met with no response. And it was only when I said 'poeta Inglesi' that the small boys who clustered about us had an inspiration. 'Mee-lor' Bee-ron!' (Milord Byron) they shouted. And I said that would do. They all know about Byron. He was a natural 'head-liner.' But I dare say they've learned a bit more about Shelley of late — since the centenary of his death was so much commemorated along this shore.

The Shelleys, Byron, Trelawney, the Williamses, had been at Pisa, as we shall recall when you get there. The book on which I shall draw most for you is 'Shelley and His Friends in Italy,' by Helen Rossetti Angeli, a daughter of William Michael Rossetti; a perfectly delightful book which I heartily commend to you.

Shelley and Williams had a flat-bottomed boat on the Arno, which whetted their desire for wider adventures as mariners. They decided to order a forty-foot boat built for them. And Byron, on the following day, decided to

have a bigger one built for himself. It was Trelawney who proposed the formation of a kind of seagoing colony to be located in the Bay of Spezia. And on February 7th, Shelley and Williams set off in a calèche from Spezia on a quest for houses. They arrived at Spezia next day at three in the afternoon, and for three days they searched for a suitable house for themselves and one spacious enough for Lord Byron and his suite. They found nothing satisfactory, and the search was abandoned till April, when they were again unsuccessful. Finally, on the 23d of that month, Williams and his wife, accompanied by Claire Clairmont (Mary Shelley's stepsister and the mother of Byron's child, Allegra), went again to Lerici, again without success.

On their return to Pisa they learned that Allegra was dead of typhus fever at the convent of Bagnacavallo, to which Byron had, despite tears and protests, committed her.

The first thought of the Shelleys was to get Claire away from Pisa and the vicinity of Lord Byron, before she learned of her child's death. They had reason to fear that she would kill him.

Accordingly, they immediately packed their household belongings, sent them on by boat in care of the servants, and the very next day set out for Lerici. They had no house — but they went, anyhow! And after distresses which I need not recount here, they found a haven for themselves and their effects at the house which was then called the Casa Magni, with a porticoed terrace stretching the whole length of the façade and forming (it was then washed by the waves — not separated from them by the road, as now) a kind of boathouse.

With its feet in the sea and its shoulders to the hills, it was ideally situated for Shelley. The house was so close to the sea that the effect was 'as if we were on board ship,'

Williams wrote, 'and the roaring of the sea brings this idea to us even in our beds.' But 'had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas,' Mary Shelley wrote, 'we could scarcely have felt ourselves farther from civilization and comfort.'

It was the 2d of May before the Shelleys and the Williamses decided to break to Claire the news of Allegra's death. And painful, indeed, for every one, were the days that followed.

Mary Shelley was again expecting motherhood and was in a very nervous, depressed state. She and Jane Williams did not get on well as coöperative housekeepers in 'South Seas' conditions. They were all overwrought; and it was a great relief to Shelley when his new boat arrived, on May 12th. He had paid eighty pounds for it and was sole owner. But Byron demanded that it be named *Don Juan*, although Shelley wanted it named *Ariel*. There was a good deal of to-do about this — but the *Ariel* she was! Shelley was hardly ever out of her, and began to talk of the Mediterranean as 'a lake too confined and tranquil to exhibit her seagoing excellence.'

'I still inhabit this divine bay,' Shelley wrote, nine days before his death, 'reading Spanish dramas, and sailing, and listening to the most enchanting music. We have some friends on a visit to us, and my only regret is that the summer must ever pass, or that Mary has not the same predilection for this place that I have, which would induce me never to shift my quarters.'

On June 15th, Leigh Hunt and his family arrived at Genoa, and soon afterwards proceeded to Leghorn to find Byron, who had taken a villa about three miles from there, 'with the islands of Elba and Corsica visible from my balcony, and my old friend the Mediterranean rolling blue at my feet.'

It was July 1st when Shelley heard that the Hunts were at Leghorn, and at two o'clock he and Williams set sail to greet them, reaching Leghorn after sunset.

Byron had brought Hunt to Italy to edit a 'Review' which Byron thought should be founded to carry his compositions to the waiting world. When Hunt arrived with an ailing wife whom the doctors gave but a year to live (although she lived thirty-five longer) and those seven children whom Byron called 'little blackguards . . . dirtier and more mischievous than Yahoos. . . . Was there ever such a *Kraal* out of the Hottentot country?' Byron's disgust was great at finding that Hunt had severed his editorial connections in England, had no source of income, and the whole '*Kraal*' was on Byron's bounty — and Shelley's.

What Byron might have done — or left undone! — if Shelley had not arrived on the scene, we cannot know. But it was simply not in Shelley to harden his heart against need, no matter what imprudence, or impudence, had caused it. 'Twas at this very time that the servant in Byron's household who had launched a general row in the servants' quarters and then run amuck, stabbing, in the household, got money from Shelley to betake himself far out of the region — Shelley admitting that 'nobody would help such a fellow if I did not.'

Byron was out of conceit with the magazine idea, and with the Hunts, and with many things; he thought he'd move to Switzerland — to Lucca — to Genoa — to America. 'Everybody,' Shelley wrote to Mary, 'is in despair and everything is in confusion.'

Shelley did his best to reconcile Byron to the situation. It was 'Ariel' who took the Hunt '*Kraal*' to Pisa and installed them in the ground-floor apartment which he and Mary had furnished for them, at Byron's expense, in Byron's palace. It was he who helped them 'settle.' These

were his last labors. Byron was persuaded to finance the magazine, and to endure the hungry Hunts.

Sunday, July 7th, everybody was feeling more cheerful, and Shelley took Hunt out on a sight-seeing tour, to the Cathedral and Leaning Tower, etc. Toward evening he parted with the Hunts, and in parting Hunt handed him Keats's last volume to read on the voyage, and entreated him not to venture on the voyage on the morrow if the weather were unpropitious. There had been oppressive heat and a long drought, and as that Sunday evening approached there were indications of a heavy storm.

Shelley and Williams drove the fifteen miles into Leghorn, stopped there until two o'clock on Monday afternoon, and then embarked in the little *Ariel*. Trelawney was in command of Byron's yacht, the *Bolivar*, and with a ship's glass he watched the *Ariel* till she was enveloped in the fog. . . .

On July 17th, Williams's body was washed ashore on the beach between Viareggio and the mouth of the Arno; and the following day Shelley's corpse was cast up by the waves, three miles farther north. Both bodies were partly consumed and badly decomposed. They were covered with quicklime, in compliance with public health regulations; and four weeks later they were disinterred and burnt — Williams's on August 14th, and Shelley's on the day following. In November, Shelley's ashes were interred in the Protestant cemetery at Rome.

'The best and least selfish man I ever knew,' Byron wrote of him, 'I never knew one that was not a beast in comparison.' And, again, speaking to Lady Blessington, 'He was the most gentle, most admirable, and least worldly-minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius, joined to a simplicity, as rare as it is admirable.

He had found to himself a *beau idéal* of all that is fine, high-minded and noble, and he acted up to this ideal even to the very letter. . . . I have seen nothing like him, and never shall again, I am certain.'

There is variation in the different accounts of where the bodies were washed ashore. Some say that Shelley's was cast up at Il Gombo, north of the Arno's mouth; others give the spot as nearer Viareggio. It was the Governor of Viareggio, writing to the Secretary of State for Home and Foreign Affairs in Lucca, who reported the finding of the body with 'an English book in the pocket of the double-breasted tweed jacket which he was wearing.' If the body had been found close to Pisa, it is unlikely that the Governor of Viareggio, thirteen miles away, would have been the one to whom it was reported.

About sixteen miles south of La Spezia on your 'road to Rome' (or to Pisa) is Avenza, with the castle of Castruccio Castracani, of whom we shall speak further at Pisa and at Lucca. Avenza is the junction for Carrara, three miles northeast. And if your time permits you to stop for a visit to the famous quarries, I'm sure you'll be deeply interested. Many travellers will prefer this visit to one at Lerici. Carrara is a town of nearly twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and the workshops in the town are not less interesting than the operations at those quarries which have furnished the masters in architecture and sculpture with so much worthy material for their superb designs. The Romans worked some of the quarries, but it was the great Renaissance of the sculptural arts at Pisa in the thirteenth century which created that demand for Carrara marble which has never ceased. About six hundred quarries are in operation, more than half of them at Carrara itself, with several thousand workmen. Michelangelo was in the mountains at Carrara for more than eight months,

in 1505, selecting marble blocks from which to carve the more than forty colossal statues wherewith he was to embellish the mausoleum of Pope Julius II at Rome. It was then that, 'one day, whilst riding through the country on horseback, he saw a mountain which dominated the coast, and was seized with a desire to carve it in its entirety, to transform it into a Colossus visible to navigators from afar. . . . He would have done it had he had the time and been permitted.'

This, I think, is interesting to recall, in view of the project which developed more than four hundred years later, to carve a Carrara mountain as Prometheus and make it a beacon and a memorial to Shelley.

Pietrasanta, eleven miles farther on your way, has an exceptional number of fine buildings, due partly to the wealth of superb material in the immediate vicinity. The quarries near here were the ones which gave Michelangelo so much trouble. The Medici had recently acquired them, for Florence (or Florence for the Medici — as you will!), and wished Michelangelo to use their product for the façade of San Lorenzo at Florence which he hoped to make 'a work which will be a mirror of architecture and sculpture for the whole of Italy.' Michelangelo preferred the Carrara quarries, and was accused by Leo X, the Medici Pope, of being bribed by the Carrarais. When obliged to use the Pietrasanta quarries, the Carrarais came to an agreement with the Ligurian mariners which prevented Michelangelo's finding a single ship, from Genoa to Pisa, to carry his marble. He had, Romain Rolland says, 'to construct a road, partly on piles, through the mountains and over the swampy plains — a road to the cost of which the people of the district refused to contribute a penny. The workers knew nothing about their work. The quarries were new and the workmen also.'

His labors and anxieties here made him ill, and he spent some time at Saravezza (two and a half miles north of Pietrasanta) thrashing about in mental and physical agony induced by his feeling of frustration.

A short distance (about five miles) beyond Pietrasanta is Viareggio, with a monument to Shelley in the piazza named for him. Here is a very pleasant place to stay, though in July and August it gets pretty hot. If that is your time for making this journey, you will find Viareggio, with its splendid beach and its surrounding pine-woods, much more restful than Pisa.

The ride into Pisa from Viareggio is a beautiful one, thirteen miles, through the pines, and your road, entering Pisa, introduces you at once to the Cathedral, Baptistery, Leaning Tower, and Campo Santo which stand in their great sun-drenched, breeze-blown, verdant space just within the north wall of Pisa at its west corner.

As you approach (or, perhaps, as you rest, the night before, at Viareggio) give a little thought to Pisa's past.

Many writers have dealt with it. But my most clean-cut impression of its turbulent history has come to me with Edward Hutton's help in his latest book on Italy: 'The Valley of the Arno.'

It was, he says, Pisa's glory and her misfortune that she holds the sea-gate of the Arno; her glory because all her strength lay in that, her misfortune because it was not enough.

'She stands in the open mouth of the valley in the midst of a vast plain widening seaward and upon the great Roman road that ran northward through her and in her forum met and crossed the Via Pisano, from Pisa and the sea to Florence. At first sight, then, her position seems to possess immense advantages; they were every one illusory.'

Pisa never had the career of Venice, he explains, because

Pisa stood beside the Tyrrhenian, not the Adriatic Sea; looked west instead of east; and 'while Venice was an island and therefore impregnable, Pisa could always be assailed and attacked,' and commanding as she did the sea-gate of the Arno Valley, she invited the attack she was never strong enough to meet.

'In the long centuries of the Dark Age,' he reminds us, 'and in the first years of the mediæval period, the Adriatic was of an infinitely greater importance than the Tyrrhene Sea. . . . There had appeared in the very first years of the Fall of the Empire a great city upon the shores of the Adriatic, of the first importance to Italy, which always rivalled and often outweighed even Rome herself in importance. This was Ravenna. Upon the ruin of Ravenna, Venice established herself. Venice was a city of the Dark Age, born of the anarchy of the barbarian invasions; with the decline and death of Ravenna it entered upon that part of her inheritance which lay as it were outside Italy.

'Pisa was far older. In 225 B.C. she was an Etruscan city; in Strabo's day she was a Roman military station, and in the first years of our era she was already the greatest of Tuscan cities. . . . But the Tyrrhene Sea was not the Adriatic. In the great days of the Empire it led, of course, to Gaul, to Spain, and to the province of Africa, but with the loss of Gaul, of Spain, of Africa, it led nowhere, it was a blind alley; beyond there lay only darkness. But beyond the Adriatic towered Byzantium and all the East, still firm on its foundations when the West was in the dust.'

But when the East, and Moslem, came swarming into the Western, Christian world, Pisa girded herself, not merely for repulse, but to the extent of wresting Sardinia and Corsica and even the Balearic Isles from the Arab pirates against whom she entered into alliance with Amalfi and Genoa. With these sea-power allies she adventured after the Arabs into Africa, Spain, and Palestine.

Pisa then became sufficiently successful to quarrel with her allies. In 1135, she destroyed Amalfi, and her warfare against Genoa went on and on as long as she was able to wage it.

It was in the period of her great pride and power that her superb buildings began to rise and she became perhaps the chief cradle of early Renaissance art.

Then she got mad at the Pope, who intervened against her in some of her claims in Corsica and Sardinia, and became Ghibelline, and that involved her in a struggle against Florence, Lucca, and others of her neighbors, which kept her in incessant strife. The outstanding story of those days when Pisa was riding to her fall is that of Ugolino della Gherardesca, a noble Guelph of Pisa, who, in union with Archbishop Ruggiero degli Ubaldini, made himself master of the Ghibelline city. But the Archbishop seems to have got envious of Count Ugolino and to have led the other nobles of Pisa to rise against him and exile him. Ugolino then joined the Florentines in their war against Pisa, and, with their aid, Pisa was forced to let him come back and to restore his possessions. He was again powerful in Pisa when Genoa, in 1284, sent eighty-eight galleys against seventy-two of Pisa's, destroyed half the Pisan fleet, killed thousands of fighting men, and carried away — 'tis said — eleven thousand captives; so that the saying then became current: 'To see Pisa, you must go to Genoa.' This defeat, off the reef of Meloria, three miles from Leghorn, crushed Pisa. There were doubtless a good many causes of the defeat. But the Pisan nobles, incited and led by the Archbishop, laid the blame upon Count Ugolino, and accused him of treachery. There was civil war in Pisa, and after a day's fighting Ugolino, his two sons, and his two grandsons were captured in the Palazzo del Popolo and cast into a tower belonging to the Gualandi and known as the 'Tower

UGOLINO
By Eugène Delacroix

of the Seven Streets.' Here they were all left to die of hunger.

Dante, who was then a young man of twenty-three, in Florence, was so incensed by this that he made of it one of the most terrific episodes in 'Hell' where the Poet met Count Ugolino gnawing eternally at the base of Archbishop Ruggiero's brain 'where the spine joins it.'

Besought to tell his story, Ugolino related how he had watched his loved ones die; then, grown blind, how he groped over them all for three days, calling on them to answer who were dead. 'Then, fasting got the mastery of grief.'

Dante hurls shame at Pisa for this deed.

> What if fame
> Reported that thy castles were betrayed
> By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou
> To stretch his children on the rack. For them,
> Brigata, Ugoccione, and the pair
> Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,
> Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make
> Uncapable of guilt.

When you leave the Leaning Tower, if you follow the tramway down via Santa Maria and through Piazza Pacinotti, a few steps farther along its course you'll come to Palazzo dell' Orologio on the site of the old Torre della Muda which was known as the Torre della Fame, or Hunger Tower, after the Gherardesca infamy.

After Meloria, says Hutton, 'Pisa was merely a fortress in the midst of a marsh, a fortress that could not be reprovisioned save by leave of her enemies. The rest of the history of Pisa may be said to be a preparation for the end, the lordship of Florence. For five hundred years and more, Pisa has been of little consequence save as a refuge for artists and scholars.'

Edward Hutton calls the group of buildings, of which the

Cathedral is the centre, 'the eighth wonder of the world'; and I raise no dissenting voice — though my knowledge of the Seven Wonders is *nil*.

It was in 1063 or 1064, after their victorious expedition into Sicily, that the Pisans decided to build a great church in honor of Santa Maria Assunta on whose feast day (Assumption), August 15th, they had won their victory. 'Infinite treasures of precious marble were brought from many a far country to adorn . . . what is probably the loveliest mediæval church in Italy.' It was finished in about thirty years, and consecrated by Pope Gelasius II in 1118.

The Baptistery was begun in 1152, the Campanile about twenty years later. And it seems to have been toward the end of that century that Archbishop Ubaldo brought fifty-three shiploads of earth from Mount Calvary for the repose of those who came to bivouac in 'the camp of the saints' until the day break and the shadows flee away.

Of those architects to whom we owe the loveliness of that incomparable group of buildings, we know very little. But about the middle of the thirteenth century Niccolò Pisano did the marble pulpit for the Baptistery which is a landmark in the history of art; or let us, as H. B. Cotterill suggests, 'use the quaint words of an old writer and say that "out of it issued forth, as from an Ark, all the great sculptors of Tuscany."'

Vasari says that Niccolò served as an apprentice to certain Greek sculptors employed on the Duomo and Baptistery, and that he studied the Greek sarcophagi which stood near — especially one 'placed by the Pisans in the façade of the Duomo and had been used as the tomb of the mother of Countess Matilda.' (See page 9.) Note that sarcophagus on the north wall of the Campo Santo under the Gozzoli frescoes.

Niccolò is sometimes said to have come from Apulia in

the south, but Cotterill thinks it highly probable that he was a native-born Pisan whose father may at one time have had some connection with Apulia.

'However that may be, it is incontestable that Niccolò was the founder of that Tuscan school of great sculptors of whom Michelangelo was the greatest.'

With his son Giovanni, Niccolò wrought the magnificent Siena pulpit, and the lunette of the Deposition over the Duomo door at Lucca which has been called the best bit of sculpture of the thirteenth century. Nicola's last great work of sculpture was the fountain in front of the Cathedral at Perugia. He designed the main part of the Cathedral at Pistoia, and the Church of Santa Trinità in Florence.

In 1270, when Giovanni was but a youth, he was summoned by Charles of Anjou to Naples to work on the Castel Nuovo. After his father's death, at Pisa, in 1278, Giovanni made the Gothic arcades surrounding the Campo Santo, designed the magnificent high altar and reredos in the Cathedral at Arezzo, and in 1290 was appointed architect of the new Cathedral at Siena, succeeding Maitani who went to Orvieto. Ten years later he executed the pulpit of Saint Andrea at Pistoia; and a decade after that, he made the one which has just been restored to Pisa Cathedral. His last work was for the Cathedral at Prato.

Andrea Pisano was a pupil but not a relative of Giovanni. He it was who worked with Giotto on the Campanile, and was the creator of the first great bronze doors of the Florence Baptistery.

Benozzo Gozzoli, Fra Angelico's pupil, whose fame rests largely on his frescoes in the Pisan Campo Santo (he is buried close to the Joseph fresco on the north wall) and on that in the Riccardi Palace at Florence and those in the Church of Sant' Agostino at San Gimignano, came here to work about 1468 and contracted to paint three subjects a

year for about ten ducats each — or the equivalent of perhaps a hundred pounds at the present day.

Of Galileo's birth, at Pisa, we have spoken in connection with him at Florence. (See page 134.)

Your hotel is on the Lungarno Regio where Shelley lodged when he first came to Pisa in 1820, drawn thither by the mild climate, the excellent water, and the presence of the famous surgeon, Vacca, whom Shelley had been urgently counselled to consult. Vacca diagnosed Shelley's sufferings as largely due to nervous causes, and recommended as sole treatment for his ailments the discontinuance of all the noxious drugs inflicted on him by other doctors and the pursuance of a natural and healthy mode of life.

There was an interesting society of university professors and students, and quite a foreign colony of attractive sort, when the Shelleys came to live at Pisa. But Shelley lived as quietly and studiously as ever; reading, writing, and study occupied nearly all his time. The Bible (Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel), Plato, Æschylus, Virgil, and Shakespeare were among his readings. Mary helped him translate Spinoza, and did some research for the historical novel she wrote, later, on 'Castruccio, Prince of Lucca.' Claire was with them, engaged with lessons in singing and dancing. And Percy Florence, aged two months or so, seems to have interfered with no one's intellectual activities. After a short stay at the hotel, Shelley moved his family to a modest house farther along the Lungarno, in the direction of Piazza di San Niccola.

During the early months in Pisa he wrote 'The Sensitive Plant,' the 'Ode to Liberty,' the 'Vision of the Sea,' and the wondrously imaginative and exquisitely lyrical 'Cloud.'

Walter Savage Landor had been living in Pisa for a year

when Shelley came; but he and Shelley never met. Landor had listened to the stories against Shelley which were so current, and refused to meet him. In later life, Landor bitterly regretted this loss. 'I blush,' he wrote, 'in anguish at my prejudice and injustice.'

Landor left Pisa in September, 1821, shortly before Byron took up his residence there.

In the summer of 1820, the Shelleys had a house at Bagni di Pisa, about four miles from Pisa. When they returned to Pisa in the fall, they took a lodging at Casa Galletti, next door to the palace with the enigmatic inscription 'Alla Giornata.' This was the Shelleys' residence until the following March, when they moved to the handsome Palazzo Aulla, close at hand. In October, 1821, on returning from the Baths, they settled in the Tre Palazzi di Chiesa, on the other side of the Arno, across from the Palazzo Lanfranchi which, in August, Shelley had rented from Dr. Vacca for Byron.

Teresa Guiccioli and her father and brother arrived toward the end of August, but Byron did not join her till November 1st. He came with his usual retinue of servants and satellites, menagerie of miscellaneous beasts, horses, carriages. A formidable vanguard had preceded him. The commotion caused in quiet Pisa by Byron's arrival was perhaps even greater than he was wont to cause wherever he betook himself.

The Williamses had lodgings in the same house with the Shelleys. Trelawney arrived in January, and Medwin had preceded him. And the circle also included Count Taafe, 'an Irishman with a craze for Dante,' and a Captain Hay. Claire was at Florence, but in a fever of anxiety about Allegra which kept the circle farther down the Arno in more or less fever too. Nevertheless, there was a great deal in the companionship of those days that caused Trelawney

to write of it, many years later, 'such scenes and events no time can fade; their glowing colors can never be dimmed.'

Trelawney was a Cornishman who had lived a tumultuous life. He was six feet high, had raven black hair which curled like a Moor's, dark gray expressive eyes, overhanging brows, upturned lips . . . 'a kind of half-Arab Englishman,' Mary Shelley said. He lived to his eighty-ninth year, and though he died in England, his ashes were sent to lie beside Shelley's in Rome. I wonder if you know that it was Trelawney in his old age whose picture Millais painted in 'The Northwest Passage' which hangs in the Tate Gallery, London?

Byron's dinners at Pisa have been immortalized. I'm sure you will delight in thinking of them as you linger in front of the Lanfranchi Palace, a fine sixteenth-century building on the Lungarno Mediceo, with a façade attributed to Michelangelo. Byron called it feudal, and insisted that its cellars were old dungeons.

I would have every one who goes to Italy visit Pisa. Each time I go there I feel, more and more, that a few hours there should be a part of every traveller's experience. Half a day is enough. But don't omit it. I stress this because I know how easy it is, when on a Rome–Genoa train, *not* to get off at Pisa. How, if one's course lies Florence–Venice, the side-trip to the Mediterranean Coast and back may seem to call for too much effort. I'm no advocate of 'crowding' itineraries, as I think you know. But I doubt if there is any possible recompense for not having seen Pisa's green meadow with those incredible edifices which seem like anything but the conception of merely human brains and the work of merely human hands.

If your plans take you from Pisa to Florence, go by the longer route which includes Lucca, Montecatini, Pistoia, and Prato. As these cannot, by any stretch of courtesy, or

geography, be called part of the Italian Riviera, I cannot well include them in this chapter.

Leghorn, or Livorno, need not tempt you to leave the train. It is not without interest, but there are so many other places infinitely more worth while. You can, however, get a steamer from there to Corsica on Thursdays. The voyage is six hours.

Some day I mean to leave the main line or road at Campiglia, fifty-five miles south of Pisa, take the branch line, some nine miles long, to Piombino, and cross over (in an hour and a half) to the Isle of Elbe.

PART VII
EXITS FROM ITALY

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I
SWITZERLAND

MANY, many persons, those going to Switzerland and others living in Switzerland, have asked me to write a 'So You're Going to Switzerland!' But I doubt if anything like a majority of my readers want it. Most travellers in Europe do not stay long enough in Switzerland to need a whole book about it and to feel warranted in carrying that book about on all the rest of their journey. And the comparatively smaller number who sojourn in Switzerland want something much more comprehensive and detailed than I could give them. Moreover, they *have* it! They have their Blue Guide, and 'A Wayfarer in Switzerland,' by Mr. James Muirhead, and their Baedeker, and a flock of books extolling Switzerland from every imaginable point of view.

The average traveller in Europe spends four or five days in Switzerland, en route between Italy and France or Italy and Germany. He takes a fleeting glimpse of Geneva, visits the Castle of Chillon, goes to Interlaken and makes an excursion or two from there, and on to Lucerne for another 'established' excursion or so. Thence, on his way. He doesn't need a great deal on Switzerland, nor need the little long. But he might find a brief chapter very helpful. So he shall have it!

The usual exits from Italy into Switzerland are by the Simplon route from Lake Maggiore via Domodossola to

Lake Geneva, or by the Saint Gotthard route, from Lugano or Como, via Chiasso to Lake Lucerne. The less frequently used exit from the Dolomites to Saint Moritz, we'll deal with in the Dolomites section of this chapter.

If your destination on leaving Switzerland is Paris, you may go through the Italian Lakes from Como to Maggiore, take the Simplon route to Brigue for connection with the Lötschberg Railway to Interlaken; or go on, four and a half miles, to Visp and change for Zermatt and the Matterhorn; or continue to Martigny and there take the narrow-gauge electric railway for Chamonix and Mont Blanc; or get off at Montreux for the Castle of Chillon and proceed by boat along Lake Geneva. This line goes along the north shore of Lake Geneva as far as Lausanne (which is so easily confounded by the stranger with Lucerne, far distant) and thence north to Paris.

Geneva is not on a trunk-line of railway. There are through cars to Geneva on some trains from Paris and from some places in eastern Switzerland; but you cannot get a through car to Geneva out of Italy. You must change somewhere.

Suppose you have had Zermatt and the Matterhorn, or Martigny, Chamonix, and Mont Blanc, en route to Geneva (or both of them, for that matter), and have visited Geneva and its lake, you could go from Montreux at the east end of that lake (Geneva is at the west end) over the Bernese Oberland Railway to Interlaken, and thence to Lucerne; and from Lucerne to Paris by way of Bâle.

Or, you can go from Milan to Lake Maggiore, go east through the Italian Lakes to Como, and take the Saint Gotthard route from Chiasso (very near Como) to Lucerne — perhaps stopping off at Andermatt, and going thence to the Rhône Glacier; but I wouldn't do this unless you want to stay a day or so at Andermatt and do some climbing; for

the excursions out of Lucerne are many and excellent, and most of them include Andermatt and the Glacier.

Then, from Lucerne you could go westward by way of Interlaken or by way of Berne, Morat, and Fribourg, to the east end of Lake Geneva and along that lake to Geneva, and thence to Paris.

If your destination on leaving Switzerland is Germany, your exit is by way of Bâle. So you would go to Geneva first (from Lake Maggiore, which is skirted along its western shore by the trunk-line of the Simplon route) and travel eastward toward Lucerne and perhaps Zurich.

Those travellers who wish to avail themselves of a fairly leisurely journey through France to Paris (wise folk they are who do it if they possibly can!) may make their exit from Switzerland at Geneva and go thence to Bourg and to the main line of the P.L.M. Railway at Lyon or Mâcon, and follow it toward Paris, making as many stops as they please, at places like Beaune and Dijon and elsewhere in Old Burgundy. (See 'So You're Going to France!' chapters IV and V.)

Or, they may go from west to east in Switzerland, make their exit at Bâle, and go up through Alsace to Strasbourg, and thence across the Vosges and the Jeanne d'Arc country and Champagne (Reims and vicinity) to Paris. (See 'So You're Going to France! chapter VII.) It is hard to say which of these routes is more delightful. But perhaps I'd choose the latter first, and have the Geneva–Paris the next time, because both the picturesque and the 'story' interest of the Alsace-to-Paris route is rather more striking and of somewhat more general appeal.

Now, with this much general direction about routes, I see no better way to clarify the matter of a brief stay in Switzerland than to outline it in one possible itinerary, and leave you to adapt it to your specific needs.

So I shall assume you to be taking a through train on the Simplon route, at Stresa or Baveno probably, and proceeding toward the Simplon Tunnel, some five-and-twenty miles away. (Or, perhaps you have been at Locarno, and have gone by the lovely Centovalli electric railway to Domodossola, near the Italian entrance to the Simplon Tunnel.)

The Simplon is the latest of the four great railway tunnels through the Alps. The Mont Cenis, through which the Rome expresses from Paris run, via Turin and Genoa, was begun in 1857 and opened for traffic in 1871. During the first four years of its construction, the average progress was not more than nine inches per day of twenty-four hours on each side of the Alps, digging toward the middle; but with compressed-air rock-drills, the rate toward the end was five times greater. But the mortality among the workmen was very high. The Mont Cenis Tunnel is nearly eight miles long, and the summit level is more than 4200 feet.

The Saint Gotthard was begun the next year (1872), and in 1881 the first locomotive ran through it. Mechanical drills were used from the beginning. It is nine and a fourth miles long, its maximum elevation is 3788 feet, and at its deepest point there are 6000 feet of granite rock above you.

The Arlberg Tunnel (in the Tyrol) is six and a third miles long, was begun in 1880, and completed in little more than three years, with percussion air drills, and rotary hydraulic drills, and a system of ventilation which was a very marked improvement.

The Simplon Tunnel was begun in 1898 and completed in 1905. It is twelve and a quarter miles long, the maximum elevation is only 2313 feet, but there are 7000 feet of mountain overhead where the highest ridge is pierced. The death-rate of miners, which was eight hundred in eight years in the digging of the Saint Gotthard, was but

sixty in seven years in digging the Simplon. At one point, coming in from the Swiss side, the miners struck a 'Great Spring' of cold water which yielded from ten thousand to seventeen thousand gallons per minute! A nice thing to encounter in the bowels of the earth! Then, the men coming into the heart of the mountain from the Italian side, struck a hot spring, with a temperature of 113° F., gushing forth from sixteen hundred to forty-three hundred gallons per minute.

I have no ability to write about engineering. But it thrills me as much, I think, as any of the achievements of man; and I often think that too many of us incline to take it more or less for granted and save our gasps of awe and wonder for the other supermen who 'evoke' cathedrals and discover wireless and compose symphonies or epics, or sculp or limn with passing skill. And though I would always choose to go *over* the Alps to and from Italy rather than *under* the Alps (being the human being who probably hates more than any other the sense of being beneath ground or rock or other impediment of breathing the free air), I am always conscious of profound gratitude to the men (engineers and miners) who made Italy so much more accessible by digging these great tunnels.

The frontier between Italy and Switzerland is about midway through the Simplon Tunnel.

Soon after leaving the north end of the tunnel you come to Brigue, at the foot of the Simplon Pass and on the new railroad to the Furka Pass and the Rhône Glacier. It is the Swiss frontier station. (There is a Federal Postal motor coach daily in summer over the Simplon Pass from Iselle to Brigue in four and a half hours.)

Should you have any time to spare at Brigue, mind that you see the Château Stockalper, built by merchant princes in whose hands trade with Italy was largely 'cornered' in

the seventeenth century. The castle is said to be the largest residence in Switzerland.

Four and a half miles beyond Brigue is Visp, whence a narrow-gauge railway runs, twenty-two miles, but taking about two hours for the journey, to Zermatt, a climb of nearly twenty-two hundred feet.

Zermatt, which is fifty-three hundred feet above sea-level, is a village of some seven hundred and fifty inhabitants and a throng of visitors. The season here is from May or June to September or October; and the number of interesting excursions which may be made from Zermatt is so great that you may spend a week or a fortnight, or longer, in making acquaintance with the chief ones.

The best-known is that to the Gornergrat, 10,289 feet, some six miles south of Zermatt, reached by rack-and-pinion railway in an hour and a half. On your upward way you pass the station of Riffel Alp, near which (electric tram in a few minutes) is the big, luxurious Hôtel Riffel Alp commanding a superb view of the Matterhorn. A mile and a half farther is another hotel, the Riffelberg (8422 feet), and a little below the summit of the Gornergrat is a hotel, the Gornergrat-Kulm, at which you may spend the night in the hope of seeing a sunrise on the glacier and the ice-fields, and a panorama, nearly forty miles in circumference, of snowy mountains.

Another favorite excursion is to the Hornli, the lowest buttress on the northeast side of the Matterhorn. It was thus that the first ascent to the summit was made, in 1865, by Edward Whymper and seven companions — or, three companions and four guides — four of whom were killed in the descent.

Zermatt has many hotels, with prices for every purse. The Mont Cervin is the largest and best-known. It is one of the several Seiler hotels (totalling twelve hundred beds)

run by descendants of Alexander Seiler and his wife whose monument you will see in the garden opposite the Mont Cervin Hotel. They were of Brigue. It was in 1854 that Seiler saw the possibilities of Zermatt and began building hotels, constructing paths, securing good guides, and doing whatever else was necessary to make Zermatt a pleasant place for tourists. Whymper wrote: 'No one who knows the facts will dispute that the capacity and tact with which Alexander Seiler directed his affairs, the geniality with which he received his patrons, and the kindliness which he and his esteemed wife extended to all who were in difficulty, had much to do with the development of the place, and that they occupy a very prominent position amongst the makers of Zermatt.' The Riffel Alp Hotel, where Mary Garden declared she found the fountain of youth, is another of the Seiler group.

As you continue, on the main line (Simplon Railway) beyond Visp, you come to Sierre, above which (funicular in forty-five minutes) is Montana, with summer and winter sports, and sanatoria for consumptives, with 'sun-cure.' And ten miles farther is Sion on two castle-crowned hills.

Four-and-forty miles from Visp, on the main line of the Simplon Railway, is Martigny, a dull little town with some plain little hotels in one of which you may have to spend a night if you are coming up out of Italy and making this your first stop, en route to Chamonix; because, though the narrow-gauge electric railway to Chamonix is only twenty-three miles in length, the journey takes between three and four hours; trains are changed (from Swiss to French) at Vallorcine, thirteen and a quarter miles from Martigny. This ride is a very beautiful one, but I do not recommend it for those who incline to be nervous about the edges of great cliffs with precipitous descents.

Chamonix, with a population of about nine hundred,

entertains a hundred and fifty thousand visitors a year. The summer season is at its height from July 1st to September 15th; and the winter sports are in full fling from December 10th to the end of February. The international contests in winter sports are held about the middle of January.

There are many, many hotels. The Majestic-Palace is the de luxe hotel, and the largest. Hôtel du Mont-Blanc, half the size and half the price, is under the same management. The Chamonix-Palace and Savoy-Palace are both good.

Chamonix is a great centre for climbing excursions. The one that nearly everybody takes (leaving most of the others to the intrepid and hardy minority) is to the Mer de Glace, a half-day tour, three miles from Chamonix to Montenvers (by rack-and-pinion railway, in fifty minutes), where Tyndall spent many weeks, investigating the theory of glacier motion. From the hotel at Montenvers you scramble down to the Mer de Glace (or sea of ice), a glacier three and a half miles long, which you may cross in a quarter of an hour.

Mont Blanc is the highest mountain in western Europe, and lifts its crest 15,782 feet above sea level. All around it are other peaks only a little lower, a little less majestic.

From Chamonix (which some pronounce Chamon*ee* and others, with as sound argument, pronounce Chamon*eecks*) to Geneva is fifty-eight miles by rail, and there are two changes to be made — one at Saint Gervais, where you exchange the light electric railway for a regulation train; and one at Annemasse, three and three quarters miles from Geneva, where you change from French train to Swiss.

There is a railway from Martigny to Geneva along the south bank of the lake, passing Evian-les-Bains; but

though the distance is only sixty-six miles, the running time is over five hours.

I mention these routes, not because they are frequently taken by the average traveller through Europe, but because I know them to be considered by quite a number of prospective travellers when sitting at home engaged in that most delightful occupation, planning the coming tour. I am very often asked, by those who have only a few days for Switzerland, 'How about Chamonix?' 'How about Zermatt and the Matterhorn?' 'How about the Great Saint Bernard Pass?'

The last is a little difficult. There is no through public conveyance over the Pass, and those which ascend to the Hospice are ill-adapted to hurrying tourists' pace or needs. Altogether the best way to make this very interesting excursion (unless you are motoring in your own car) is from Montreux, where the various tourist agencies, American Express and others, run motor-car trips to the Hospice and back the same day. The American Express Tour starts from Lausanne, picks up passengers at Montreux, runs Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, May 15th to September 15th, and costs twenty-nine francs, or a little under six dollars.

The headquarters of the monks (Austin canons), who carry on the noble work of the Saint Bernard Hospice, are at Martigny; and from there the brothers ascend to do their period of duty.

The Great Saint Bernard Pass, 8111 feet high, was used by the Celts and by the Romans; and after the beginning of Christian pilgrimages to Rome was much frequented by pilgrims and clergy. The Hospice was founded in the eleventh century by Saint Bernard of Menthon, a native of Savoy. The world-beloved dogs who aid so sagaciously in the rescue of travellers lost in the snow are said to be a

cross-breed of Pyrenean sheepdog and the Newfoundland. Two years of training is required to fit them for their work. One of the dogs, named Barry, saved forty lives and was stabbed fatally by the forty-first person he essayed to rescue, a fear-crazed Italian who mistook poor Barry for a wild beast.

The most famous passage of the Great Saint Bernard was that made by Napoleon in May, 1800, on his way to the Battle of Marengo. At Bourg-Saint-Pierre, on the way up to the Hospice, there is a plain little hotel called Hôtel du Déjeuner-de-Napoléon, in which is shown an armchair he used when he halted there for luncheon.

It may be well to remind you that motorists are not entertained overnight at the Hospice. The distance from Aosta to Martigny is fifty miles. The scenic attractions of this Pass are far below those of other Alpine passes; but scarcely any other surpasses this in historic and romantic interest.

The Italian descent from the Pass ends at Aosta. And should you desire to drive your car out of Italy by way of the Great Saint Bernard Pass, you would go westward from Milan or from Arona on Lake Maggiore, to Ivrea, with its fine castle which was a stronghold of the 'Green Count' (Conte Verde), and thence into the exquisite Val d'Aosta which is one of the most beautiful and most interesting parts of Italy, too little known to English-speaking travellers. Many excellent hotels, and much to see.

Now for a bit about Geneva, where there is so *much* to say!

First, I dare say, is where shall you bide. The hotels and pensions are almost legion.

If you arrive in Geneva from Chamonix or Evian, you descend at the Eaux-Vives station (on the opposite side of the lake and of the town from where the Paris and other

THE HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

trains come in), close to the delightful Parc des Eaux-Vives with its varied amusements. You might like to locate on that side of the lake. The principal hotel there is the Métropole and National on the Grand-Quai, facing the English Garden on the lakeside and close to the Pont du Mont-Blanc. No hotel in Geneva is more conveniently located for the sight-seer. It is not among the most expensive — perhaps from five dollars a day, inclusive. The Écu, farther along that quai, beyond Île Jean-Jacques Rousseau, is a little less expensive. The Victoria, in the other direction from the Métropole, is even less expensive; one might manage there for three dollars or so.

Across the Pont du Mont-Blanc, at the corner of the rue du Mont-Blanc and the Quai des Bergues, is Hôtel des Bergues, where a great many of the notables stay when attending special conferences of the League of Nations. I think most persons now reckon it the leading hotel of Geneva.

On the other side of rue du Mont-Blanc from Hôtel des Bergues, the splendid Quai du Mont-Blanc begins. It is almost continuously lined with hotels as far as the Casino, in the direction of the Palais des Nations. First comes the Russie, then the Regina, both moderate in price, then the Grand Hôtel de la Paix, larger and more expensive. Then comes the square containing the Brunswick Monument to the Duke of Brunswick who bequeathed his fortune of $4,000,000 to the city of Geneva. And beyond that is Hôtel Beau-Rivage, the largest in Geneva, and easily among the first. I have stayed there a number of times, and can testify that it is not inexpensive. Once or twice I have stayed at the next hotel along that quai, the Angleterre, which is very much less expensive and very comfortable. Probably the best view of Mont Blanc to be had in Geneva is from the 'front porch' of the Angleterre. The Casino is

next door. And the American church (Episcopal) is behind the hotel. The English Church of Holy Trinity is on rue du Mont-Blanc, not far from Hôtel des Bergues. The Scottish Presbyterian Church holds services, in summer, in the Chapelle-des-Maccabées of the Cathedral. There is also a Christian Science Church, over near the University, on the Boulevard des Philosophes. One of the first-mentioned hotels would be more convenient to this.

Then, what to see in Geneva. If you have but one day there (as so many visitors have), I'd get me early up into the University quarter. And as I went I'd have in mind what James F. Muirhead says about Geneva in his thoroughly delightful and most helpful book, 'A Wayfarer in Switzerland':

'It is a city where no man is a stranger. It is not the largest town in Switzerland, but neither Zurich nor Bâle nor Berne is a household word in the same way as Geneva. . . . We have to go back to Athens for a parallel, and we can reduce Athens in its palmy days to the size of Geneva only by ignoring the servile part of its population. The size of the Geneva territory, of which Voltaire could say, "when I shake my wig, I powder the whole republic," is curiously out of proportion to the historical influence it has exercised.'

In a day's acquaintance with Geneva you can hardly hope to re-live a very considerable amount of its international or even of its national history. But you can at least gather some impressions which will 'extra-illustrate' a very great deal of important reading for you, for years to come.

Go over the Pont de la Machine, which is the second bridge below the long Pont du Mont-Blanc. Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau, which ends at the bridge (to reach the bridge go along Quai des Bergues), is the street on which Rousseau's father lived, but not the street on which the

philosopher was born. Above the Pont de la Machine the snowy swans swim majestically on the marvellous blue water of Lake Geneva which has just released the mighty river Rhône on its long course to the Mediterranean. At the pont is the little weir over which the blue waters hurl themselves to generate the twenty thousand horse-power in the huge water-wheels of the Forces Motrices, which you may visit, if you like, farther downstream on the opposite bank. Should you be driving instead of walking, follow the river on its left bank as far as its junction with the Arve. A charming Willow Path will lead you out, on foot, to the point whence you may see the gray waters of the Arve, coming from the Mer de Glace at Chamonix, flowing parallel for several hundred yards with the blue waters of the lake-swelled Rhône, without mingling. Then you might return toward the centre of the city by way of the Avenue de la Jonction and Boulevard de Saint-Georges, passing that corner of the Cimetière de Plainpalais (the first corner you come to), wherein John Calvin is supposed to lie beneath the slab marked 'J. C.' Sir Humphry Davy rests in that God's Acre, too. At Boulevard Georges-Favon you turn (right) toward the University.

If you are strolling instead of driving, follow the river-bank as far as the next bridge downstream, the first one which crosses the island, and from the Fontaine de l'Escalade take the steep rue de la Cité and Grande Rue to the Hôtel de Ville — the Cathedral is on one side of it and the University on the other — or rue de la Corraterie to the Place Neuve around which are many of the things you wish to see.

My guess as to what may most interest you for a morning's visit to the 'old town,' is the Cathedral (in parts as old as the tenth and eleventh centuries) for its association with Calvin and Knox; the Salle de l'Auditoire where Knox

preached, as pastor of the English Community in Geneva, for five years; perhaps the Collège Saint Antoine, which Calvin founded in 1559. (If not for the college, see this en route to the near-by Promenade de Saint Antoine.) Near the other end of this Promenade is the Athénée (used for exhibitions of paintings), in a room of which the International Committee of the Red Cross was formed in 1863; the room more especially identified with this most noble organization, however, is the Alabama Room of the Hôtel de Ville, where the first and second Conventions of the Red Cross were signed.

The University buildings are modern. In one wing (the east) is the Public Library of Geneva, rich in treasures over which the bibliophile would delight to pore for many hours. North of the University buildings is the Promenade des Bastions and the International Monument of the Reformation, a stretch of rampart three hundred feet long, reflected in a moat of clear water; it has statues of Protestant leaders of many nations, and sculptured reliefs of scenes in the history of the Reformation.

Calvin's house was in rue Calvin, west of the Cathedral, where number 13 of that street now is. Rousseau was born at number 40 Grande Rue — but the house has been rebuilt. His 'Émile' was burned, in 1762, by the public executioner, in front of the Hôtel de Ville.

If you love Henri Fréderic Amiel's 'Journal' (translated into English by Mrs. Humphry Ward), you will certainly wish to wander down rue Verdaine and see the house (15) in which he died. Rue Verdaine runs between the east end of the Cathedral and the Palais de Justice. Opposite Amiel's house a curious stairway, known as 'the chicken ladder,' mounts to the Cathedral.

The Russian Church of Geneva is very well worth a visit; it is near the Musée and east of the Observatory.

You'll want some time for the shops in Geneva: 'souvenirs' of the usual sort but of local character; watches; embroideries; handkerchiefs; etc. But don't buy too heavily before you get to Interlaken and Lucerne; for they're full of temptations, too. If you play cards, or have friends who do, don't overlook the very beautiful Swiss playing-cards, with the face-cards reproducing famous national characters in the costumes of different cantons. Before the War I used to buy a great deal in Geneva in the way of lingerie and lingerie frocks and blouses; because there one gets French 'style' along with the exquisite handwork that nearly all parts of Switzerland produce — whereas, after one leaves Lake Geneva, the 'cut' and 'make' of garments inclines to be Teutonic and (to French and American taste) 'dowdy.'

During the War my favorite shops in Geneva either went out of business or changed character. And, also, I changed my habits, so that I no longer have any garments made except in Paris, where a minimum of time and attention from me is required. For these reasons I have no cherished Geneva addresses now to give you, though one of the shops I used to like very much is still at the old stand: A la Muette, 10 rue Bonivard, behind the Quai du Mont-Blanc and near rue du Mont-Blanc. And I feel sure I'm giving good advice when I say: 'Buy or order *made* garments in Geneva.' And distribute the rest of your buying, in the line of needlework, over the remainder of your way through Switzerland.

Buy a watch there if you can. The saving (even with duty added) over the prices one must pay for Swiss watches in America makes a visit to Geneva of the nature of an economy as well as a delight. The world-famous Patek, Philippe and Co., are at 22 Grand Quai. And another shop I know and can highly commend in this line is Golay fils

and Stahl, 31 Quai des Bergues. Geneva offers exquisite jewelry, also; and loveliest enamels. Many people like it above all other places for the purchase of furs. Its silks are very fine. See what you think of the values there, and in Lucerne, in silk stockings. Laces are marvellous — if you haven't 'gone your limit' in Italy.

After lunching and shopping (and resting), stroll along Quai du Mont-Blanc in the direction away from the Pont du Mont-Blanc, passing the Casino, and coming presently (through a residential quarter where you will almost certainly decide you'll come to live, some day) to the Palais des Nations (formerly the National Hotel) where the League of Nations has its headquarters. Its meetings, however, are held in the Salle de la Reformation across the lake, near the Grand Quai and the English Garden. There the first session of the League assembled on November 15, 1920, with forty-two countries represented. In 1925, there were fifty-five countries in the League.

Americans desiring to attend sessions of the League would best apply at the Geneva Institute of International Relations, 4 rue de Monthoux — the street next to that on which the American church is located and alongside the Casino. The Assembly convenes the first week in September, three delegates and a staff of assistants being sent by each of the countries belonging to the League. The Council meets four times a year — September, December, March, and June. It has representatives of the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, and six other member-nations selected by the Assembly each year. The Secretariat, with a staff of more than three hundred and forty men and women representing thirty-six countries, is at work in the Palais des Nations throughout the year. A new building for the International Labor Office, directed by M. Albert Thomas, with its staff of three hundred and

fifty, has been erected near the lovely park, Mon Repos, which lies a little beyond the Palais des Nations, on the lakeside — a delightful place to linger.

All students are invited to register at the Students' International Union, of which Gilbert Murray of Oxford is President, at number 10 rue Saint Leger, alongside the University's east end. And every visitor who can be personally introduced by some one in standing may become a temporary member of the wonderful circle of which the International Club at 4 rue de Monthoux is headquarters.

The early part of September is the time when hotel accommodations are hardest to get and entrée to League activities is most difficult to secure. Any other time of the year is a better time for the traveller to visit Geneva — even the traveller who wants to inform himself about the League. And for anybody, truly alive in this age, who doesn't want to find out for himself what he thinks of the League (not as a sure-cure of all international ills, which nothing can ever be, but as an aid to better relations) would you give a fig? *I* wouldn't!

Geneva is a centre for many delightful excursions. Your hotel will inform you about them and give you a copy of the illustrated guide called 'Eight Days in Geneva'; or you may have the same service at the Official Enquiry Office, 3 Place des Bergues, close to Hôtel des Bergues.

I am very fond of the excursion to Madame de Staël's château at Coppet. It is possible to visit the château on Thursday afternoons from two to five between May 15th and October 15th. I like the little town, too. This is a half-day outing, by boat or auto-car excursion. I think the visit to Ferney, Voltaire's home, is of extreme interest. Cologny, two miles northeast of Geneva, on the opposite side of the lake from Quai du Mont-Blanc and on the same side as the English Garden, is a place of never-ending fas-

cination for me because of what went on there in the summer of 1816 when Byron was living in the Villa Diodati and the Shelleys and Claire Clairmont were near neighbors. That was the summer before Allegra's birth; and Claire, transcribed for Byron the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' and the 'Monody on the Death of Sheridan.' I am fond of all that shore of the lake. Most of it is in France.

There is a superb motor-coach excursion every day in summer, run by the P.L.M. Railway, one hundred and thirty miles of gorgeous scenery in fourteen hours, for seventy francs. If your time allows, take it by all means, either in a motor coach or your private car. There are daily excursions to Chamonix, also.

There are fine organ recitals in the Cathedral on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays in summer, at 8.30 P.M., and at Victoria Hall (not far from the University) at 5 P.M. on Tuesdays and Fridays. There are frequent and very good concerts.

You should visit the Casino (or Kursaal) for at least long enough to get an impression of what goes on there. Inquire about visiting the famous Dalcroze School of Eurythmics, whose exhibitions of rhythmic motion are exquisite to see.

Those who have but one day for Geneva cannot make any excursions, nor make close acquaintance with Geneva's many charms. But, even to glimpse her beauty is something to be very grateful for.

Most travellers en route through Switzerland between France and Italy seem to pass by Lausanne (though it is on the main line of the Simplon Railway, and Geneva is *not*) and go between Geneva and Montreux without a stop, thereby missing many places of great interest which are in western Switzerland.

The port of Lausanne is Ouchy, on the lake thirty-eight miles from Geneva on the north side of that crescent which the lake resembles, curving from west to east, with one of its horns turned south at Geneva and the other turned south at Montreux, nearly fifty-five miles away. Express steamers from Geneva reach Ouchy in a little over two hours. Trains go in half that time. Ouchy is a most attractive place, and has one of the finest hotels I know of anywhere: the Beau Rivage Palace, which is palatial indeed and yet full of friendly personality. The International Conference on the Near East met in the Hôtel du Château. And there is still (Hôtel d'Angleterre) a modernized version of the Ancre Inn in which Byron wrote 'The Prisoner of Chillon' in two storm-bound days of the summer of 1816. A cable railway connects Ouchy with Lausanne sitting splendidly on its height crowned by the superb cathedral.

Lausanne is famed for its educational institutions and is the favorite place of all Switzerland for placing American children in school — so that it has sentimental attractions for many travellers returning to it long after school days are done.

In the years when I first knew Lausanne, the Hôtel Gibbon (pulled down only in 1921) was still standing; and in its garden was the summer house wherein Gibbon completed 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' It was 'at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first entered my mind,' he said; and, although he did not begin definite work upon it till four years later, nor actually start writing it until October, 1772, it was a long, long 'pull' that was over when he laid down his pen here on the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, after

having written 'the last lines of the last page in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.' He lived six and a half years longer; but they were indeed 'precarious.' No new interests entered into them. He lost his friend of many years, Deyverdun, with whom he had lived at Lausanne. And after that June night, there was only the protracted business of 'letting go.' Probably no one who has not known what it is to finish a long labor in which his whole being has had its rhythm for years can appreciate the feelings of Gibbon in that garden of Lausanne.

(The Gibbon Hotel is gone, now. But there are many others. The Lausanne Palace is very fine. There is the Alexandra Grand, and the Cecil, and the Beau-Sejour, and a dozen more.) I have clients who cannot say enough in praise of the Victoria and its proprietor, J. C. Métrailler, who has also a fine service of private automobiles.

The backgrounds of Gibbon's earlier stays in Lausanne are likewise pretty well obliterated; although, between the Cathedral and the Place du Château, there is rue Cité-Derrière, at number 17 in which (though not in the present house) he lodged when, a lad of sixteen, he was sent to Lausanne by his indignant father, to be 'cured' of the

Roman Catholicism he had adopted at Oxford. He was domiciled under the roof of a Calvinist pastor at Lausanne, and on Christmas Day, 1754, he returned to the creed of his fathers, in the church of Lausanne. It was in 1757 that Gibbon first saw, and forthwith loved, Susan Churchod, whom his father would not permit him to marry. She married the banker, Necker, and became the mother of Germaine, afterwards Madame de Staël.

There isn't a great deal to see in Lausanne; but there are many fine excursions to be made from there. One is a whole-day trip, by automobile, through the Gruyère country, with its famous dairies, chocolate factories, and castles; though if you are going to make a stay at Vevey or Montreux, I'd 'do' this section of Switzerland from there. But from Lausanne I'd take the all-day trip which goes first to Yverdon, an ancient Roman town whose twelfth-century castle was Pestalozzi's residence for nearly twenty years and was visited by most of his eminent contemporaries who were interested in education. Thence, three miles to Grandson (both these places at the southwest end of Lake Neuchâtel), where Charles the Bold sustained his first defeat, in 1476, and fled leaving inestimable treasures in his abandoned camp. That was in March, and then he lost his 'Gut,' or wealth. In June, at Morat (to which you're coming) he lost his 'Mut,' or morale; and in the following January, at Nancy, he lost his 'Blut,' or his life. The castle of Charles's day is still there. From Grandson, your way continues along the north bank of Lake Neuchâtel to the considerable town of Neuchâtel, where there is a fine old castle, a most interesting historical museum, a university (special summer courses for foreign students of French), and a very notable library.

Continuing, the tour follows the north shore of a smaller lake, Lake Bienne, to Bienne, a watch-making town of

thirty-five thousand inhabitants, where the 'Omega' watch factory is visited. Thence, returning toward Lausanne, the route is through Morat (or Murten), which looks almost as it must have looked to Charles the Bold when he lost his nerve there. I once had the great delight of being in Morat on the day when it was celebrating its repulse of the great Burgundian. I have seldom been in a mediæval town more picturesque, more charming. And ever since, I have expended a great deal of enthusiasm and energy trying to get people to go to Morat — without very much success! If you go, you may walk on the walls and peer out from defence towers, and become part of any kind of romance you like best. The town is on a tiny lake of the same name; and on the other side of that lake is the little Saracen village in which Louis Agassiz was born.

Next, you come to Avenches, where was once the chief Roman colony in Helvetia, in a walled town that was a four-mile square, its walls fifteen feet high. There are traces of a Roman theatre, amphitheatre, and aqueduct; and that column of a Corinthian temple which Byron described in 'Childe Harold':

> By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
> A grey and grief-worn aspect of old days,
> 'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years.

From Avenches you go to Payern, which was once a Burgundian capital and has a Cluniac abbey founded by Queen Bertha in the tenth century. On the outskirts of the little town is one of the largest condensed-milk factories in Switzerland. And from Payern a little détour is made to the picturesque old walled town of Estevayer, with its castle.

There's a many-turreted twelfth-century castle at Lucens, seven miles from Payern on your route to Lausanne. And Moudon, six miles farther on, has a tall tower

which may be Roman or may be tenth century. Four miles nearer Lausanne is Rue, with a picturesque old castle in a picturesque town; and there's a castle also at Oron, fifteen miles before reaching Lausanne.

Isn't that a day to reward one for a stop-over at Lausanne?

Vevey is twelve miles beyond Ouchy, fifty miles from Geneva; and is the starting-point of the Swiss Riviera which, for its climate, its beauty, and its variety of 'things to do,' almost vies with the French Riviera in popularity. From Vevey to the Castle of Chillon, not only is the shore of the lake a practically continuous line of hotels, villas, pensions; but the heights above are also strewn with hotels, many of which are large and luxurious. Autumn and winter are the popular seasons here; but spring has its votaries — and summer has its tourists! Montreux and its neighboring villages are visited by more than fifty thousand persons annually.

The sumptuous 'Fête des Vignerons,' or festival of the wine-growers, was revived at Vevey this year (1927) and will be given at intervals hereafter.

I know people who go to Vevey for September almost as inevitably as they keep Christmas wherever they may be. They have a standing rendezvous with others of their congenial and delightful group, at the Trois Couronnes Hotel. During eleven months of the year they go widely separated ways (most of them ardent travellers), but they all make their plans to include, if possible, this month at Vevey. Could there be a more charming practice? And might not a twentieth-century Chaucer find matter there for a new group of tales setting forth experiences of travellers in these days when all the world is the parish of those who choose to have it so? Geneva in September would be a hurly-burly place for rendezvous. But Vevey! with Genoa two

hours away by motor! The close-knit world's affairs being discussed by the world's outstanding students of broad relationships, at the other end of the sapphire lake, framed in snow-clad mountains, from where a reunion of friends discuss the world we live in! Paderewski has his home at Vevey. Flonzaley is on the shore just west of Vevey. There the divine Quartet still spend some time each year in practice and drawing inspiration from those marvellous surroundings. Monsieur Coppet, the New York banker whose enthusiasm for chamber music did so much to give this perfect exponent of it to the world, came from Yverdon on Lake Neuchâtel. And Alfred Pochon, the founder of the Quartet, is also from that vicinity. Thackeray wrote part of 'The Newcomes' there: '30th July (1853) — At Vevey all these days, sketching in the forenoon, writing afterwards. Delightful climate, scenery. Finished "Newcomes" No. 2.' It was in a little wood near Berne, into which he strayed one day, that the story was actually revealed to him, as he said. And the writing was begun at Baden. It was continued at Rome, at London, and finished at Paris in June, 1855.

Vevey, and Clarens, are much associated with Rousseau; as, also, is the Castle of Chillon where Julie rescued one of her children from drowning, and sustained the shock that killed her.

Montreux is now a sort of collective name for six or seven small communities between which there is no longer any separation. There are hotels and pensions of varying size and prices, in all; and most of them are good. I have stayed at the Montreux Palace, and liked it. I have stayed at the Grand-Hôtel et Hôtel des Alpes at Territet, and liked it exceedingly. (I was there once at the Narcissus Fête, and I have seldom seen anything lovelier than the Venetian carnival at night as we looked down upon it from our bal-

cony.) And I have stayed up at Caux, twenty-five hundred feet above the lake, at the Caux Palace Hotel. If your time permits, spend a night up there. The view of the lake, after dark, when it is rimmed with lights like a diamond-encircled gem, is a picture worth almost any effort to hang in your memory. Caux is a great place for winter sports, with a mountain railway to haul you up again after you have flown down the slopes on bobsleigh or toboggan!

(Caux is reached from Montreux by the electric railway to the Rochers de Naye, which becomes rack-and-pinion above Glion.)

The Hôtel Byron at Villeneuve, beyond the Castle of Chillon, is said to be 'a delightful place to idle the summer away.' Villeneuve seemed to Henry James the best place he knew to 'taste the charm, as distinguished from the grandeur, of Swiss landscape.' Indeed, I doubt if there is a foot of ground hereabouts, or an inn of any size or sort, which has not its ardent and more or less eloquent advocate proclaiming it the best of all possible places on the Swiss Riviera.

There is not a great deal (except shops) to see at Montreux. But there are many delightful excursions to be made from there. Remember the one to the Great St. Bernard. And consider the one to the Gruyère district. This goes up to Les Avants, where the Narcissus fields are finest and there is a funicular reaching (in six minutes) the Col de Sonloup, the starting-point of one of the best bobsleigh runs in Switzerland. Then on, under the Col de Jaman, to Montbovon. In September, 1816, after the Shelleys had returned to England and the Geneva circle was broken up, Byron and Hobhouse set out from Clarens and journeyed by way of the Dent de Jaman towards Thun, and Byron got those impressions which are the glory of *Manfred* (the entire scene of which is set in this Alpine world) and gave

much to *Childe Harold* also. He described this route as 'beautiful as a dream.'

From Montbovon it is eight miles to the little town of Gruyère with its quaint old houses and its red-roofed tenth-century castle of the counts of Gruyère 'who were practically independent kinglets down to 1555.'

Ask about a possible excursion to Fribourg — another Swiss town to which I am always trying to send somebody who will, I think, appreciate it. I am glad to see that Mr. James Muirhead, the 'Wayfarer in Switzerland,' considers it has 'some right to rank as the most picturesque town in Switzerland.' Ruskin said its mediæval wall and towers climb the hill slopes like cats. If you have any choice of routes to Fribourg, choose to go by way of Romont, a Swiss 'hill town' of many charms.

Six miles beyond Villeneuve on the main line of the Simplon railway, is Aigle, above which, reached by light railway, is Leysin, a truly wonderful place for the treatment of consumptive patients, with accommodations for some 2000 persons. Ninety-five per cent of those who go there in the first stages of tuberculosis are said to be cured, and the other five per cent are at least improved. When they do not arrive till the second or more advanced stage, the cures are thirty per cent, improved sixty per cent. Even in the third stage of the disease, improvement attends fifty per cent of the cases. There is a most interesting booklet on Leysin which interested persons may have on application to the offices of the Swiss Railways, in New York, London, or elsewhere. (London, 11b Regent Street; New York, 241 Fifth Avenue.)

Seven miles beyond Aigle, on the main line, is Saint Maurice, whose abbey, founded in the fourth century, long ranked among the most celebrated in Europe. Somewhat less than ten miles farther is Martigny, the gateway to the

great Saint Bernard. So it was through this valley, where the Rhône rushes to bury itself in Lake Geneva (between Villeneuve and Bouveret) to emerge thence at the city of Geneva, that the throngs of travellers and pilgrims passed in those centuries when the Saint Bernard Pass was one of the few doors to Italy.

The Castle of Chillon, which you will visit however brief your stay at Montreux, is first mentioned about the time the Saint Bernard Hospice was founded. The castle, commanding the road to Italy, belonged to the Bishops of Sion (sixteen miles up the Rhône Valley in the direction of Visp and Brigue), those powerful prelates whose successors, even yet, have no ecclesiastical superior save the Pope. And the Bishops found it profitable and convenient to have this pass held for them by the militant Counts of Savoy descended from Humbert the White-Handed (Umberto Biancamano) in a ship named for whom you may have gone to Italy. Humbert commanded the Mont Cenis Pass and both of the Saint Bernard passes. And much advantage this was to his House for many a day. Beatrice of Savoy, whose four daughters all became queens, had so many brothers to share their father's great estates that Peter, to whom Chillon fell, seems to have been more or less continuously in need. He is 'Uncle Peter' of the Savoy Palace in London. Why he should have spent so much time 'grafting' from niece Eleanor and her husband, Henry III, in London, when he had a 'pay-as-you-enter' proposition like this beside the road to the Great Saint Bernard, I don't know. But I suspect that Uncle Peter was a born 'grafter.'

The Castle of Chillon is a very satisfactory castle to visit. It has most of the appearances and appurtenances we desire in castles. And there is an exceptionally good guide to it printed in English, which comes very near being

a model of what might well be offered for sale in all similar places — thereby doing away with the bored persons who drone unintelligible and unintelligent litanies to hundreds of feet-shuffling tourists daily.

Bonivard (whose imprisonment at Chillon did not so deplete him that he wasn't able to marry four times after his release) seems to have been actually somewhat less noble than Byron portrayed him. But I don't mind — do you? I've seen his dungeon four times, at least; and I can't recollect any other dungeon of all I've seen that struck less terror to my heart or seemed more habitable. The more honor to Byron, say I, that when storm-bound at Ouchy he could sit down and write that of Bonivard which would make millions seek his prison. Latterly it has, I suspect, been less Byron than the color postcards which have circulated so widely over the world carrying with them the allure of romance and beauty: sapphire lake, snowy swans, white peaks, lateen sails, and castle of old, with moat and drawbridge and turreted towers, and dungeons deep and strong. Were I the postmaster at Veytaux (the railway station nearest the castle) I'd send every such picture-card on its way with a wish that it might bring its recipient to the castle some day. But also, I would that more places of scarce-inferior loveliness might have their Byron, too, and be in the day-dreams of millions.

The journey of about four hours from Montreux to Interlaken is a beautiful one. Once I made it in early June when the fields, aflower with forget-me-nots, were almost as blue as the sky. The first stage of it is from Montreux to Zweisimmen, through Les Avants, Montbovon, Château d'Oex, and Gstaad (both of the latter summer and winter resorts, particularly favored for winter sports, and having many excellent hotels); and at Zweisimmen you change to the Bernese Alpine Railway (the stations adjoin) and pro-

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON
By Eugène Delacroix

ceed twenty-two miles farther, to Spiez, on the lovely lake of Thun, whence you may continue by train, ten miles, to Interlaken, or by boat if the weather is good and you like boat travel. I am exceedingly fond of the Lake of Thun, and know few delights in Switzerland which I enjoy so much as a drive completely around it and a sail up and down it, and leisure to linger in the charming old town of Thun which looks as if most of the fairy-tales and many of the other once-upon-a-time stories had happened there. I like it a lot better than Interlaken.

From Thun to Berne is only nineteen miles; and Berne is a fascinating place, as well as beautiful. And from Thun to Interlaken is seventeen miles. The 'standardized' itineraries, on which so many persons travel through Europe, take no account of Thun, nor yet of Berne, and totally ignore Fribourg. They practically all include Interlaken and the 'classic' excursions from there to Lauterbrunnen, the Wengern Alp, Kleine Scheidegg and Grindelwald, or up the Jungfrau.

Interlaken is beautifully and conveniently located. But I get very tired of it if I stay there more than a few hours. It is like a very grand and spacious 'Concourse' or main hall of a very busy railway station. Everybody seems to be going somewhere; nobody seems at all content with the place he's in. There's an almost incessant rush of hotel busses to and from boat-landings and trains, looking for patrons; an almost endless procession of hob-nailed 'hikers' tramping heavily, all pack-laden, through the town's one street, going between lake and lake. There are too many carved wood bears, and embroidered handkerchiefs, and ivory edelweiss — not to mention postcards. The Kursaal is delightful, and has a fine orchestra. The hotels are excellent — the Victoria-Jungfrau has seven hundred beds, and all the last words in luxury. I have stayed twice at the

Royal Saint Georges, one hundred and twenty beds, and considerably less expensive, and found it comfortable, though without the 'attractions' of the Victoria-Jungfrau, which is of the highest type of resort hotel. The Alpine Glow, or Rose Glow, on the Jungfrau is, of course, a glorious sight; but thousands of visitors to Interlaken never see it.

Seven and a half miles south of Interlaken lies the village of Lauterbrunnen in a deep valley which derives its name from its many waterfalls, 'wreaths of dangling water smoke,' the most famous of which are the Staubbach (or dust brook) and the Trummelbach Falls.

You reach Lauterbrunnen (at its height of 2625 feet) by the Bernese Oberland Railway from the East Station of Interlaken, on the edge of Lake Brienz, in about forty minutes. From Lauterbrunnen there is a connecting cable and electric railway to Mürren, perched on the edge of the steep precipice above Lauterbrunnen, at an altitude of 5387 feet. The cable railway slowly ascends the steep grade to Grütsch Alp, taking twenty minutes to climb the 2200 feet. Here you change to the light electric railway for Mürren (two and a half miles); but if you cannot proceed to Mürren, you have from the Grütsch Alp one of the grandest mountain views in Switzerland.

Spend a night at Mürren if you can. (The Palace and the Grand Hotels are both very fine. The winter sports at Mürren are superb. The Oxford and Cambridge Ice Hockey Match is held there on the skating rink over an acre in area; the leading authority on ski-ing makes Mürren his headquarters; the bobsleigh run there is two miles long. Mürren has lately become rather 'smarter' with English visitors than Saint Moritz.)

Perhaps John Addington Symonds has long since persuaded you to do that when you can:

At Mürren let the morning lead thee out,
To walk upon the cold and cloven hills.
To hear the congregated mountains shout
Their pæan of a thousand foaming rills.
Raimented with intolerable light
The sun-peaks stand above them row on row,
Arising, each a seraph in his might.

Descending again to Lauterbrunnen (supposing that you have left it to ascend), you take the rack-and-pinion train on the Wengern Alp Railway, and come presently (two and a half miles) to Wengen, a popular summer and winter resort. Then (two and a half miles farther) the Wengern Alp where Byron is believed to have conceived 'Manfred.' This is directly opposite the Jungfrau. 'Surely,' Sir Leslie Stephen said, 'the Wengern Alp must be precisely the loveliest place in the world.' It is, too, one of the best places in the Alps to observe the terrifying phenomenon of avalanches, which occur two or three times an hour in summer weather.

From the Wengern Alp the train goes on to Scheidegg, where carriages are changed for Grindelwald, or for the Jungfrau Railway. The view from there is superb, and the vicinity is the ski-ers' paradise. Grindelwald is one of the greatest of Swiss winter sports resorts, and is the most convenient place in Switzerland to study glaciers. The village is exceedingly picturesque. Fine hotels: Grand-Hôtel Bar is particularly popular with English-speaking visitors. From Grindelwald back to Interlaken by the direct line is twelve miles, and takes an hour.

The ascent of the Jungfrau by railway (the highest railway in Europe) may be made from Scheidegg to Jungfraujoch in about an hour and a quarter; but nearly half that time is spent in a long tunnel. From Jungfraujoch to the summit is a climb (for experts only) of about four hours.

From Interlaken to Lucerne, by way of Meiringen and

the Brünig Pass, is forty-five and a half miles. You may sail down the Lake of Brienz, ten miles, to the town of Brienz (a centre of the wood-carving industry, employing more than two thousand workers), or cover that distance by train.

Seven and a half miles beyond Brienz is Meiringen, whence you may (if not pressed for time) make an excursion to the Reichenbach Falls where Sherlock Holmes *almost* ended his labors. Those with more time may go south from Meiringen to Gletsch and the Rhône Glacier, and on to Andermatt, if they choose. But this section can be seen in one of the so-convenient motor tours out from Lucerne.

Lucerne is so much larger than Interlaken (nearly five times bigger) that, though it is also a great centre for tourists and the scene of incessant coming and going, one can (I think) be much less conscious, there, of restless and unrestful movement. Mr. Muirhead says that 'Lucerne cannot be spoiled, but tourist man has had a jolly good try at it. If it were not for this, we should probably have to select Lucerne as the best centre for the traveller who expects to spend only one week of his life in Switzerland; and even as it is, there is much to be said for this choice.' And then he goes on to say that 'if the Lucernois have any respect left for (say) either the British or the American nation, it must be in spite of the samples that congregate within its hospitable walls.'

I can't say that I have been more acutely conscious of these 'samples' at Lucerne than at other places; and I seem to mind them there far less than I do elsewhere. If I cannot escape proximity to them, I can endure it at Lucerne with less fortitude than most lovely places demand when one must share them with the 'frivolous and irreverent' as Mr. Muirhead describes them. There are a good many places

whereto they may (and do) betake themselves. And if they press too close upon me, there are places easy of access where I may escape them. Indeed, were they to drive me to cover in my room, and that room were any one of the several I have occupied at Lucerne, I could still feel myself the most fortunate of human beings, with that outlook, that air, a handful of good books, and the creature comforts that are so surpassingly purveyed in Lucerne hotels. There may be a finer hotel, anywhere, than the National, at Lucerne, and a more perfect hospitality than Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Micheli dispense there; but I shall not feel sorry for myself if I never find it. The Schweizerhof has also its patrons (thousands of them) who feel the same way about it. And I'm told the Palace, too, is all that mortal man can desire — or woman, either. I have stayed more than once (in fact, three times) at the Montana, which is high-up on the hillside and reached by its own funicular; and liked it very much indeed — having had, each time, rooms with a large private terrace commanding that incomparable view. I send a great many people to Hôtel du Lac (like the Montana less expensive than the three first-named) and get reports of their being much pleased with it. There are a dozen others concerning which I know less, but feel sure that they are all above the average of hotels in general.

The 'right name,' or 'real name' as children would say, of the curiously shaped body, or bodies, of water we call Lake Lucerne, is 'The Lake of the Four Forest Cantons,' it being surrounded by that many of the twenty-two cantons which form the Confederation; one of these forest cantons is Schwyz, from which Switzerland takes its name. The shores of this lake nurtured the men who began the great struggle for Swiss Independence. The tradition that Lucerne is named for a lighthouse the Romans had, where

now is the picturesque old water tower of the thirteenth-century fortifications, is scoffed at by modern historians. So is the legend that Pilate lies uneasily beneath the water that is shadowed by the mountain bearing his name — Pilatus. The story is that Pilate killed himself in remorse and despair after the Crucifixion; that his body, placed in a sack, was sunk in the Tiber (he must have gone back to Rome) and Tiber spewed it forth with angry tempests, thunder and lightning and floods. So it was carried to 'the Province' and flung into the Rhône near Vienne. Thereafter, the boats that essayed to pass were sunk and destroyed; so the sack was fished up and carried to a high mountain, and there in a deep pond it was sunk, loaded with heavy stones. But on Good Friday the spirit of Pilate rises and sits again on a judgment seat. Some say the hands of the Roman governor who served Public Opinion against his own sense of justice rise from the lake and wash themselves once more in that gesture of innocence which convinced no one.

They scoff at this tale, too; and also at William Tell. But, as has been said of him, whether he 'existed or not in the flesh, he has a spiritual and immortal existence in the history and mind of his nation.'

This part of Switzerland was given a new strategic importance in commerce when the Saint Gotthard Pass was opened to traffic about the year 1230. This was not only of commercial importance, but was the link with Italy which promised much to the German Emperors with their aspirations to reign again over the Empire that had been Charlemagne's.

The men of these parts guarded the approach to the Pass; so the Emperor made friends of them.

About the same time as the opening of the Pass, and in some degree responsible for its opening, came that great

movement of men toward self-government which resulted in 'free' or autonomous cities, confirming in the minds of stirring thousands throughout Europe the hope that emancipation from the feudal tyranny was at hand.

When the greatest of the feudal dynasties in this part of Europe put on the Imperial Crown through the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg, the men at the Saint Gotthard approach began to be uneasy. And at Rudolph's death they banded themselves together in a defensive pact to insure the continuation of their new privileges.

We cannot, in this brief space, enter into even the most compact story of Swiss Independence. But I am sure that no one ought to enjoy the glories hereabouts, even for a day, without a fleeting thought of the sturdy men, typified by Tell, who played an important part in the history, not of their own cantons and confederation alone, but in that of mankind.

The thirteenth-century ramparts of Lucerne, with their nine gray towers, which so few of the 'frivolous and irreverent' ever see, or even suspect, belong to that great period in the story of mankind. So does the delightful Kapell-Brücke, which everybody has to see because it is in full view from the railway station. The Spreuer-Brücke, farther downstream of the river Reuss, is a full century younger.

The Reuss, which, like the Rhine, the Rhône, and the Ticino (flowing into Lake Maggiore near Locarno), rises on the Saint Gotthard watershed, flows through Lake Lucerne as the Rhône flows through Lake Geneva, and emerges at the See Brücke (or Lake Bridge) dividing the west part of the town in two, much as Geneva is divided.

I'd make my first visit in Lucerne to the Lion, the memorial that Thorwaldsen designed and that a Swiss sculptor, Aborn, hewed out of the living rock. It pays tribute, as

you doubtless know, to the fidelity of the Swiss Guards, forty-two officers and 1110 men, who gave their lives defending the royal family of France in the attack, led by 'the Reds of the Midi,' on the Tuileries Palace the morning of August 10, 1792. In the Carnavalet at Paris you may see the pathetic scrap of paper on which Louis XVI scrawled his last order as King of France; it was to these brave men, telling them to cease their sacrifice in behalf of his family and himself. In the cemetery surrounding the Chapelle Expiatoire at Paris you will see where the Swiss Guards who died that day are buried — and where they were shortly joined, in their bivouac, by Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette; and then came the leaders of that August day's assault. (See 'So You're Going to Paris!' pages 21, 22.) If you know a monument more moving than this, I do not. The expression on the face of the mortally wounded lion (emblematic of courage); his attitude, with his paw on the shield bearing the Bourbon lilies; the mirroring pool; and the living green all roundabout; if it could be shut away from gimcrack shops and side-shows, it would be the most perfect thing of its kind imaginable. Even with these at its threshold, it is one of the most impressive memorials in the world.

I have never gone into the Glacier Garden, close by; so I cannot advise whether it is 'of great interest,' or not. Nor have I ever gone into the Panorama or Alpineum.

When you leave the Lion, if you turn down Denkmal-Strasse to Lowen Platz and then cross Zurich-Strasse and keep on, westward, to Fluhmatt-Strasse, you may turn, left, there and soon reach the town walls. Be sure to see them from their north or outer side. The part of Lucerne I love to wander in (*one* part, rather; because I really love nearly all of it) is between the Walls and the river Reuss, especially near the river. If you want a brief stroll there,

perhaps the best way to take it is to leave the Schwanen-Platz (at the west end of the Schweitzerhof Quai) and follow Grendel-Strasse to the Falken-Platz; then, go along the Weggis-Gasse to the Hirsch-Platz, and turn down toward the river and Korn-Markt. The Old Town Hall is in the Korn-Markt, and it contains an interesting historical museum. You may then follow Rathaus Quai back (east) toward the Kapell-Platz, and cross the river by the picturesque old Kapell-Brücke, imagining yourself back in the day of William Tell.

The shops of Lucerne are fascinating; and, notwithstanding the steadiness of the Swiss franc, it seems to me that prices on many things are attractive, as well as the quality in them.

A most pleasant place to drop into, to chat, and to buy books and other things, is Wicki's bookshop on the Schweitzerhof Quai. Those travellers who do not patronize bookshops on their way do not know what they're missing. I know that it is difficult to carry many books, and that one may hesitate to court temptation. But most booksellers deal also in things that we all do buy, however 'light' we're travelling; and I like to buy whatever I can in the shop of one who sells books. They are nearly always remarkably well-informed and very gracious about sharing their information with the passing stranger. Many a profitable and memorable hour have I spent in European bookshops. And as I know at least as well as any one that a passion for sharing information is a delightful thing to have, but may easily fail to produce wherewithal to pay the rent, let me urge you not to imagine that the graciously informative bookseller is fed by ravens or clothed like the lilies of the field. He's probably a student and a gentleman, and in his presence you forget that he has rent and taxes staring him in the face. Enjoy what he can tell you. But

give his stock-in-trade all the patronage you can. This is one of the best 'recipes' I have for successful travelling.

There's another bookshop — Haag's on the Kapell-Platz — which may be just as attractive as Wicki's; only, I don't happen to know it from personal experience.

I'd have at least a day for wandering about Lucerne itself. And at a little before 6 P.M. I'd make my way to the Hof-Kirche (very near the lakeside hotels) and hear a fine organ recital, for two francs.

Should your time for Lucerne be so short as to make you feel you cannot afford a whole day in town, you can see the few 'sights' in the morning, and at two o'clock take the four-and-a-half-hour drive around Rigi — to the Axenstrasse, Tell's Chapel and Monument. etc. This costs five dollars per person. A four-hour drive, at four dollars, is that to Engelberg.

The Rhône Glacier Tour goes every day. It is a twelve-hour trip, leaving Lucerne at 7.30 A.M., and costs (with lunch and afternoon tea) thirteen dollars per person. If you are going to take this trip or the Four-Day Tour, which leaves Lucerne every Wednesday and Saturday at 2 P.M., you need not take the short Axenstrasse–Tell trip, which goes over the same ground.

The Rhône Glacier Tour follows the edge of the lake to the foot of the Rigi, visits Tell's Chapel, cuts through to Lake Zug and Lake Lowerz, and returns to Lake Lucerne at Brunnen, a popular resort, where the famous Axenstrasse is cut through the rock along the edge of the lake, its many openings framing glorious views. Presently you visit Altdorf, where Tell is believed to have shot the apple from his son's head, and where popular performances of Schiller's drama are given. Soon you come to Amsteg at the foot of one of the loveliest of Swiss valleys where wheeled traffic cannot penetrate and one may enjoy a

silence primeval. There is an exceptionally pleasant old inn at Amsteg, the Stern and Post. On you go, to Göschenen, through the narrow gorge of the Schöllenen, to the Devil's Bridge, and Andermatt, a summer and winter resort, especially good for winter sports. There you begin your ascent to the Furka Pass (7992 feet) and descend to the Rhône Glacier, one of the grandest in Switzerland. From Gletsch you ascend the Grimsel Pass (7159 feet), one of the grandest and also one of the most ancient Alpine passes, connecting the upper Rhône Valley with the Bernese Oberland. Now you go down to Meiringen, and thence over the Brünig Pass, and back to Lucerne. A marvellous day!

The Four-Day Tour follows the same route as far as Gletsch where the first night is spent; then follows the Rhône to Brigue and Visp and Sion and Martigny, and up to Montreux, for the second night. From Montreux and Vevey it goes up to Bulle and through the Bernese Oberland to Interlaken for the third night. And on the fourth day over the Bruenig to Lucerne. This tour can be taken for forty dollars per person, including first-class hotel accommodations.

Other motor tours available from Lucerne are to Interlaken, Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, all day, starting at 8 A.M., for $10.60, including lunch and tea. This returns by way of Meiringen. An eight-hour trip starting at 10 A.M. is to Zurich and the Swiss Highlands, with four hours' time at Zurich — not enough, but better than no glimpse at all. This costs $6.60. Once a week there is an eleven-hour tour to the Falls of the Rhine, and this trip includes Zurich. It costs $9.60.

The American Express, Cook, Pickford, and others have offices and stated tours. The ones I have mentioned and the prices I have quoted are those of Bucher and Company, with offices in the west end of the National Hotel.

What about the ascent of Rigi or Pilatus? All right, if you like it; I don't! After having resisted, without effort, all temptations to go up the Rigi for my own satisfaction, I made the ascent a few months ago so I could tell you, in this chapter, what I thought of it. It never occurred to me to be nervous about the safety of the undertaking, as it did to some of my fellow passengers. I was conscious of not enjoying the slantwise views of everything; lakes and mountains seem much more beautiful to me when they maintain their proper alignment. The Kulm, or top, was swarming with picnickers. There was no silence, no solitude, no possible sense of the grandeur of Nature. We were glad to leave (my two little nieces and I), and, though we greatly enjoyed the lake steamer ride back to Lucerne, we were conscious of fatigue out of all proportion to the effort we'd been aware of making. The next day those husky little girls, who throve on their European travel as I have never seen anybody else do in greater degree, were laid low with nausea and other ails, and I wasn't much better. They did not regain their lusty young appetites for a week. I think it was the eye-strain of that ascent and descent when all the world was tilted out o' plumb. But whatever it was, I have never known a game so little worth the candle. Others will tell you differently. I don't ask you to be guided by me. It might be that, if you were, you would miss an experience greatly to your taste. But I'd think a bit about it before reckoning one of these ascents an inevitable part of your Swiss experience. The Rigi ascent may be made in an afternoon, and costs something like three to four dollars. The Pilatus ascent requires all day, and costs proportionately more.

A ten-day visit to Switzerland en route from the Italian Lakes might well go to Visp and down to Zermatt and back. Then, from Martigny to Geneva by the south shore of Lake

Geneva, through Evian-les-Bains. Two days or more at Geneva. Along the lake, by boat, to Ouchy or Lausanne, for one or two of the trips from there, like that to the Saint Bernard, or the one to Neuchâtel and Morat. Then, to Berne by way of Fribourg; and from Berne to Thun and Interlaken, and to Lucerne. From Lucerne as many of the trips described as time permits. If you cannot take the Four-Day Tour, which includes Montreux, then visit Montreux before starting up to Berne.

Berne is beautiful and charming, and I hate to have anybody miss it. If I begin to particularize about it here, this will soon cease to be a 'chapter' and become a book. The Bellevue-Palace and the Bernerhof are fine hotels.

Nor must I embark upon directions for visiting the great playgrounds of eastern Switzerland, although I shall make some mention of them in connection with the Dolomites and the Tyrol.

II

OUT OF ITALY TO THE TYROL

The principal exit from Italy to the Tyrol, and through the Tyrol to the Bavarian Highlands and Munich, is from Venice or Verona to Trent (better trains — through trains — from Verona) and Bolzano and over the Brenner to Innsbruck.

From Verona you follow the Adige all the way up to Bolzano, ninety-one and a fourth miles (some three miles more by motor road), which the express trains take three hours to cover, but I doubt if to any one the journey ever seems unduly long. Before the War, Ala, thirty-two miles north of Verona, was the Austrian frontier; but now you are in Italy until you reach the Brenner, one hundred and fifteen miles beyond the old frontier; so, from Ala on, you are traversing territory which came under the Italian flag after the War. This section is known as Venezia Tridentina, from the old Roman name of Trent, which was Tridentum.

Near Ala was the battle-front of 1917–18; Serravalle and Marco, the next towns you come to, were completely destroyed in the fighting. Rovereto, except for what remains of its castle of the Scaligers, Verona's great lords, has been almost entirely rebuilt since the War.

These valleys excelled in the art of building castles, and the landscape, sufficiently lovely with Nature's handwork, is made even more picturesque by what remains of these feudal fortress-dwellings.

Trent, fifty-seven miles from Verona, is a charming old city where the motorist will be glad to do a bit of lingering; but I doubt if many travellers bent upon the Dolomites and

the Tyrol would feel like getting off the train to visit Trent — though, if it is mountains they're seeking, they'll find few more strikingly splendid in outline than those of the Brenta group, northwest of Trent and accessible from Trent either by light railway or by motor coach, passing the lovely lake and castle of Toblino. Madonna di Campiglio is a beautiful place to stay, overnight or much longer, with one hotel (Grand-Hôtel des Alpes), formerly a monastery, with three hundred beds; this and many other good ones. The altitude is over five thousand feet.

Supposing you to have this in mind, you would doubtless stop long enough in Trent to see the Duomo (Cathedral) in its picturesque piazza; Santa Maria Maggiore (up Via Cavour), where some of the sessions of the Council of Trent were held; and the Castello del Buon Consiglio (follow Via Roma, which is just north of Santa Maria Maggiore, east, till it becomes Via San Marco and leads you to the castle). Trent has some fine old palaces, too.

From Trent to Bolzano (or Botzen), the geographic and touring centre of Venezia Tridentina, is thirty-two miles. Bolzano is 'fed' by six main roads and eight railways. It is only eight hundred and seventy feet elevation and is hot in midsummer, but is much frequented in spring and autumn. The Laurin and Bristol hotels are probably the ones which will interest you, and you'll eat in the elegant garden-restaurant Bristol-Laurin, across Andreas-Hofer-Strasse from them. Schenker and Company, at number 6 Viktor-Emanuel-Platz, and the C.I.T., in Viktor-Emanuel-Strasse, will give you full information about touring in this superb region. Bolzano is a picturesque town, with a magnificent promenade — in fact, *two* — where you may walk at sunset, enjoying such a glory of Alpine Glow as one seldom sees except in the Dolomites. Don't miss seeing the Museum, with its rich collection of Tyrolean furnishings.

The 'classic' excursions from Bolzano are to Cortina, to Mendola (thirteen miles), and to Merano. If you pass this way in summer, you would do well to spend your night either at Mendola, which has some super-excellent hotels: the Grand-Hôtel Mendola, the Grand-Hôtel Penegal, and (simpler) the Tourist Hôtel Paradiso; or at The Karersee Hotel, seventeen miles southeast of Bolzano on the Great Dolomite Road to Cortina.

Merano is twenty miles from Bolzano, but not on the Brenner route. Like Bolzano it is too hot for summer sojourn, but at other seasons is so favored a place of resort for health and pleasure that it swarms with hotels and pensions of every grade and with opportunities for pastime. Consider the Grand-Hôtel Meranhofer, opposite the Casino, and with a beautiful garden. If it is too expensive, there are a dozen others, all good; most of the Merano hotels are 'starred.' And Merano itself is double-starred in the memory of all who visit it. Thirty-five miles beyond it at Prato in Venosta is the starting-point of the road over the Stelvio Pass.

From Bolzano to the Brenner and over it to Innsbruck, your way continues through Chiusa at the foot of a crag where the Romans had a temple of Isis, and Bressanone (which was Brixen under Austrian sovereignty) to Fortezza, which used to be called Franzenfeste, and whence there is train service to Austria (Lienz, sixty-seven miles), with one train a day having through carriages from Merano to Vienna, through a most picturesque country. Then comes Vipiteno, reverted to its old Roman name after having been called Sterzing by the Austrians; and Colle Isarco, erstwhile Gossensass — a rechristening which certainly has euphonics in its favor. Vipiteno is well worth a stop if you are motoring. It is the highest town in Venezia Tridentina, with quaint old houses and narrow, cobbled

streets, and the most picturesque inn to be found for miles about: the Alte Poste or Posta Vecchia, built in 1556 and nearly everything about it just like a perfectly planned stage-setting. It was a thriving post-house in the olden days, and has entertained a long line of imperial and other notables, being only ten miles from the Brenner Pass. See the old Tyrolean 'Weinstube,' with its huge casks of wine, and the 'Zunftstube,' the ancient dining-room. Indeed, there's a great deal to see at Vipiteno, and there are some interesting castles near by. Consider making a pause here, if you love an ancient inn in an 'operatic' town.

Austrian customs, and passports, at Brenner! And then, five-and-twenty miles to Innsbruck.

Innsbruck is both beautiful and interesting; but there is *this* to consider: if you are going through by train to Munich, a stop-over at Innsbruck means the necessity of an Austrian visa and some Austrian currency; and these may be rather a nuisance for an overnight stop. Travellers who plan including Salzburg in their itinerary, or spending any considerable time in the Tyrol, need not be deterred by this consideration. But those who are bound for Germany, to visit several or many parts of it, may find it more convenient not to make a stop-over at Innsbruck, but to get what glimpse they can of it while changing to the electric railway for Mittenwald, twenty-five miles, the first village in Bavaria, or going on eleven miles farther to Garmisch-Partenkirchen which is very much in vogue now with visitors to the Munich music festivals.

Mittenwald was an important trading-post on the road from Augsburg into Italy, and is now largely occupied with the manufacture of stringed instruments. It is a quaint, picturesque old town, and being a popular resort both winter and summer, it has good hotels. The largest is the Post.

Garmisch and Partenkirchen are connected resorts of the Bavarian Alps, with many hotels and other resort features. At Garmisch, try the Park Hotel Alpenhof; at Partenkirchen, the Schoenblick.

At Innsbruck, the Tyrol is the leading hotel. The principal 'sight' (aside from the magnificent surroundings and the picturesque town itself) is the Hofkirche and the Monument of Emperor Maximilian I, with its familiar statues, including some by Peter Vischer of Nuremberg. His King Arthur of England is considered the finest German statue of the Renaissance period. Maximilian is not interred here (though Andreas Hofer has his sepulture in this church built to enshrine Maximilian's tomb), but he was very fond of Innsbruck, and it is easy to think of him there, though his bones are at Vienna. If you are going to Bruges, you will have the opportunity to compare the tomb of his first wife, Marie of Burgundy, and that of her father, Charles the Bold, with this one. Perhaps you will also see (or have seen) the marvellous tomb of their daughter Margaret in the Church of Brou. (See 'So You're Going to France!' pp. 359–63.)

The Museum at Innsbruck is most interesting.

Once I was so fortunate as to be at Innsbruck on Saint John's Eve (June 24th) when the signal fires were lighted on the mountains.

The distance from Innsbruck to Munich is just under a hundred miles by way of Garmisch. Ober-Ammergau is reached by motor-post (seven and a half miles) from Oberau, which is five miles from Garmisch on the way to Munich. From Ober-Ammergau the way to Munich leads up through the lovely lake country of the Starnberger-see and Ammersee.

Should you wish to go to the Dolomites and the Tyrol and thence to Switzerland, you may take the Arlberg Rail-

SALZBURG

way, one of the finest mountain railways in Europe (electrified), from Innsbruck through Feldkirch to Bregenz (one hundred and thirty-seven miles) on the lake of Constance; and there take steamer for Constance, a most delightful old town where you'll be domiciled (if you stay at the Insel-Hôtel) on a little isle, in the former monastery of the Dominicans where John Huss was imprisoned. From Constance, go by Rhine steamer to Schaffhausen, and visit the Falls of the Rhine. Thence, thirty miles, to Zurich. And after a stay at Zurich (Hôtel Baur-au-Lac) go on, thirty-six miles, to Lucerne; thence, across Switzerland to Geneva; or, from Lucerne (after having made the Interlaken–Lauterbrunnen trip from there) over the Saint Gotthard route to the Italian Lakes, and then back into western Switzerland, for the Matterhorn, Montreux, Geneva, etc., by the Simplon.

These suggestions are, of course, not for the average tourist with eight weeks for the whole of Europe. But they cover questions that are often asked me.

Salzburg is another objective concerning which many questions are asked as to how to 'combine' it with Italy. The large travelling public which must make the most of school holidays in summer includes a very considerable number of teachers and others deeply interested in music, who spend July in Italy and August between Salzburg, Munich, and Bayreuth, and thereabouts, for the music festivals.

Salzburg is one hundred and fifty-seven miles from Innsbruck and the express trains make the journey in five to six hours. It is ninety-five miles from Munich, and fast trains take three hours.

Bayreuth is one hundred and twenty-six miles from Munich. Nuremberg is ninety-five.

Another objective of many travellers coming out of Italy

through Switzerland, is the Rhine. The usual route for that is from Lucerne or Zurich to Bâle (likewise spelled Basle and Basel, and called Bahl or Bazel), which is on the Rhine; and thence to Frankfort and Wiesbaden and down the Rhine by steamer from Biebrich to Bonn or to Cologne; or to Heidelberg and Mayence, and by steamer from Mayence to Bonn or Cologne. Then, Cologne to Brussels, etc.

III

THE DOLOMITES FROM VENICE

THERE is a very considerable expression of interest in the Dolomites lately, even by travellers with a long schedule and a brief time. And I am sure that every one who goes thither, though it be but for two or three days, is richly rewarded.

The season (except when we include that for winter sports) is not a long one. 'High season' is for about two months from July 10th. But the country is lovely from mid-May, and the hotels are not crowded, though the motor busses are not yet running.

For travellers in private cars, the two months between May 15th and July 15th are the best, but they have full four months from which to choose their time. Those who wish to use the established motor-car services may do it from June 15th to September 15th.

Some mountain passes can be negotiated only in summer. Some resorts, like Bolzano and Merano, are too hot in mid-summer to be popular. Merano is a winter resort. Bolzano is frequented chiefly in spring and autumn. Cortina is a summer resort and is also frequented for winter sports.

There is a fine new Baedeker (1927) of 'The Tyrol and the Dolomites.' There is a good section on the Dolomites in your Blue Guide to Northern Italy. And for those who want detail especially for motoring, there is an excellent new handbook, 'From Dolomites to Stelvio,' by Helena L. Waters, to whom we owe the very helpful book on Lake Garda. This book on the Dolomites is fully illustrated and has good maps. Besides practical information, it contains many legends of the countryside and such historical notes

as help to interpret to travellers the region in which they are staying.

The Dolomites may be approached from Verona (to Bolzano); from the top of Lake Garda; or from any one of several other directions. But I think the majority of travellers going to them on their way out of Italy approach from Venice — or, rather, from Mestre which is the mainland junction point nearest Venice.

From Treviso, fifteen miles due north of Mestre, a quaint old town which was hit by more than fifteen hundred Austrian bombs during the late War, there is a choice of roads to Cortina. One goes to Feltre, and then to Belluno. And the other goes north through Conegliano and Vittoria to Ponte nell' Alpi, where it joins with the road before mentioned. I have never gone over this second route, and I notice that none of the best itineraries use it. Mrs. Waters recommends going from Treviso west to Castelfranco, and thence to Bassano, and from there, following the Brenta, through the lovely Val Sugano to Trento; then up to Lavis, and along the Val di Cembra to Cavalese and thence by Ora to Bolzano. This, I incline to think, is for the more leisurely explorer — for those more than fortunate 'cousins' who live in England and have only a tiny channel to cross to reach the Continent, and not a wide ocean; so they may make many holidays in Italy, whereas most Americans may make but few.

On that road to Feltre which is the main travelled one, you strike the Piave a little more than halfway between Treviso and Feltre; and on your left is Monte Grappe which was attacked by the Austrians seventy-two times during the late War. They did not abandon their attempt to take it until four days before the Armistice.

At Montebelluna, a dozen miles from Treviso and not exactly on the motor route but close to it, you may make a

détour to Maser, five miles northwest, where there is Villa Giacomelli built by Palladio, decorated with superb frescoes by Veronese; and four miles farther is Asolo, which Browning immortalized and where Eleanora Duse is buried.

Now you are in the great battle-field of the Piave, and you continue to ascend the splendid Piave Valley. At Pieve di Cadore, Titian was born. And thirty-four miles farther on is Cortina d' Ampezzo, the Queen of the Dolomites. If you go to Cortina in July or August, the best hotel to stay at is the Miramonti, about a mile south of town, and on the border of a larch-wood. Cortina is also a winter resort; and then, or in spring or fall, the hotel which you'd probably prefer is the Savoia.

There isn't a great deal to say about Cortina — unless one is a poet. I *feel* poetic about it, but don't know how to convey the feeling, either in verse or in prose. For the strikingly picturesque formation of its surrounding peaks; for the wealth of its wild flowers; for the purity of its air, and for many other reasons, it will lure me back to it as often as I can go.

Bolzano, which used to be a whole week's journey from Cortina, is now reached by motor in four hours. With the Dolomites west of Cortina, to Bolzano, I have dealt (with full consciousness of my inadequacy) in the pages just preceding.

ADDRESSES

FLORENCE

Hotels

Albion, 10 Lungarno Acciaioli, not far from the Ponte Vecchio, and on the river, is a small hotel of modest rates (pension about $2.50 to $3 a day) of which I have only hearsay knowledge, but it is well spoken of by persons of my acquaintance who *should* know.

Anglo-American, 7 Via Garibaldi, is a very great favorite with English and American visitors in Florence, as well as with a very high class of foreign patrons, and deservedly so. Its location is quiet and very pleasant, although not on the river. It is about two minutes by cab and perhaps five minutes on foot farther from the centre of the city than the group of hotels around Piazza Manin; and not more than five minutes' walk from the entrance of the exquisite park, Le Cascine. The proprietor, Mr. Isola, is the very essence of desire to please. The bedrooms (many with private bath, all with hot and cold running water) are most comfortable; the public rooms are charmingly social, and there are enough of them so that you can be social with whom you choose; the food is excellent. Here, even in 'high season' (February 15 to May 15) you may have a pension rate, for a minimum of days, at around $5 per day; at other times, as low as $3.50 — or, with private bath, under $5.

Berchielli, 1 Lungarno Acciaioli, moderate in price, most convenient in location, good food.

Cavour, 5 Via del Proconsolo, is near the Bargello, the Palazzo Vecchio, and is always well spoken of by its pa-

trons. I have only this sort of knowledge of it. Rates about like those of the Anglo-American.

Florence and Washington, Lungarno Vespucci and Borgognissanti, is a hotel with a wide circle of friends. It has a river front, its rooms are comfortable, its food is good, and its prices are not high — perhaps a little lower than the Anglo-American.

Grand, Piazza Manin. This is generally considered the *de luxe* hotel of Florence. It is owned and managed by G. Kraft and Sons, as is the Grand Hôtel Excelsior (across the piazza) which they are rebuilding and making *super-de-luxe* with every known elegance, and the Italie, between the new Excelsior and the Florence and Washington. I have stayed at all three hotels, at two of them several times. This latest time in Florence I was at the Grand — luxurious rooms and delicious food! I like the Italie very well, too. The Grand is more expensive than the Italie, and I dare say the new one will be more expensive still; but this does not mean that travellers on a budget not extravagant may not go to them. Their 'off season' prices are much reduced. And the newest tariff sheet of the Grand (issued for the season of 1928) gives rates considerably lower than those of 1927. Double rooms with bath about $10 per day, without bath about $6.50.

Grand Bretagne, 8 Lungarno Acciaioli (next door to the Albion), is a moderate-priced hotel in an excellent situation, and very well liked by many travellers. Pension rates about $3.50 a day.

Italie. See above, under Grand.

Porta Rossa, 13 Via Porta Rossa, is a hotel which many of my friends and clients like very much. Via Porta Rossa runs from Piazza Santa Trinità (close to Cook's, American Express, Pisa's, and other travel offices) eastward

toward the Palazzo Vècchio. This is the very heart of mediæval Florence — beside the Palazzo Davanzati — and a stone's throw from Via Tornabuoni which is the main artery of the modern visitors' quarter. So, if you've a fancy for living in a street that is like a picture out of an old Florentine romance, yet in a pleasant, comfortable, and not expensive hotel, one minute from your probable mail address and banker, consider the Porta Rossa.

Roma, Piazza Santa Maria Novella, is a hotel whose patrons can never (so far as I know) be tempted to consider any other in Florence. They have found at the Roma such satisfaction that the merest mention of Florence sets them talking about their hotel and its charms. I had heard so many stories about it that I visited it (1927) and felt that I could understand why people like it so well. It is not rated a *de luxe* hotel, but not many *de luxe* hotels have greater comfort, and only a few have such close attention of manager to guests. Mr. Pietrobelli is a real 'host.' His rooms are handsomely furnished, his bathrooms are many and fine, his food is excellent, and the house is pervaded by what the English mean when they speak of 'homeliness' — in America *we* have degraded and distorted the pleasant word. The Roma is across the wide piazza from the lovely old church whose beginnings Dante knew (and back of the church is the railway station), and at the top of that Via dei Fossi, which is so full of tempting shops. It is five minutes' walk from Palazzo Strozzi in Via Tornabuoni; not much farther from the Arno; and within easy walking distance of San Lorenzo, of the Duomo, and of much else that engages the visitor. The rates are not low, but they are moderate for what they cover.

Savoy, Piazza Vittório Emanuele, is a beautiful hotel,

owned by Cav. Guido Chiari, a delightful gentleman, with an American wife, and beautifully 'run' by Mr. Edmond Weill, who was for some time manager of the Miramare at Genoa and who counts his friends in the travelling public by the thousands, I should say. The location of the Savoy, on a busy square in the centre of the city (the square where the Roman forum used to be), is not so attractive to some visitors as is the Lungarno, or river-bank. Certainly it is not so quiet as the location of the Anglo-American, for instance. But there are inside, court rooms that are beautifully tranquil. And even the outside ones are not noisier than those of scores of other *de luxe* hotels, the world over. The Savoy has few rooms without bath; its furnishings are elegant and in beautiful taste; its food is notably fine; its management is most attentive and friendly. It has steam heat, from November 1 to April 30. The rates are, for a double room with hot and cold running water, about $5; with a bathroom, about $8. Plain breakfast is 35 cents, meat breakfast $.80, luncheon (table d'hôte) $1.50, dinner $1.75. Service is 10 per cent. This means that for two persons staying four days, and having a double room (two beds) and bath and a breakfast that included more than coffee and rolls, the bill would probably be about $80 (or $10.00 per day each), including tips, taxes, transportation to and from the station, and everything except wines and other usual extras. I give these rates from the 1928 tariff of the Savoy, so that you may gauge comparative costs. As compared with an equal amount and grade of service in an equally high grade of hotel in most American cities, I should say that it is about thirty per cent cheaper in the Savoy than in an American peer. And here let me tell you another thing: for parties of ten or more, arriving in the season

when most parties travel (after June 1), it is possible to secure a rate of about $5.50 per day, *net*, for everything, including tips and taxes. This will illustrate to you one of the advantages of group travel.

Pensions

Florence is full of these, and some of them are delightful. One of the most popular in the heart of town, is Pension Piccioli, 1 Via Tornabuoni, at the corner of the Lungarno, by the Trinità Bridge. Ask for rooms on the Alfieri Terrace, which are quieter than those on the street. Pension Jennings-Riccioli, 9 Corso Tintori, out near Santa Croce, is an old favorite. So is Pension White, 2 Piazza Cavalleggeri. Pension Karola, 82 Via della Robbia, is very highly recommended to me by American friends who have lived there. Rates about $3.50 per day. Miss Godkin's, Lungarno Quicciardini 1A, has good food and service and is very reasonable. Also on the Lungarno Quicciardini is The Crocini — like Miss Godkin's favored by English visitors. Villa Cristina is delightful; so is the Kirch-Casali.

Restaurants, Cafés, Tea Rooms

The stranger in Florence does not eat many meals outside his own hotel. But everybody goes, for 'tea, ices and soda,' and sometimes for more substantial fare, to Doney and Neveux and to Giacosa, facing each other on Via Tornabuoni. Melini, 13 Via Calzaioli, near the cathedral, is a restaurant that many visitors like. Moderno, at 5 Via Lamberti, across the street from Or San Michele, is extremely popular. Travellers who scorn table d'hôte and all hotel eating, as being too standardized, like to take a room in a hotel like the Porta Rossa and eat in Italian restaurants. I have known such to 'settle' upon Moderno and eat practically all their meals there. It is very near

Hotel Porta Rossa. The same travellers have greatly enjoyed evenings spent at La Buca, in the basement of the Antinori Palace, at the north end of Via Tornabuoni. Also, if you find that a day is little enough for the vicinity of San Marco, the Accademia, San Lorenzo, the Riccardi Palace, you may prefer lunching at Cencio, 21 Borgo San Lorenzo, close to San Lorenzo.

Shops

This is one of the greatest attractions of Florence to most travellers. Most of the shops are reliable, although I know few where a little bargaining cannot be done, with special success if it be good-natured and courteous on the buyer's part.

Among so many that are good and that sell lovely things, it is hard to name a few. But I will give a brief list of shops of which I am especially fond.

On Via dei Fossi (which runs northward from Piazza Goldoni at the end of Ponte alla Carraia) there is, at No. 4, the shop of Antonio Frilli, with a great stock of marble statuary, garden decorations in the Italian garden style, lighting fixtures, etc. Across that street, at No. 9, there is the shop of Bianchini, for Italian pottery copied from the best old designs; and the splendid display rooms of Dini e Cellai, at No. 2, with a superb showing of Italian decorative art. Still in the same fascinating street, at No. 17, is Lisio's, where I invariably 'plunge' on copies of ancient velvets, brocades, and damasks. Gorgeous!

Running northeasterly from the Piazza Goldoni is Via della Vigna Nuova, at No. 19, in which is the Galleria Artistica Fiorentina, where you may buy Christmas cards, beautiful colored postcard reproductions of famous paintings, etc.: a very large selection, and prices reasonable. Across the way is a good shop for Florentine potteries.

At No. 1 Via Tornabuoni, under Pension Piccioli and across the street from the American Express Office, is the shop of Lorenzo Rubelli, who sells copies of old velvets and brocades, less expensive ones than Lisio's.

Peruzzi's silver shop, at No. 2 Ponte Vecchio, is one where you may buy with confidence. Then walk along Via Guicciardini, the street leading south from the Ponte Vecchio and lined with beguiling shops. I especially commend the Manifattura Artistica Legno Imitazione Antico, at No. 24, and Eugenio Pecchioli at No. 17, for carved and painted wood (boxes, trays, etc.).

Continuing on into the Piazza Pitti, visit the Roosevelt Shop for hand-carved frames.

Practically all the shops in Via Tornabuoni are good. Go to Alinari, at the corner of the Lungarno and Via Tornabuoni, for photographs and fine books.

Via Borgognissanti, running from Piazza Goldoni northwestward, is lined with delightful shops, as are the riverbanks from Piazza Manin to the Ponte Vecchio.

The Cantagalli factory at 19 Via Senese, outside the Porto Romano, beyond the Pitti Palace, is well worth a visit. The show-rooms are a veritable museum. And the dépôt of the Signa wares (terra-cotta busts, etc.), at No. 1 Piazza S. Maria Maggiore, is thoroughly beguiling. To reach this street, turn off Via Tornabuoni, near Cook's, into Via Porta Rossa, and then north.

A beautiful 'possibility' in Italian shopping is, to my way of thinking, a painted copy of a priceless historic tapestry. There are a number of women in Italy who do this superlatively well, reproducing the ineffably lovely, time-mellowed colorings and the designs of great masters, with perfect effect, on a canvas which admirably simulates the weave of Arras. These copies are not cheap; weeks of labor, in the galleries, are required to make one. But com-

pared with owning a really fine old tapestry, their cost is practically nothing. You will probably see women copying, thus, many of the great tapestries. If you do not happen to, I can give you the name and address of an artist in Florence who has done most beautiful work of this kind for friends of mine. She is Signora Eugenia Cafiero, 13 Via della Mattonaia — a street you may reach by going due east from Piazza Vittorio Emanuele to Sant' Ambrogio where Mina da Fiesole and Verrocchio are buried. 'Whatever her price is,' one of her patrons writes me, 'it will be economical; she is conscientious almost to a fault.'

I must not prolong this list. Florence is full of tempting shops.

General Suggestions

Florence has an Association for the Promotion of Foreign Travel in Italy, which is popularly known as 'Pro Firenze.' It publishes, in English, a great deal of invaluable information for the English-speaking visitor in Florence. The 'Florence Weekly' which it distributes gratis (its office is 2 Via Strozzi) has much in it to instruct you as to what is going on in Florence that may be of interest to you. It also conducts a regular travel bureau (which is, I fear, impolitic and may lose it the coöperation it might otherwise have of other travel agencies) which I tried to investigate, but found no one who could speak English or give any information such as I desired.

Also, be sure to make acquaintance with 'The Italian Mail,' published at 14 Via Vigna Nuova, Florence (in English), which is a delightful newspaper full of the things which intelligent travellers want to know about the country in which they are guests.

Excursions

The tendency to include among these many places which used to be 'separate stops' grows rapidly, as the automobile makes it more and more possible. Many people now visit Siena on an excursion from Florence; also Pisa, Lucca, Pistoia, Prato, San Gimignano, Montecatini. The sojourner in Florence has a wealth of excursion possibilities at hand. But even the traveller, with only a few days for Florence and its vicinity, ought so to plan as to include a glimpse of some of these places on a day trip out of Florence.

One day that I heartily urge upon you is, Pistoia, Montecatini, Lucca, Pisa. And another is, Siena and San Gimignano, including Volterra if possible: this route you may have covered if you motored up from Rome, or will cover if you're motoring down to Rome. Including Volterra would make it a long but not an impossible day from Florence and back to Florence; but you should be on your way by eight o'clock — the autobus which goes from Florence via San Gimignano on Sundays leaves at seven, arrives at San Gimignano at nine, leaves there at ten-thirty and reaches Siena at eleven-forty-five. A private car makes considerably better time. If you have these places included in your Rome–Florence journey, and can spend a second whole day out of Florence in a car, I hope you'll consider the one to Vallombrosa and Poppi. Poppi has one of the most interesting castles in Italy — one in which Dante was once a guest. At Vallombrosa the Italians have recently placed a tablet to commemorate Milton's visit. And don't forget that the charming monastery at Camaldoli has been turned into a hotel and is an enchanting spot for a brief excursion or for a sojourn.

A motor car for the Montecatini–Lucca–Pisa day will probably cost you in the neighborhood of $40; for San

Gimignano and Siena a little less; and for Vallombrosa and Poppi still a little less — perhaps $30.

Travel Agents

American Express — 4 Via Tornabuoni
Cook's — 10 Via Tornabuoni.
C.I.T. — 2 Via degli Speziale.
Moroli — 28 Borgognissanti (opposite Grand, Excelsior, Italie, Florence and Washington Hotels).
Pisa Brothers — 1 Piazza Santa Trinità (Via Tornabuoni), between Cook's and American Express.

VENICE

Hotels

Bauer-Grunwald-Italia, on the Grand Canal and Campo San Moise, with a restaurant terrace on the Grand Canal; comfortable, popular, and not expensive. Pension rates about $4.

Britannia, Grand Canal, good house with large and loyal following. Pension about $5.

Danieli, on the Riva degli Schiavoni, east of the Doges' Palace and Bridge of Sighs; at the landing of boats for the Lido and for the island excursions. *De luxe* hotel with many interesting and distinguished associations, and a fine restaurant. I have stayed there two or three times — for various reasons — and don't like its atmosphere or attitude, or something-or-other; it belongs to a great company for whose head I have profound admiration (not for his great abilities alone, but for his *spirit* and his zeal for international friendship) and for many of whose other hotels I have great liking. But Venice is one of the poorest places in Italy to learn the lovableness of Italians, and I should say that the Danieli was the

poorest place in Venice for it. Maybe I'm wrong. If you say so, I'll 'take it back.'

Europe, on the Grand Canal, a rather small hotel, first-class, and very well liked by discriminating patrons. Rates around $8 or $9.

Excelsior Palace (at the Lido), one of the most noted and most expensive hotels in Europe. I have stayed there three times. Am always appalled at the cost — but go again, you'll notice. I love its location, its glorious private beach, its invigorating breezes, its sunrises and moonrises over the Adriatic, its quiet (I'm never there in the pyjama season — always just before it) and the ride across the lagoons to Venice. (Motor launches from this hotel to the Danieli on the hour, and from the Danieli here on the half-hour; trip, 20 minutes; fare, 25 cents each way.) For those who can afford it — and even for some of those who can't! — I think that a little stay at this hotel is an experience which delightfully varies a tour in Italy between June 1 and late September. Ask for Mr. Koeffler, the reception manager.

Less expensive, on the Lido, is the same company's Grand Hôtel des Bains in a practically similar situation, a little nearer to the steamboat landing, but without a private beach (rates about half those of the Excelsior), and still less expensive is their Grand Hôtel Lido, on the west side of the island, at the steamboat landing, looking not seaward but over toward Venice — no mean view! Try dining there early some evening, on the terrace, and seeing Venice bathed in sunset gold.

Grand Hotel, on the Grand Canal, is likewise under this company which has many hotels at Venice. The Grand is my favorite hotel in Venice. It is very, very comfortable; its food is excellent; and I like its 'air' — by which I mean the spirit of Alberto Libianchi, the manager, as

expressed in his attitude and that of his staff. Rates around $8 or $9.

Luna, Calle Larga Ascensione, on a kind of 'inlet' of the Grand Canal at the west end of the Royal Palace and Gardens, and nearest of all hotels to 'the Piazza,' is a small hotel, excellently situated, which sets its dinner tables outdoors on fine nights. It is comfortable and inexpensive. Some of my painter friends 'swear by it.' Rates about $4.

Regina, on the Grand Canal between the Grand Hotel and the Europe, is another moderate-price hotel which is extremely well liked. I have sent many people to it, and so far as I know they were all much pleased. Rates about $5.

Restaurants and Cafés

Florian's, on the south side of the Piazza, has had more than two hundred years of fame and has counted among its patrons nearly every celebrity who has visited Venice in two centuries. Many people do not know that it is a restaurant as well as a café, and never see the exquisite small rooms in which meals (table d'hôte or à la carte) are served. I nearly always lunch there at least once on each visit to Venice; and once at the Quadri, on the opposite side of the Piazza. Afternoons, when you sit down in the Piazza for rest and refreshment, make acquaintance with Sicilian ice-cream. Delectable! Bonvecchiati, in the hotel of the same name, on Calle Goldoni, has a small garden and good food. The Cavalletto in Calle Cavalletto is a favorite of long standing. Try the Taverna, or La Fenice, in a quaint tavern back of the Fenice Theatre and close to the Grand Hotel.

Shops

Now for a few suggestions about shopping in Venice. There are many antique shops catering to buyers with much money to spend. If I were contemplating any business with them, I should seek the counsel of some one very well informed on the genuineness of 'antiques' offered, and on the probable justness of the price asked. Of shops which appeal to the majority of travellers and offer articles within the means of most of us, there are many in Venice concerning which I have some personal knowledge.

One thinks of Venice as the logical place to buy the long-fringed Italian silk shawls which have been the delight of women travellers in Europe for many seasons past. The Venetian women of the working class are exceedingly picturesque in their long-fringed shawls, which are always black and usually of wool. One finds many gorgeous shawls, embroidered and plain, in Venice shops: in the Piazza, in the Merceria, and other shopping centres; but most of my friends are of the opinion I formed, that Rome is the best place to buy ordinary silk shawls. (Sorrento, I should say, for handsomer ones.) Venice offers some embroidered novelties that one does not find elsewhere; but for excellence of silk and coloring it has seemed to many of us that Rome was the place to buy, and prices there were advantageous, also. Another thing one thinks of in connection with Venice is the painted furniture and small objects, such as boxes and trays so thoroughly identified with Venice that one scarcely looks for them elsewhere; but my experience in this matter is that one buys these things better and cheaper in Florence and in Milan, where they are made probably from Venetian models of long ago, but with an artistry Venice cannot excel.

Venetian glass is a great temptation to every woman who goes to Venice. It is, of course, very much cheaper than

we get it at home; but the duty on it is very high and the carriage and packing charges bring it up to at least as much as it costs in our own shops. If, however, one has a sentiment about buying it in Venice, as a souvenir of a lovely visit, she need not fear about its reaching her in good condition; for in the first-class establishments (buy in them only) these fragile, lovely things are packed with consummate skill and care. They should always be forwarded directly home, and not to one's Paris or London address, where they may not arrive in time, or may be subject to more than one 'duty.'

Smaller objects, such as one may carry in his baggage, are glass beads of many sorts: bead bags; laces; lace and embroidery table and bed furnishings; brocades and velvets; meerschaum pipes and cigarette holders; photographs — colored and otherwise; and a multitude of small souvenir objects such as one delights to buy for presents to take home.

The principal shopping centres are the Piazza, the arcades surrounding which are filled with shops; the Merceria which runs north from the Piazza beneath the Clock Tower; and the Salizzada San Moise, which runs west from the Piazza.

For photographs, water-colors, books, postcards, and the like, I commend the shop of Ferdinand Ongania, near the corner of Piazza San Marco, opposite the post and telegraph office and facing the Salizzada San Moise. Mr. Ongania talks English fluently, is marvellously well informed, and a chat with him is one of the real pleasures of a stay in Venice. He has been the friend of many distinguished visitors, all of whom unite in paying tribute to his information and to his courtesy. He has marvellous old books, too, and some pictures, and antiques. If I were going to buy antiques elsewhere, I'd ask his advice.

Lisio's Venice shop, with its marvellous brocades, is on Campo San Moise, close to the Bauer-Grunwald Hotel.

Let me direct you, too, to the shop of Lorenzo Rubelli and Son, at 65 Piazza San Marco, which is on the south side, in what is known as the Procuratie Nuova. Here you will find a quite bewildering variety of silk, damask, and velvet fabrics copied from the most beautiful ancient weaves and patterns; and, while many of them are sumptuous and correspondingly costly, there are others within the reach of almost any purse. English is spoken here, and the service is exceptionally courteous and satisfactory.

Melville and Ziffer, one of the largest if not the largest lace house in Venice, has several show-rooms about the Piazza, but their principal establishment is in Campo San Moise. This is a very fine, reliable house, where one may see such treasures of lace as scarcely any one can have dreamed of, and may buy whatever suits his purse and his taste with the utmost confidence in receiving his money's worth. Fluent English is spoken here, as indeed it is in practically all of the Venetian shops catering to travellers.

Many of my friends are fond of making their lace purchases at Asti's, on the north side of Piazza San Marco; and others fancy the very important firm of Jesurum. I have bought many things in the way of bead bags, bead shades for electric lights, and bead necklaces, at Griffon Frères, at the west end of Piazza San Marco; and have succumbed to many temptations up and down the Merceria and in those quarters which one reaches by going east from Cook's office on the north side of San Marco and in and out among the little streets thereabouts.

And Venice is, of course, the home of Mariano Fortuny, whose exquisite art fabrics for gowns and house furnishings are celebrated throughout the world. His address is Palazzo Orfei S. Benedetto 3780. This is near the Rossini

Theatre. I'd get a gondolier to take me, for it isn't easy to find on foot.

Excursions

The usual ones from Venice are the motor-launch excursion to the islands of Murano, Burano, and Torcello, leaving from in front of the Danieli at two o'clock (or two-thirty, depending on time of year) each afternoon, and returning about six (price, about $1.75); and the one to Chioggia which leaves from the same place, by steamer, at about the same time, and gives a four-hour ride on the lagoons and a brief stay at Chioggia. Both these are interesting.

What many people are now doing, from Venice, is a three-day trip to the Italian battlefields or to the Dolomites — or a combination of both, with something of Lake Garda for extra-good measure. There is a combination by auto-car and rail which can be made from June to October — the first day by auto-car to Cortina; the second by train from Cortina to Bolzano for lunch and thence by auto to Merano; and the third day by auto-car from Merano to Trafoi (5055 feet), more than halfway up the ascent of the Stelvio Pass, with a glorious view of the Ortler peaks, and then to Tirano, whence one may go by train to Saint-Moritz, or down to Milan (nearly a hundred miles). Those who are in private motors may add to the second day of this itinerary a visit to the Karersee, a beautiful lake more than 5200 feet above sea-level, superbly reflecting the tower-like peaks of the Latemar group; and from Tirano may continue through Sondino to Colico at the top of Lake Como, returning to Venice by Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, and Padua.

There is an autobus service daily from June 15 to September 10 (at 8 A.M.) from Venice to Cortina, in five and a

half hours, fare $9; one from Cortina to Bolzano daily at 8.30 A.M. in nine hours, fare $5; and one from Spondigna (the starting-point of the famous Stelvio Pass road) to Tirano daily (when the road is passable) at 10.30 A.M. in seven hours and forty minutes, fare $5. But there is the 'gap' between Bolzano and Spondigna to be negotiated by whatever transportation is available. Instead of depending on that, take your journey this way: To Cortina, and at least a day in that glorious spot; then to Bolzano, and from Bolzano you may make different 'loop' tours every day for a week, if so minded. Schenker and Company, 6 Victor Emmanuel Square, Bolzano, operate a variety of superb tours, leaving Bolzano at eight or nine in the morning and returning at six or seven in the evening. One climbs the Stelvio Pass; one goes to Riva, on Lake Garda, and back; one goes 'Around the Dolomites'; and so on. When this region has been seen to your satisfaction, take the Garda Tour as far as Riva; spend a little time there or at Torbole, close by; then sail down the lake on one of its steamers, to Gardone for another stop, or to Desenzano, where you may take the train for Venice, or for Milan and the other Italian Lakes. These day tours average around $10 to $12 per person for fare, and $1.50 per person for lunch.

The Dolomites are delightfully described by Gabriel Faure in a beautifully illustrated volume of 'The Picture Guides,' published by the Medici Society of London and Boston, in 1925. I hope his book may do much to tempt travellers into this magnificent region.

The Italian Battlefields Tour is to Treviso, and over the Piave and on, east to Gorizia. Thence (on the second day) to Udine, and back, by way of Pordenone, Conegliano, Montebelluna, and Castelfranco, to Vicenza, 'Palladio's town.' The third day's route is to Verona, Desenzano (on

Lake Garda), Brescia, and Milan, or to Rovereto and Riva (at the top of Lake Garda), and through Trento to Bolzano. There is no auto-car service for this route that I know of; it must be done by private automobile. According to rates prevailing as I write (1928) it is difficult to get a good car in Italy under forty cents a mile, and the rates for 'super' cars run to almost seventy cents.

Another delightful thing to do from Venice is to take the steamer to Trieste, a voyage of about five hours; there are luxuriously comfortable steamers leaving Venice about midnight. Visit the Castle of Miramar and the Grottoes of San Canziano and of Postumia — the most magnificent stalactite caves in Europe, if not in the world; and if you don't sail down to Pola, at least go to Parenzo; or continue on beyond Postumia to Fiume — though I dare say it would be courting temptation that you ought, perhaps, to resist; for to be at Fiume and not go down the Dalmatian Coast would seem *too* difficult to expect of one's self. At Brione, near Pola, is a very fine hotel and good golf.

Venice suggests an infinity of excursions, you see. I have suggested only a few.

And from Venice many travellers are now going to Vienna, a train journey of twenty-two hours; thence to Buda-Pest, by boat; and up to Prague and Carlsbad and Dresden. From Venice to Verona is about two and a half hours by train; from Verona to Milan, about two and a half more. Verona is the gateway of the Tyrol, and to the Bavarian Highlands and Munich.

Travel Agencies

American Express, 4200 Riva degli Schiavoni, beside the Danieli.

Cook's, 284 Piazzetta dei Leoncini, beside San Marco.

C.I.T., 49 Procuratie Nuove, south side of Piazza San Marco.

Moroli, Via 22 Marzo 20661, beside the Bauer-Grunwald Hotel.

Pisa, close to the Grand Hotel.

MILAN

Hotels

Cavour, 10 Piazza Cavour, beside the Public Gardens. First-class hotel, very good and agreeable location, but outside rooms are pretty noisy.

Continental, Via Manzoni, largest hotel in Milan, convenient to La Scala, to Galleria, Cathedral, etc. I stayed there once, and had it in mind when I wrote of certain hotel-keepers with whom smiles would get you nothing — not even when you had paid your bill.

De la Ville, 30 Corso Vittorio Emanuele, near the Cathedral. First-class, and well liked; but here, too, it is almost essential to have an inside, court room.

Grand Hôtel de Milan, Via Manzoni, close to La Scala. First-class house, very good management, nice spirit. Belongs to U.N.I.T. 1. group, along with Grand of Naples, Russie and Majestic at Rome, etc.

Manin, 7 Via Manin, opposite Public Gardens; a small house, modest in price (pension about $2.75), but very well liked. I have sent many people there, and had favorable reports of it.

Palace, Piazzale della Stazione Centrale, close to the Central Station, the largest railway station in Italy, where 360 trains arrive and depart daily. But Milan is another city of noble entrance. She puts almost her 'best foot forward' and welcomes her visitors at once into a beautiful big square, tree-planted and refreshing after the train. There are a number of hotels hereabouts, the situation being not only convenient for travellers, but

much more attractive than any other in Milan except that (near by) of the vicinity of the Public Gardens. The Palace belongs to Mr. Arthur Bucher, who also owns the three principal hotels of Bellagio and is one of the finest men one could wish to meet. He has recently spent a large amount of money on the Palace, and equipped it with a number of new bathrooms which are among the handsomest I saw in Italy. The food is delicious; the staff full of hospitality and friendliness. The manager of the Palace, for Mr. Bucher, is Cav. Giuseppe Barattini, who spares no effort to make his guests feel his personal interest in them.

Restaurants and Cafés

Cova, Via Giuseppi Verdi, beside La Scala, is one of the best-known restaurants in Italy, and has a host of distinguished memories. I'd go there at least once.

Savini, in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, opposite the Cathedral, is an interesting place to lunch, or tea.

There are some little tea-shops on Via Manzoni, where I have got delicious pastries.

Shopping

I have no recommendations to make — never having bought much in Milan beyond photographs and the like.

Excursions

The classic excursion is to the exquisite Italian lakes. But before I touch upon that, let me say something about Pavia, which I would that every one might see who can get a thrill from architecture. It is about seventeen miles from Milan (a little more or less depending on *how* you go), and may be reached by railway to Certosa or by steam tram — not so convenient, and slower. Agenzia Som-

mariva, 7 Via Dante, which represents the American Express in Milan, has an excursion to Pavia, by private motor, every day at 8.30 A.M. I dare say Cook has one also; his office is at 7 Via Manzoni. C.I.T. is at 16 Via S. Margherita, which is the continuation of Via Manzoni beyond La Scala. They furnish a car for Pavia (half-day) for about $15. Sommariva's rate (on the printed tariff I have) is a little higher. All these things change — ask, where you are interested.

And now, for the Lakes! Every time I go to the Italian Lakes they thrill me more and more. If greater loveliness is possible, I cannot conceive it. And the new approach to them, by motor, from Milan is the most marvellous piece of road-building I have ever known anything about: the Autostrada. A short distance from Milan, this marvel forks; one fork leads to Como, and the other continues northwest until it forks again, to go north to Varese; the third terminal being Arona on Lake Maggiore. The twenty-five miles between Milan and Como are comfortably covered in forty-five minutes, or less.

Your tour of the Lakes will be determined, in direction, by your port of exit from Italy. If you are 'bound for' Montreux and Geneva, or for Zermatt and Chamonix, you will go first to Lake Como, and last to Lake Maggiore, where you get the Simplon route into Switzerland. If you are 'bound for' Lucerne or for the Engadine, you will go first to Lake Maggiore, and last to Como. In either case, Lugano comes in between. Lovely little Lake Orta lies west of Lake Maggiore, and unless you contemplate a stay there, I'd visit it by day trip (motor) from your stopping place on Lake Maggiore. It is rather curiously cut off from the other lakes, and the Milanese who have their summer villas there probably prefer to keep it so.

The usual way of going through the Lake district is this:

steamer from Stresa or Baveno, or wherever you may be on Maggiore, to Luino on the east side of the lake. Thence by tiny train across to Ponte Tresa on Lake Lugano (a beautiful ride it is, too!) and by steamer down one arm of Lake Lugano and up the other to the town of Lugano. Then another boat to Porlezza at the northeast end of the lake, and again by little train to Menaggio on the west shore of Lake Como. Bellagio is across the lake; and Como is at the foot of the lake. It is possible to go thus from Stresa to Bellagio (or *vice versa*) in a single day; but it certainly is not comfortable nor desirable. It means about ten or eleven hours of incessant movement, and some seven struggles with luggage and porters. If you cannot devote several days to the Lakes, and cannot motor, I'd see fewer lakes (*one*, indeed!), or else go to Stresa by train, see it, and return to Milan; then go up to Como. The C.I.T. has some very nice excursions, in motor-bus, boat and train combinations, at reasonable prices. Doubtless other travel offices have also. The C.I.T. has one to Como by *autostrada*, up to Bellagio for luncheon, and back to Milan, at $7.50 for the day, including luncheon. One to Stresa for luncheon, then across to Luino and down to Varese, and in to Milan by *autostrada*. This costs a little over $8 for the day. They have a two-day trip to Como, Bellagio, Lugano (for the night), Varese, and Milan, at $18; and one covering the route I outlined as the usual one through the lakes, which they give at a little over $18, everything included. A private motor-car for the tour of the lakes (about 250 miles) in two days costs about $60 to $75, exclusive of meals and lodging. Sommariva (American Express) has a three-day trip which will cost one person nearly eighty dollars exclusive of meals, but inclusive of two nights' lodging, but can be enjoyed by four persons at the rate of $24 each, or $8 a day — which is certainly most reasonable;

cheaper, I believe, than scrambling from boat to train and feeing seven porters.

THE ITALIAN LAKES

Hotels

There are, I suppose, hundreds of hotels in the Lake district of Italy, and a very great number of them are good. If I were to tell you of them all (which I couldn't do, of course, for I know only a few of them), you would be less helped than confused. Even among the half-dozen or so that I know best, I am torn by conflicting desires — I want to spend *all* my time and ten times as much more, in each one of them! I dare say that fewer than those I know will serve you; although I may be overlooking some that are quite as desirable.

Como

In the city of Como, the Plinius Hotel — large, handsome, first-class, with fine view. There are some less expensive ones, but I don't dare commend them. I tried one, once, when the Plinius was closed, and it was pretty bad. They may be better now, but I don't know. The Plinius is excellent.

Cernobbio, two miles from Como, and reached by train, by steamer, or by motor-bus from the hotel, has what is probably the best-known hotel in Europe, if not in the world: Grand-Hôtel Villa d'Este, in its magnificent gardens, on the west shore of the lake. This hotel occupies a villa built in 1568, but greatly enlarged and modernized to meet the needs of a sumptuous hostelry which has at the same time very much the air of a great private mansion. The hotel is under the direction of a woman who is in the finest sense of the word distinguished: Madame Dombré, a

Swiss, married to a Neapolitan born of Sicilian-French parentage. Her taste, her executive abilities, her personality, and her spirit are all superlatively fine. She runs one of the most perfect hotels in the world, keeps every appointment up to the highest notch of perfection, yet moves about among her guests dispensing cordiality as if she had nothing in the world to think about except sociability. Nowhere else that I know (except in the Hôtel National at Lucerne) does one luxuriate in bedrooms and private sitting-rooms that have no smallest suggestion of a hotel, but are like exquisite guest-suites in a great mansion. Brocades and other fabrics in the loveliest taste; choice bits of old furniture; charming bowls of fresh-cut flowers; and all the 'little touches' which make dwelling among them 'an experience.' Marvellous food! Dignity and elegance on every hand. If there are princely estates in Italy where one may visit in greater beauty of surroundings, I cannot imagine what they must be. Those I have seen were not to be compared with it. The hotel has its own country club and golf links a short distance away; its own fleet of motor-cars and fast motor-boats, and its superb tennis courts. Villa d'Este is not for the tourist on the super-slim budget. It isn't for the tourist, however bulging his purse, who doesn't want to observe the decent dignities. But for the discriminating and appreciative who can afford it (and it has pension rates as low as $8 or $9 a day) I say that it is one of the most delightful and memorable experiences one may have among all the hotels, not of Italy alone, but of Europe. Nor have I ever met any one who thought otherwise about it. (From Cernobbio to Chiasso, on the Swiss border, is about fifteen minutes by motor; and here you may board or leave the through trains between Berlin, Lucerne, and Milan.)

As you sail up the lake, you have (twenty-five miles from

Como) Tremezzo, which is a favorite place of sojourn with many persons I know. They speak highly of Hotel Bazzoni, whose prices are most moderate. On the road between it and Cadenabbia is Villa Carlotta, where Canova's so-familiar Cupid and Psyche is. The Bellevue Hotel at Cadenabbia is well spoken of by friends of mine. So is the Britannia. Rates about $3 or $4.

Menaggio, two miles beyond Cadenabbia, is popular with golfers, because of its convenience to the eighteen-hole course at Grandola. The Victoria Hotel at Menaggio is excellent, and not expensive.

Bellagio, one of the most superbly beautiful places in the world, is situated at the apex of a triangular section of mountain country, known as Brianza, two sides of which are washed by arms of Lake Como. From Bellagio, and notably from the Villa Serbelloni, one views both those arms of the lake, and looks far up the upper arm toward Colico. The eastern arm, called Lecco, is little frequented by travellers, nor do they ordinarily concern themselves much with the northern part, beyond Menaggio. So I shall give no more Lake Como addresses than those at Bellagio. There are half-a-dozen hotels, but I have personal knowledge only of the three leading ones: The Grand Hotel, the Villa Serbelloni, and the Grande-Bretagne, all under the management of their proprietor, Mr. Arthur Bucher, formerly of Zurich, Switzerland.

The Grand Hotel, open from February 15 to November 15, has two hundred and fifty beds, and is a most beautiful hotel, with a number of elegant suites many of which are taken for the season. A suite with a quite sumptuous drawing-room, two double bedrooms and two perfectly appointed bathrooms, would cost four persons, with meals, service, and taxes, about $12.50 a day each. It would be difficult to imagine a more heavenly place for a sojourn, or

one where one would be surrounded by more kindliness. There is a beautiful ballroom, under the direction of a noted dancing-master; a fine dance orchestra; a glorious terrace for outdoor lunching and dining. The magnificent park of Villa Serbelloni is open to the Grand Hotel guests. There are many sports. And the lovely excursions to be made from here are innumerable. Even Saint-Moritz may be visited on a day's motor run. If the car be sent around Lake Lecco, and you cross from Bellagio to Lierna by motor-boat to take the car there, you can reach Saint-Moritz in two and a half to three hours, via the Maloia Pass. Como is about an hour and a quarter by motor-car, and the fast motor-launches do it in forty minutes. The steamers take two hours and forty minutes. There is also a good public motor-bus service between Bellagio and Como.

Hotel Villa Serbelloni, high up in its superb park on which so many great word-artists have lavished their best without doing it justice, accommodates only ninety guests; and the effect is as if you were one of a large house-party on an almost unbelievably glorious estate. This hotel is open throughout the year, and in winter is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bucher and their family, who in summer live at the Grand, down below. Hôtel Grande-Bretagne, for two hundred guests, has also a fine park of its own, and lovely gardens; and its rates are a little below those of the other two. Bellagio seems to me an ideal place for children (I know two who found it blissful!) and I suggest it to families considering a vacation abroad. There are few places in Europe where I would rather put children, to roam and play and dream, than the park of Villa Serbelloni with all its beauty and its two millenniums of rich history.

The shops of Bellagio are delightful, and the old town itself is lovely.

Lugano

Lake Lugano, like Lake Como, comprises three arms. A little more than half of it lies within the Swiss border, including the town of Lugano which is almost the only part of the lake where many visitors gather. Lugano is a gay and pleasant place, politically Swiss, but essentially Italian. The hotel I know best there (from three stays) is the Splendide on the Riva near Paradiso. The Park and the Grand, a little nearer to the old town and the main shops, etc., are larger. All three are first-class. Their rates are not high — say $6 a day, up. Lugano is Swiss enough to have a Kursaal. Its shops are fascinating — full of tempting Swiss products as well as of those from across the Italian border.

Varese

The town of Varese is about equidistant from Como and from Lugano and from Lake Maggiore. It lies 1500 feet above sea-level, two miles from Lake Varese. It is a place of 20,000 inhabitants (Lugano has 14,000, Como nearly 40,000 — Bellagio under 1000), a gay and elegant little city much liked by the well-to-do Milanese, many of whom have luxurious villas there. Its Public Gardens are among the most beautiful in the north of Italy, and command a fine view of the Alps. The Excelsior Grand Hotel at Varese (Commendatore Giulio Tono, the owner-manager, is proprietor also of the famous Cova Restaurant in Milan) occupies a sumptuous villa wherein Thaddeus Kosciuszko died, and Verdi wrote his 'Lombardi Trio.' It is a very beautifully appointed and beautifully 'run' hotel, with some superb suites. Here, too, the atmosphere is that of princely hospitality to honored guests. Don't overlook Varese and the Excelsior, when you are in the Italian Lake district.

Lake Maggiore

This lake, second in size to Garda, is in Swiss territory at its north end (Locarno), but lies four fifths within Italy. Of its forty-mile length, the part that engages the attention of most visitors is in the vicinity of the Borromean Islands — around Stresa, Baveno, Pallanza; and the Swiss part, at Locarno.

At Stresa there is the Grand-Hôtel et des Iles Borromées, with three hundred beds, and fine grounds; and the Regina Palace, in a lovely garden, with two hundred and twenty beds, a hundred suites with private bathrooms. Bernard Bossi is the managing proprietor of the Regina. Both hotels are very fine and in a location of idyllic beauty.

At Baveno, where there are many elegant villas frequently rented by English and Americans, there is the Grand-Hôtel Bellevue, of which I have no personal knowledge but hear many favorable reports. It is a little less expensive than the two hotels I mentioned at Stresa. At Pallanza, with its southern exposure especially delightful in spring and autumn, the two leading hotels are the Grand and the Eden, both *de luxe* and both with semi-tropic luxuriance in their gardens.

At Locarno the high season is in fall and spring. The principal hotels are closed in July and August. They are the Palace and the Parc. The electric railway ride, known as the 'Centovalli Route,' from Locarno to Domodossola, connecting the Simplon and Saint-Gotthard lines, is one of the finest in Europe. If you are going out of Italy by the Simplon (to Montreux or Zermatt or Chamonix), I strongly urge taking one of the steamers that go from Luino to Locarno, and enjoying this ride to Domodossola — although it may seem a great deal of travel and trouble when you are (at Stresa and Baveno) on the main line of

railway to the Simplon and can reach it in a tenth of the time the Locarno détour would require.

To go from Locarno to Lucerne, you must go to Bellinzona (thirteen and a half miles).

Lake Garda

Lake Garda lies far eastward, about midway between Milan and Venice, and should be visited en route between those points.

The through trains stop at Desenzano on Lake Garda, and from there you get steamers for all points on the lake, up to Riva and lovely Torbole, a sail that will take you a good half-day. Motoring between Milan and Venice can be accomplished in a day, but a long one. If you can, you should take not less than two days for it, and spend a night or two on Garda — at Gardone or Torbole or Riva; and I'd 'swerve' in my course so as to include Bergamo and at least a glimpse of lovely little Lake Iseo, where George Sand said she could have believed herself 'in some soft Virgilian eclogue.'

At Gardone (where D'Annunzio lives) there is Grand-Hôtel Gardone, one of the most attractive hotels in Italy, superbly situated, with magnificent gardens and terraces, elegant public rooms (including a grand ballroom), fine suites, and notably good food. It is open all the year, has steam heating (some of the suites have glass sun-parlors or breakfast-rooms), golf links, tennis courts, and many, many 'attractions.' The hotel motor-bus meets the through trains at Desenzano, thirty minutes away. Don't neglect Lake Garda — and Gardone!

Up at the top of the lake (which was Austrian, until after the late War) there is Riva, much loved of painters and favored by other folk with a taste for quiet beauty. The Lido-Palace Hotel there has still a German air. It

is surprisingly inexpensive and very comfortable. Nice suites, with full southern exposure over the gardens and down the lake; single rooms with good beds, hot and cold running water, and mountain view, where a tired person could make headquarters for a blissful holiday, at a cost of about $3 a day. Two and a half miles southeast, along the shore, is Torbole, a spot of great loveliness, where there is the Grand Hotel — beautifully situated, most comfortably furnished, fine bathrooms, pleasant management — but when I was there the food was not very good. This may have been because it was between seasons, and there were very few guests.

GENOA

Hotels

Bristol, 35 Via Venti Settembre, an excellent house in the centre of the city, owned and managed by the Fioroni, father and sons, who also own the Savoy-Majestic, and are in charge of the notable catering (first-class) on the Roma, the Duilio, and the Sitmar Line boats. This family stands high among Italy's hotel-men, and has a multitude of warm friends among Americans. The Bristol is, I think, less patronized by pleasure-seekers in Italy than the Savoy is. The rates are not cheap, but moderate.

Grand-Hôtel Miramare, on the eminence overlooking the harbor, where the gardens of the Doria used to be, is a *hôtel de luxe* which some people I know consider the finest hotel in Europe. I have stayed there several times, and can testify to its super-excellence. Pretty expensive, though!

Savoy-Majestic, the other Fioroni hotel, is opposite the Central Station, in a situation most convenient for trav-

ellers by rail and by trans-Atlantic steamers — one which I found has many other attractions. I delighted in my balcony; in the splendid view from it, and its sufficient nearness to the interesting goings-on in the great, airy, beautiful piazza. (Genoa is still another Italian city which welcomes her visitors with a stately first impression.) I liked the Savoy-Majestic, and found Mr. Fioroni exceedingly kind and helpful. His acquaintance with all that shore from Nice to Pisa is intimate and thorough. If I know any one who wants to make a sojourn on the Italian Riviera, I send him to Mr. Fioroni at the Savoy-Majestic, saying: 'Tell him what you want. He's a kind counsellor — he'll advise you, introduce you, make many things infinitely more agreeable for you.'

Garage

Pisa Brothers, 89–91 Via Balbi, have finest cars and their perfect service, here as elsewhere.

Garage Principe, Sailta Providenza, close to the Savoy Hotel, has a number of fine cars and excellent drivers. Mr. Fioroni will send some one to help you arrange for one. A car to Nice (about nine hours, with a good midday stop) is about $90 as I write (1928), counting, of course, the empty return. To Pisa it is $84; to Florence $117, to Milan $65, to Venice $160, to Rome $225. To these figures, you must add ten per cent for the chauffeur's tip, and $3 per day for his living expenses, including the time it takes him to return to Genoa.

Excursions

The favorite excursion from Genoa is that to Portofino, Santa Margherita, and Rapallo. It can be done in an afternoon, but is well worth a whole day. A private car for it costs about $25. It is an exceedingly beautiful drive, and I

would that no one need miss it. To stay at one of those lovely places is better still. But if that may not be, at least glimpse them.

The Imperial Palace Hotel at Santa Margherita, seventeen and a half miles from Genoa on the way to Pisa, is a thoroughly delightful, high-class house, ideal for a winter sojourn. Rates from about $6 to $7 up. The Continental, with its fine park, is said to be good also. Of the hotels at Rapallo I am able to report only hearsay; but the New Casino is *de luxe* and said to be very elegant, and the New Bristol is fine, and splendidly situated.

In the other direction (toward Nice) is Pegli, where the bathing is said to be good and there are many fine private villas. Grand-Hôtel Méditerranée; Alassio — fine shore, popular resort but not so much frequented by Americans as by English — Grand-Hôtel et d'Alassio, Méditerranée, and Salisbury, all good and not expensive; San Remo, the largest winter resort on the Italian Riviera, with a great many *de luxe* and first-class hotels — for example, the Royal and the Bellevue, Grand-Hôtel des Anglais, and Hôtel Miramare. Next, Ospedaletti, also better known to English than to American visitors, Hôtel de la Reine, Miramare Palace Hotel. Then, Bordighera 'of the palms,' generally regarded as the warmest spot on the Riviera. There is a big English colony here. Hotel Capo Ampeglio (October to May); Angst (November to May), and Royal (always open).

Bologna

Bologna has a thoroughly high-class and delightful hotel, one of the finest in Italy: the Baglioni-Majestic. This is fortunate, for Bologna is rich in treasures; and an ideal way to see Ravenna is to go thither from Florence, via Forli (eighty-six miles) and thence back to Forli and

to Bologna (fifty-five miles); then up to Venice, via Ferrara, Este, and Padua. This for motorists. There are motor-omnibuses which go between Florence and Forli in seven hours, and from Forli you may reach Ravenna by steam tram. But this is too fatiguing for any but the extra-hardy.

EAST COAST

RIMINI: The thing to do here is to make headquarters at the supremely comfortable Grand Hotel, a huge seaside caravansary, and take excursions to Ravenna (thirty-one miles), to the tiny Republic of San Marino (thirteen and three quarters miles), to Pesaro (twenty-two and a half miles), and Fano (seven miles beyond) — even to Urbino. Then, continue toward Venice via Forli and Bologna, or down the east coast to Ancona; and from Ancona (Hotel Roma, 3 Via Lombardi) take a steamer which runs three times a week, in about seven hours, across the Adriatic to Zara, the capital of Dalmatia.

RAVENNA: Royal San Marco, 16 Via Farini.

PESARO: twenty-two and a half miles from Urbino, on the east coast, is a seaside resort with a Casino, many villas, fine bathing, and four comfortable hotels — one named for Rossini, who was born here.

CATTOLICA, between Rimini and Pesaro, is another very 'possible' east-coast stop, with a velvety-fine sandy beach, and several very comfortable hotels — the Casino Municipale and the Villa Adriatica, for instance.

RICCIONE, between Cattolica and Rimini, has a beach not only one of the finest in Italy, but among the finest in the world. It is over two and a half miles in length, of exceedingly fine sand, and gentle slope to the sea. There are over seventy hotels and pensions, and a host of villas. Riccione, on account of its luxuriant vegetation, is called

'the green pearl of the Adriatic,' and is too little known by English-speaking visitors: Hotel Milano.

WEST COAST

VIAREGGIO is the most popular resort on the west coast, and has the combination of superb beach and neighboring pine-woods which makes Brittany beaches (like La Baule) so popular. Viareggio is an Atlantic-City-ish sort of place, with plenty of 'distractions.' It gets pretty hot in summer. But in spring and fall, when much touring is being done in Italy, it makes a refreshing variant in one's itinerary. It was off Viareggio that Shelley was drowned, and there is a monument to him here.

The Select-Palace and the Regina hotels face the sea; and none of the many others are far away. There are at least half-a-dozen very good ones.

The motor road from Viareggio to Pisa through the pine forest is very beautiful, and the distance (thirteen miles) may be covered in twenty-five or thirty minutes, easily.

For those who are going from Genoa to Pisa, I frequently recommend Viareggio for the night-stop.

PISA: The Royal Victoria. The hotels in Pisa were so bad that for a time I tried so to plan all trips that a stop longer than few hours was not necessary in Pisa. The Victoria has very considerably improved, and has some comfortable rooms, sets a fair table. I tried it again in 1927, and found it infinitely better than it was in 1921 — and before. It is not yet first-class, but (I should say) a *good* second-class hotel.

MONTECATINI AND SALSOMAGGIORE

These are the magnificent and much-frequented spas of Italy which are now well known to thousands of English-

speaking visitors and annually becoming more and more popular with them.

Montecatini is twenty-nine miles from Florence, on the road to Lucca, and Pisa. It is thirty-three and a half miles from Pisa, eighteen and a half from Lucca, and eight from Pistoia. Its saline waters, which have been known since the Middle Ages, are particularly used for gastric, liver, and intestinal troubles, and for obesity. Its 'cure' is like that of Carlsbad and Vichy. I was amazed at the magnificence of the establishments, which are far-and-away the most sumptuous I have ever seen at any spa, and make one feel as if the grandeur of ancient Rome's baths had been equalled or outdone. There are many good hotels. The one I tried, and liked very much, was Grand Hotel and La Pace. The Locanda Maggiore is said also to be excellent. Rooms range from about $6 to $9 for a double room with bath. Meals, $3 a day.

Salsomaggiore, noted for the efficacy of its waters in the cure of rheumatism, arthritis, bronchial troubles, etc., is nearer to Parma than to any other city. It is a comfortable half-day's motor drive from either Bologna or Milan. The establishments are under Government direction. There are magnificent hotels, a Casino, and abundant 'distractions.' The season is from April to October. The Grand-Hôtel des Thermes, and the Milano, are both *de luxe*.

VERONA

Verona is a city which I cannot bear to have any visitor to Italy miss. Yet there is no hotel in it to which I dare take the responsibility of directing any one. I have been there four or five times and have tried them all.

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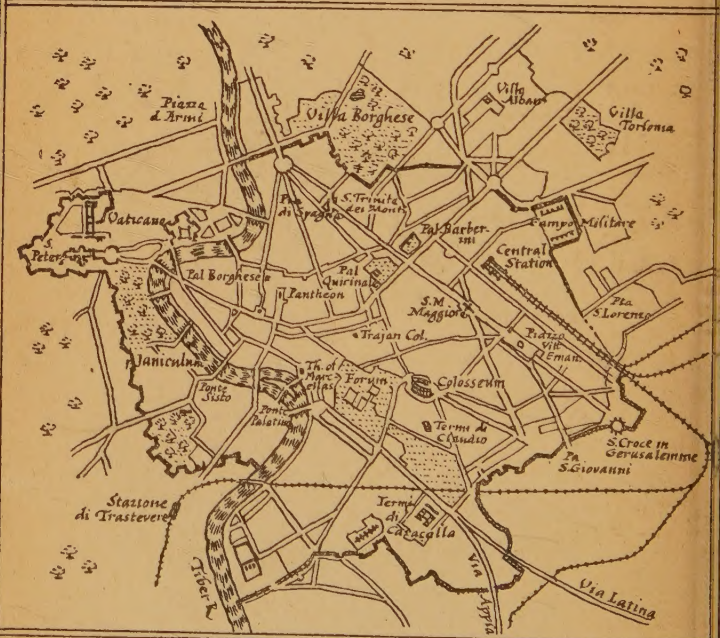

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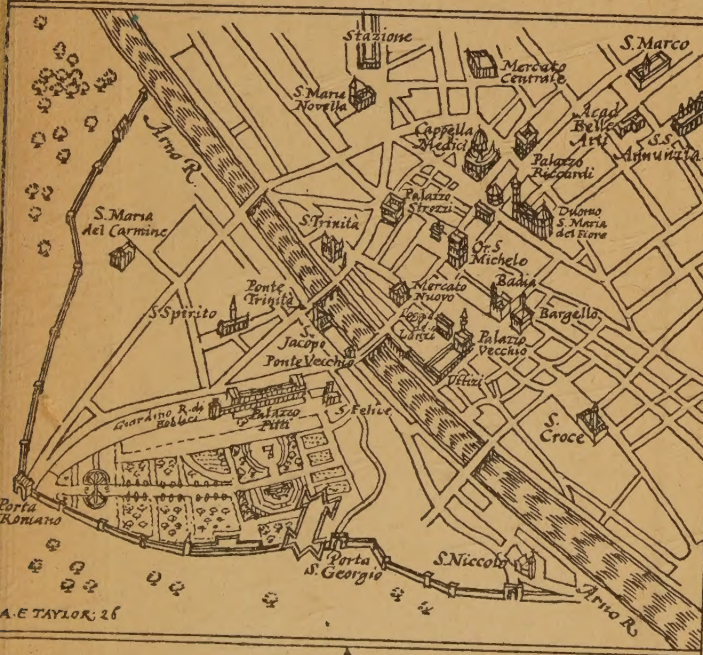

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